





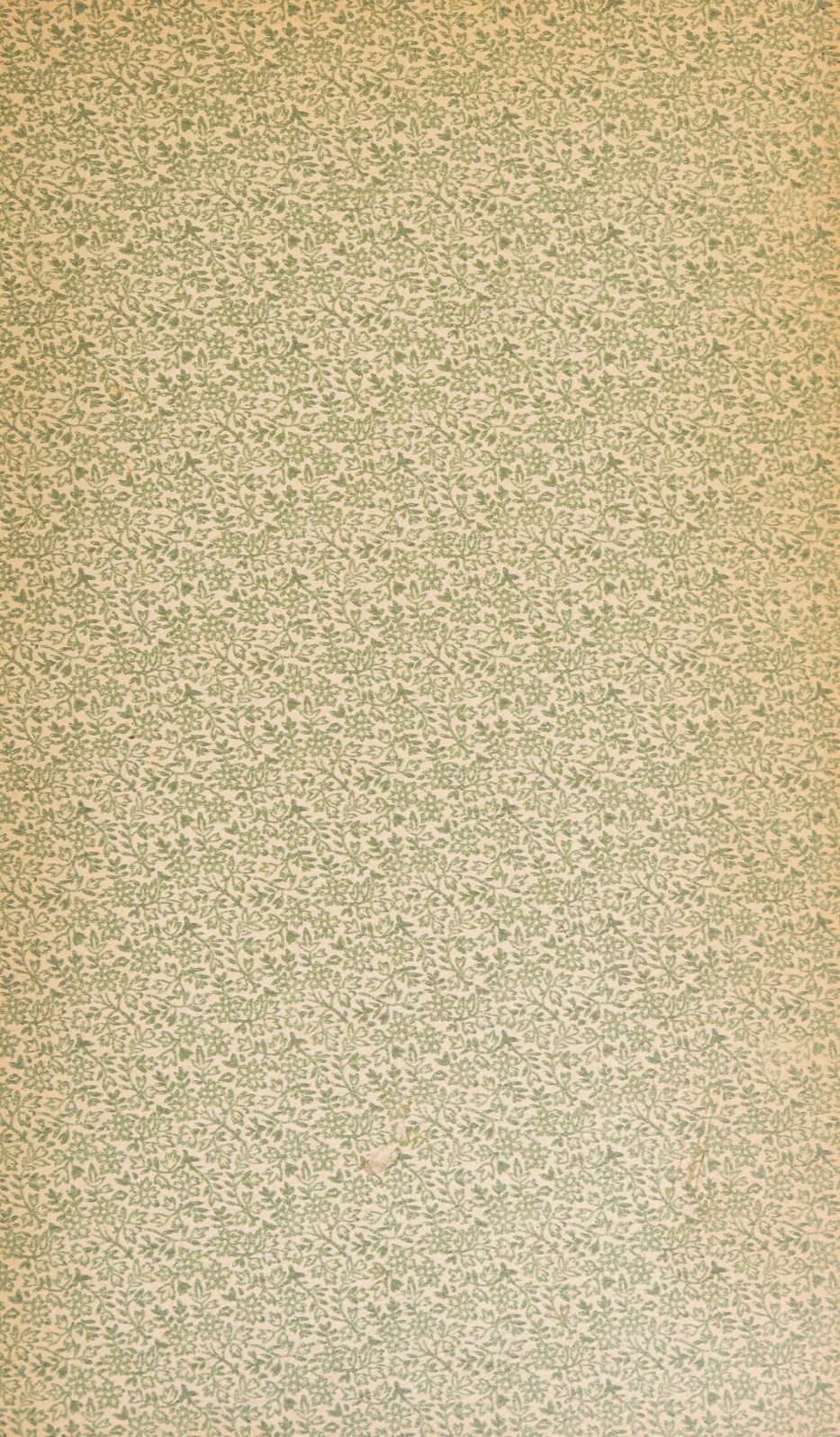
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SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXI.



EDITED BY
R. A. BROCK,
SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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RICHMOND, VA.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I. The United Confederate Veterans—The Fourth Official Report of Joseph Jones, M. D., LL. D., Surgeon-General, covering the period extending from April 9, 1892, to July, 1893, with report of Camps of the Organization, with list of officers, number of inmates, etc., and recommendations toward the augmentation of the efficiency and beneficence of the Camps, Rendered at the Fourth Annual Meeting, held at Birmingham, Ala., July 19th and 20th, 1893.....	1
II. Address of Major Robert Stiles at the Dedication of the Monument to the Confederate Dead at the University of Virginia, June 7, 1893.....	15
III. Address of Gen. R. E. Colston before the Ladies' Memorial Association of Wilmington, N. C., May 10, 1870.....	38
IV. The Muster-Roll of Company "D" of the Fifth Virginia Regiment of the Stonewall Brigade, with account of battles in which the company was engaged, casualties, etc., by T. M. Smiley, late Orderly Sergeant of the company.....	50
V. The Last days of the Army of Northern Virginia. An Address by Hon. Thomas G. Jones, Governor of Alabama, before the Virginia Division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, at the Annual Meeting at Richmond, Va., October 12, 1893, with proceedings and list of officers of the Association.....	57
VI. The First Virginia Infantry in the Peninsula Campaign. A paper read before Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, Va., December 4, 1893, by Ex-Commander Charles T. Loehr.....	104
VII. The Life and Character of Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill. An Address before the Ladies' Memorial Association at Raleigh, N. C., May 10, 1893, by Hon. A. C. Avery, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina....	110

VIII. Hon. William Lowndes Yancey. His eventful career as sketched by Hon. Anthony W. Dillard.....	151
IX. The Battle of Frazier's Farm, June 29, 1862, and the part taken therein by Louisiana Troops. A paper read before the Louisiana Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, February 18, 1893, by Capt. John W. T. Leech.....	160
X. The Confederate war-ship Shenandoah. Her exploits in the Pacific Ocean after the war had closed, by James Riley...	165
XI. A Desperate Dash, the capture and reoccupation of the Howlett House in 1864.....	177
XII. Exercises on the occasion of the Unveiling of the Monument to the Defenders of Vicksburg, Misissippi, April 25, 1893, with the addresses of Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee, and Ex-Governor M. P. Lowry.....	183
XIII. The Ride of Lieutenant H. Kyd Douglas in the rear of General Banks, with a dispatch from General T. J. Jackson in April, 1862.....	206
XIV. The Music and Words of Dixie—Dan Emmett the author of the Song. By Dr. G. A. Kane.....	212
XV. Battle Echoes from Shiloh. Varying accounts of the Survivors of Battery A, of the Chicago Light Artillery and of the Washington Artillery, the first reviewed by Colonel J. A. Chalaron.....	215
XVI. How General Turner W. Ashby was killed, by Major W. W. Goldsborough.....	224
XVII. The Last Battle of the War of 1861-'5.....	226
XVIII. "The Bloody Angle." The Confederate Disaster at Spotsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, by which the "Stonewall Brigade" was annihilated. Accounts of General James A. Walker, Colonel Thomas H. Carter, Lieutenant Wm. S. Archer, Rev. M. S. Stringfellow and Major D. W. Anderson,	228
XIX. The Battles fought at Fort Fisher in 1864 and 1865. An Address by Col. William Lamb, of Norfolk, delivered before Cape Fear United Confederate Veterans, at Wilmington, N. C., June, 1893, with plans of Forts Fisher and Buchanan.	257
XX. Conflict of the Confederate war-ship Tennessee in Mobile Bay.....	290

	PAGE.
XXI. The Last Address of Major-General R. F. Hoke to his Division near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.....	297
XXII. Anecdotes of Major-General P. R. Cleburne.....	299
XXIII. "The Officer who rode the Gray Horse"—The heroism of Major C. L. Jackson; volunteer aid to General J. E. B. Stuart at the Battle of Drainesville, Dec. 20, 1861.....	301
XXIV. What became of the Gold and Silver in the Confederate States Treasury. The Account of Capt. W. H. Parker, C. S. Navy, who had it in charge in its Transportation South.....	304
XXV. Unpublished Letters of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on his Campaign in Georgia, with a notice of the conduct of Lt.-Gen'l L. Polk, at Cassville.....	314
XXVI. The Career of Lt.-Gen'l Leonidas Polk, the Soldier who abandoned the Army for the Church—strikingly sketched by the New York <i>Tribune</i>	321
XXVII. The Execution of Dr. David Minton Wright by the Federal Authorities at Norfolk, Va., October 23, 1862, by Dr. L. B. Anderson.....	326
XXVIII. An Incident of the Battle of Gettysburg. The sympathy of General John B. Gordon for his disabled foe, General Barlow, with a touching sequel.....	337
XXIX. The Character of the Widow of General Stonewall Jackson, as described by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.....	340
XXX. The Raw Confederate of April, 1861. The humorous experience of Commander Robert N. Northen, of Pickett Camp, as narrated to the Camp January 22, 1894.....	346
XXXI. Appomattox Court House—Incidents of the Surrender, as given by Colonel Charles Marshall in his Address on the Anniversary of the Birth-day of General R. E. Lee at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 19, 1894.....	353
XXXII. A new version of the Feeding of the Army of General R. E. Lee at Appomattox C. H., by General M. R. Morgan, Assistant Commissary-General of Subsistence U. S. Army,	360
XXXIII. The Purcell Battery in the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond in June, 1862.....	362

XXXIV. The effort for a Monument to Major James W. Thomson, C. S. Artillery, with an account of his death, and of the organization of Chew's Battery.....	365
XXXV. The Crenshaw Battery of Richmond ; Its service during its return from Gettysburg at Falling Waters, Brandy Station, Spotsylvania Court-House, Jericho Ford, and Second Cold Harbor reviewed by J. C Goolsby.....	368
XXXVI. "War's Bravest Deeds." The heroism of Private Chew Coleman, of Crenshaw's Battery, at Spotsylvania Court-House, May, 1864, by Charles P. Young.....	374
XXXVII. Strategic Points; Their value in the war between the States, 1861-'65, and How Fiercely they were Fought For.....	376

ERRATA.

Page 75. In fourth line from bottom, in note, read *reached* for *reacceed*.

Page 160. In fourth line in caption for 1892, read 1862.

Page 183. In eleventh line from top, in caption, read Ex-Governor M. P. Lowry for M. F. Lowry.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XXI. Richmond, Va., January-December.

1893.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Fourth Official Report of Joseph Jones, M. D., L.L. D., of New Orleans, La.,
Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, Covering the
Period Extending from April 9, 1892, to July, 1893, Rendered
at the Fourth Annual Meeting Held at Birmingham, Ala., July 19th and 20th, 1893.

156 WASHINGTON AVENUE,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., July, 1893.

Honorable JOHN B. GORDON, General Commanding United Confederate Veterans, Birmingham, Ala.:

General,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the results of my labors in behalf of the United Confederate Veterans during the past year—February, 1892, to July, 1893:

The Third Annual Meeting and Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans was held in New Orleans, La., April 8th and 9th, 1892, and my labors up to this date were submitted to the General Commanding, and form a portion of the official report of the minutes of the third annual meeting and reunion as reported and published by General George Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.

At the third annual reunion in New Orleans, La., 189 organized camps of United Confederate Veterans were represented, and a number of camps have since been organized, bringing up the total number to near 260.

It is to be hoped that the entire South will, at no distant day, be covered by the camps of those Confederate veterans who have survived the casualties of the bloody conflict (1861-1865) and the ravages of time.

It is of great importance that each camp should be thoroughly organized, and its organization placed in permanent form by publication.

The medical officers should be known by, and at all times be accessible to, the individual members of his Camp or Soldiers' Hospital or Home.

The medical officers of the individual camps and organizations should be known to each other and to all the veteran soldiers, in order that every sick and disabled Confederate veteran at home or abroad may at all times and under all circumstances enjoy the skilful and humane attention of our learned and benevolent surgeons.

Upon the last analysis, the great objects of our association are :

1st. The preservation of the story of our heroic struggle, with its victories, defeats, disasters, privations, and sufferings.

2nd. The relief of the sufferings, diseases, and wounds of the veterans of the Confederate army and navy.

These grand results can be accomplished only by thorough organization and generous co-operation.

As we march along the great highway of time our ranks are daily thinned by the darts of death. Since the formation of this union of Confederate veterans Commodore Hunter, General G. T. Beauregard, General E. Kirby Smith, and President Jefferson Davis, our great captains, and a host of brave officers and soldiers have answered the last call.

As the Confederate veterans lay their white and weary hearts on the bosom of the earth that bore them, the hand of no paternal government, with its millions of pensions, relieves their wants, soothes their death-beds, or marks with the historic marble their resting places.

The privilege of supporting the sick and destitute veterans and immortalizing their heroic deeds by the historic marble and bronze is enjoyed alone by their surviving comrades and confederates.

Much may be accomplished by organized efforts, and to the end that order and efficiency may be secured, I, as Surgeon-General U. C. V., addressed, April 7, 1893, the Circular No. 3 to the commander of each individual camp.

From the replies I have consolidated the following table giving information upon the points as requested:

1st. Number of camp.

2d. Location of camp.

3d. Commander of camp.

4th. Medical officer.

5th. Rank of the medical officer in the Confederate army or navy.

6th. Date of commission of the medical officer in the Confederate army or navy.

7th. Number of members of camp.

8th. Number of deaths of veterans since organization of camp.

9th. Number of disabled Confederate veterans.

10th. Number of disabled and indigent Confederate veterans supported by the camp.

11th. Number of widows of Confederate soldiers supported by the camp.

12th. Location and capacity of soldiers' home supported by camp.

Consolidated Report of Camps of United Confederate Veterans, February, 1893, by Joseph Jones, M. D., L.L. D., Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, 156 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, La.

Camp 1. New Orleans, La.; W. R. Lyman, com'nder; med. offi., F. Tormento, surg.; W. P. Brewer, asst. surg., 1864; members, 214; deaths, 24; State Camp Home, Nicholls.

Camp 2. New Orleans, La.; J. B. Vincent, com.; Y. R. LeMonnier, surg.; members, 307; deaths, 170; State Camp Home, Nicholls.

Camp 3. Shreveport, La.; Antho J. Newman, com.; med. offi., Drs. S. C. Egan, surg., J. J. Scott, asst. surg.; members, 55; deaths, 1.

Camp 4. Chattanooga, Tenn., Jos. F. Shipp, com.; med. offi., Y. L. Abernathy; private; members, 122; deaths, 13; Home at Nashville, Tenn.

Camp 5. Knoxville, Tenn.; Col. Frank A. Moss, com.

Camp 6. Alexandria, La.; Gen. Geo. O. Watts, com.; med. offi., Stephen H. Rushing, 1862, major; members, 122; disabled, 10; deaths, 3.

Camp 7. Ruston, La.; Capt. Allen Barksdale, com.; med. offi., R. Roberts, M. D., captain; members, 253; disabled, 13; deaths, 5.

Camp 8. Chicago, Ill.; Capt. Jno. W. White, com.

Camp 9. New Orleans, La.; Wm. Laughlin, com.; med. offi., Joseph Jones, M. D., L.L. D., 1862, surgeon; members, 149; deaths, 6; Camp Nicholls.

Camp 10. Pensacola, Fla.; W. E. Anderson, com.; members, 79; deaths, 18.

Camp 11. Mobile, Ala.; Thos. P. Brewer, com.; med. offi., J. Gray Thomas, 1861, surgeon; members, 225; deaths, 14.

Camp 12. Jackson, Miss.; Col. W. D. Holder, com.; med. offi., Dr. F. L. Fulghan, private; members, 96; deaths, 1.

Camp 13. Brooksville, Fla.; Gen. Jno. C. Davant, com.; med. Offi., J. S. Brunner; captain infantry; members, 56; deaths, 1.

Camp 14. Opelousa, La.; Capt. D. L. Prescott, com.

Camp 15. New Orleans, La.; Col. B. F. Eshleman, com.; med. Offi., Dr. W. P. Brewer, 1864, asst. surg.; members, 251; indigent members, 3; deaths, 6; State Camp Home.

Camp 16. New Orleans, La.; Gen. Jos. Demourelle, com.

Camp 17. Baton Rouge, La.; John McGrath, com.; med. offi., Dr. Thos. Buffington, 1862, major; members, 101; disabled, 2; deaths, 3.

Camp 18. Plaquemine, La.; Capt. Charles H. Dickinson, com.

Camp 19. Crystal Springs, Miss.; Capt. C. Humphries, com.; med. Offi., R. E. Jones, first lieut.; members, 25; disabled, 2.

Camp 20. Natchez, Miss.; Col. F. J. V. LeCaud, com.; med. offi., L. C. Profield, July, 1862, major; members, 110; disabled, 3; indigent, 1; deaths, 9.

Camp 21. Hattensburg, Miss.; Capt. G. D. Hardfield, com.

Camp 22. Fayette, Miss.; Capt. W. L. Stephen, com.; med. offi., A. K. McNair, 1862, captain; members, 23; disabled, 2; deaths, 2.

Camp 23. Holly Springs, Miss.; Capt. Jas. F. Fand, com.

Camp 24. Jackson, Miss.; Capt. W. D. Holder, com.

Camp 25. Meridian, Miss.; Capt. W. F. Brown, com.

Camp 26. Edwards, Miss.; Col. W. A. Montgomery, com.; med. offi., E. S. P. Pool; private; members, 45; disabled, 2.

Camp 27. Columbus, Miss.; Dr. B. A. Vaughan, com.

Camp 28. Memphis, Tenn.; Col. Frazer, com.

Camp 29. Cameron, Texas; Capt. E. S. McIver, com.

Camp 30. Decatur, Texas; Capt. J. E. Simmons, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. Ford; private; members, 285; deaths, 7; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 31. Dallas, Texas; Capt. J. D. Thurston, com.; med. offi., Wm. R. Wilson, 1862, surgeon; members, 304; disabled, 6 or 8; indigent, 4; deaths, 6; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 32. Vicksburg, Miss.; Capt. D. A. Campbell, com.

Camp 33. Evergreen, La.; Col. M. M. Ewell, com.; med. offi., W. P. Buck; members, 89; disabled, 5; deaths, 2.

Camp 34. Dalton, Ga.; Capt. A. P. Roberts, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. R. McAfle, May 1, 1862, surgeon; members, 50; disabled, 20; deaths, 4.

Camp 35. Nashville, Tenn.; Capt. R. Lin. Cave, com.; med. offi. F. W. Merrin.

Camp 36. Tampa, Fla.; Capt. F. W. Merrin, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. W. Douglas; first lieut. and capt.; members, 150; deaths, 15.

Camp 37. Jackson, Tenn.; Capt. E. S. Mallory, com.

Camp 38. Donaldsonville, La.; Capt. Alexander Porché, com.; med. offi., Dr. Leonce Richard; private; members, 92; disabled, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 39. Birmingham, Ala.; Gen. F. S. Ferguson, com.

Camp 40. Natchitoches, La.; Capt. J. Alphonse Prudhomme, com.; med. offi., Dr. A. P. Breds; asst. surg.; members, 67; deaths, 3.

Camp 41. Mansfield La.; Charles Schuyler, com.; med. offi., N. P. Revere, May 15, 1862, major; members, 70; disabled, 2; deaths, 4.

Camp 42. McKenzie, Tenn.; Capt. S. A. Mebane, com.; med. offi., Dr. R. D. Givin; surgeon; members, 65; deaths, 3.

Camp 43. Huntsville, Texas; Capt. J. M. Smither, com.

Camp 44. Palestine, Texas; Capt. J. W. Ewing, com.

Camp 45. Terrell, Texas; J. A. Anthony, com.; med. offi., W. H. Monday; 2d lieut.; members, 85; disabled, 10 or 11; deaths, 6.

Camp 46. Knoxville, Tenn.; John F. Horne, com.; med. offi., Dr. W. L. Anderson; private; members, 50; disabled, 15; indigent, 2; deaths, 7.

Camp 47. Titusville, Fla.; Capt. Jos. Pritchard, com.

Camp 48. Tyler, Texas; Capt. Jos. P. Douglas, com.

Camp 49. Woodville, Miss.; J. H. Jones, com.; med. offi., Dr. Jno. Therell; private; members, 18; disabled, 2.

Camp 50. Spring Place, Ga.; Capt. R. E. Wilson, com.

Camp 51. St. George, S. C.

Camp 52. Rosedale, Miss.; F. A. Montgomery, com.; med. offi., Jno. W. Dulaney; private; members, 54.

Camp 53. Palmetto, Fla.; Capt. J. C. Pelot, com.

Camp 54. Orlando, Fla.; Capt. W. H. Jewell, com.

Camp 55. Lewisburg, Tenn.; W. P. Irvine, com.; med. offi., Dr. S. T. Hardison; private; members, 50; disabled, 3; deaths, 3; Home, Nashville, Tenn.

Camp 56. Ocala, Fla.; Capt. J. J. Finley, com.

Camp 57. Dade City, Fla.; Capt. J. B. Johnston, com.

Camp 58. Jacksonville, Fla.; Col. Wm. Baya, com.

Camp 59. Monticello, Fla.; Capt. W. C. Bird, com.

Camp 60. Tangipahoe, La.; Capt. O. P. Amacker, com.

Camp 61. LaGrange, Texas; R. H. Phelpes, com.; med. offi., B. W. Bristow, asst. surg.; members, 35; disabled, 1; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 62. Lake Charles, Fla.; Dr. W. A. Knapp, com.; med. offi., Dr. Jos. Ware, 1862-5, major; members, 150; deaths, 12.

Camp 63. Corpus Christi, Texas; Capt. R. H. Sutherland, com.

Camp 64. Eutaw, Ala.; Capt. Geo. W. Cole, com.

Camp 65. Athens, Texas; D. M. Morgan, com.; med. offi., Thos. Mathews, 1863, 1st. lieut.; members, 265; deaths, 2; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 66. Tampases, Texas; D. C. Thomas, com.; med. offi., Jas. A. Abney; asst. surg.; members, 130; disabled, 20; deaths, 5; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 67. Granburg, Texas; J. A. Formirault, com.; members, 101; deaths, 1; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 68. McAlister, Ind. Ter.; Edward R. Johnson, com.; med. offi.; Louis C. Tremont; 1st. lieut.; members, 172; disabled, 2; indigent, 1.

Camp 69. Abilene, Texas; Col. H. L. Bentley, com.

Camp 70. Paris, Texas; Capt. G. H. Provine, com.

Camp 71. Kingston, Texas; Capt. J. F. Puckett, com.; med. offi., T. B. Spaulding; captain; members, 50; disabled, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 72. Abilene, Texas.

Camp 73. Wichital Falls, Texas; Capt. C. R. Crockett, com.

Camp 74. Rockwell, Texas; M. S. Austin; members, 94; disabled, 2; deaths, 4.

Camp 75. Beaumont, Texas; Capt. Jeff. Chaisson, com.

Camp 76. Coleman, Texas; H. L. Lewis, com.; med. offi., G. B. Beaumont; private; members, 146; disabled, 1; indigent, 1; deaths, 3; Home, Austin, Texas.

Camp 77. Clarksville, Tenn.; Capt. T. H. Smith, com.

Camp 78. Amite City, Texas; Capt. A. P. Richards, com.; med. offi., J. M. Craig, 1862, surgeon; members, 45; disabled, 2.

Camp 79. Merkel, Texas; Capt. J. T. Tucker, com.

Camp 80. Kansas City, Mo.; Jos. W. Mercer, com.

Camp 87. Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Capt. W. S. McLemore, com.

Camp 82. Mt. Enterprise, Texas; Capt. Thos. Turner, com.

Camp 83. Shelbyville, Texas; Jno. M. Hastings, com.; med. offi., S. M. Thompson, A. M. M. D., 1861'-2, ass't surgeon; members, 177; disabled, 7; indigent, 3; deaths, 6; Home, Nashville, Tenn.

Camp 84. Aiken, S. C.; Capt. B. H. Teague, com.

Camp 85. Dublin, Texas; Gen. J. T. Harris, com.

Camp 86. Seymore, Texas; T. H. Peery, com.; med. offi., Jas. Swindells, 1862, maj. surgeon; members, 30.

Camp 87. Fairfield, Texas; Capt. Geo. T. Bradley, com.

Camp 88. Cleburne, Texas; O. T. Plumer, com.; med. offi., J. R. Keeting, March, 1862, ass't surgeon; members, 49; disabled, 7; deaths, 5.

Camp 89. Bentonville, Ark.; W. S. Henry, com.; med. offi., Dr. T. W. Hurley, March, 1862, surgeon; members, 52; deaths, 1.

Camp 90. Sherman, Texas; J. T. Wilson, com.; med. offi., J. B. Stinson, Feb., 1862, asst. surgeon; members, 200; deaths, 10.

Camp 91. Atlanta, Texas; Capt. J. D. Johnson, com.

Camp 92. Sweetwater, Texas; Capt. W. D. Beall, com.

Camp 93. Montague, Texas; Capt. Bob Bean, com.

Camp 94. Mexia, Texas; Capt. C. L. Watson, com.; med. offi., J. S. L. Tray, M. D.; private; members, 136; disabled, 12; deaths, 10.

Camp 95. Paris, Ky.; Capt. A. T. Forcythe, com.

Camp 96. Harrodsburg, Ky.; Capt. Bush. W. Allen, com.

Camp 97. Versailles, Ky.; Capt. Jos. C. Bailey, com.

Camp 98. Georgetown, Ky.; A. H. Sinclair, com.; members, 31;

Camp 99. Cynthiana, Ky.; D. M. Snyder, com.

Camp 100. Lexington, Ky.; John Boyd, com.; med offi., Dr. Jno. A. Lewins; members (12 Camps), 550; indigent, 6 or 8; deaths, 6.

Camp 101. Lawrenceburg, Ky.; Capt. P. H. Thomas, com.

Camp 102. Narasota, Texas; Capt. W. E. Barry, com.

Camp 103. Austin, Texas; Capt. W. W. Brown, com.

Camp 104. Fernandina, Fla.

Camp 105. Galveston, Texas; Gen. T. N. Waul, com.

Camp 106. Frost, Texas; Capt. Thos. F. Johnson, com.; med. offi., M. M. Mosely, M. D.; private; members, 65; indigent, 2.

Camp 107. Ardmore, Ind. Ter.; Capt. John L. Gault, com.

Camp 108. Waxahachie, Texas; Capt. R. P. Mackey, com.

Camp 109. McKinney, Texas; Capt. T. M. Scott, com.; members, 600; deaths, 10.

Camp 110. Merrick, La.; D. T. Merrick, com.; med. offi., Dr. S. W. Turpin, 1861, captain; members, 22.

Camp 111. Calvert, Texas; Capt. J. H. Dunnan, com.; med. offi., Daniel Parker, 1861, asst. surgeon; members, 235; disabled, 6; indigent, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 112. Columbus, Texas; Capt. Geo. McCormick, com.

Camp 113. Colorado, Texas; L. H. Weatherly, com.; med off., J. M. Pearson; members, 37; disabled, 2.

Camp 114. Fayetteville, Tenn.; James D. Stillman, com.; med. off., A. M. Hall, Sept., 1861; members, 113; disabled, 9; indigent, 7; deaths, 1.

Camp 115. Meridian, Texas; Capt. Robt. Donnell, com.

Camp 116. Hamilton, Texas; Capt. W. S. Saxon, com.

Camp 117. Goldthwaite, Texas; Maj. J. E. Martin, com.

Camp 118. Brownwood, Texas; Capt. Carl Vincent, com.

Camp 119. Gainesville, Texas; Capt. J. M. Wright, com.

Camp 120. Mississippi City, Miss.; Elliott Henderson, com.; med. off., W. F. Spence, M. D.; hosp. steward; members, 60; disabled, 2.

Camp 121. Mt. Pleasant, Texas; Capt. C. L. Dillahuntz, com.

Camp 122. Belton, Texas; Maj. J. G. Whitsitt, com.; med. off., Dr. G. H. Tend, 1864, surgeon; members, 625; disabled, 18; deaths, 6.

Camp 123. Buffalo Gap, Texas; Capt. Ben. F. Jones, com.

Camp 124. Bryan, Texas; Capt. H. B. Stoddard, com.

Camp 125. Vernon, Texas; Capt. S. E. Hatchett, com.

Camp 126. Ladonia, Texas; Capt. G. W. Blakeney, com.; med. off., M. D. Drake, 1863, lieut.; members, 125; indigent, 1; deaths, 2.

Camp 127. Graham, Texas; Capt. A. T. Tray, com.

Camp 128. Madisonville, Texas.

Camp 129. Denton, Texas; Capt. Hugh McKenzie, com.

Camp 130. Forney, Texas; Capt. T. M. Daniel, com.; members, 60; disabled, 2; deaths, 4; widows, 2.

Camp 131. Tupelo, Miss.; Gen. Jno. M. Stone, com.; med off., W. H. Hunter, M. D., 1862, asst. surgeon; members, 100.

Camp 132. Marianna, Fla.; Capt. N. J. Barnes, com.

Camp 133. Canton, Texas; Capt. T. J. Fowler, com.

Camp 134. Franklin, Tenn.; Capt. B. F. Roberts, com.

Camp 135. Gatesville, Texas; Jno. M. Brown, com.; members, 287; disabled 1; deaths, 5.

Camp 136. Hempstead, Tex.; Capt. V. B. Thornton, com.; med. off., J. H. Morrison; members, 140; deaths, 2.

Camp 137. Clinton, N. C.; R. H. Holliday, com.; med. off., A. M. Lee; asst. surgeon; members, 24; deaths, 1.

Camp 138. Lubbock, Texas; W. D. Crump, com.

Camp 139. Russleville, Ky.; Maj. J. B. Briggs, com.

Camp 140. Quincy, Fla.; R. H. M. Davidson, com.

Camp 141. Crockett, Texas; Enoch Braxson, com.

- Camp 142. Caldwell, Texas.
- Camp 143. Bolling Green, Ky.; Gen. W. F. Perry, com.
- Camp 144. San Antonio, Texas; Jno. S. Ford, com.; members, 80.
- Camp 145. Kaufman, Texas; Joseph Huffmaster, com.
- Camp 146. Ft. Smith, Ark.; P. T. Deraney, com.
- Camp 147. Corsicana, Texas; R. M. Collins, com.
- Camp 148. Inverness, Fla.; W. C. Zimmerman, com.; members, 40; Home, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Camp 149. Tenford, Fla.; A. M. Thrasher, com.
- Camp 150. Lake City, Fla.; Walter R. Moore, com.; med. offi., R. C. Cullen, May, 1861, Major; members, 153; disabled, 6; deaths, 2.
- Camp 151. Montgomery, Ala.; Emmet Seibles, com.
- Camp 152. Rayville, La.; J. S. Summerlin, com.
- Camp 153. Minedla, Texas; J. H. Huffmaster, com.
- Camp 154. Roby, Texas; D. Speer, com.
- Camp 155. Jasper, Fla.; H. J. Stewart, com.; members, 30.
- Camp 156. Gonzalez, Texas; Maj. W. B. Sayers, com.; med. offi., Dr. J. C. Jones, 1861, asst. surgeon; members, 111; disabled 1; deaths, 3.
- Camp 157. Bessemer, Ala.; W. R. Jones, com.; med. offi., Shelby C. Carson; private; members, 6; deaths, 2.
- Camp 158. Fort Worth, Texas; Gen. W. G. Veal, com.
- Camp 159. Atlanta, Ga.; Gen. W. L. Calhorem, com.
- Camp 160. Alvarado, Texas.
- Camp 161. Tallahassee, Fla.
- Camp 162. Newton, N. C.; J. S. Hall, com.
- Camp 163. Carthage, Texas; J. R. Bond, com.
- Camp 164. Bonham, Texas; J. P. Holmes, com.
- Camp 165. Taylor, Texas; Capt. W. Ross, com.; med. offi., A. V. Doak, 1861, brig. surg.; members, 51; Home, Austin, Texas.
- Camp 166. Hillsboro', Texas.
- Camp 167. Port Gibson, Miss.; A. K. Jones, com.; med. offi., Lomax Anderson; private; members, 21; disabled, 1; deaths, 2.
- Camp 168. Paint Rock, Tex.; W. T. Melton, com.
- Camp 169. Weatherford, Texas; B. L. Richly, com.; med. offi., J. R. McKenzie; asst. surg.; members, 30; disabled, 1; deaths, 1.
- Camp 170. Sulphur Springs, Texas; R. M. Henderson, com.
- Camp 171. Washington, D. C.; Major Albert Akers, com.
- Camp 172. Henrietta, Texas; J. S. Martin, com.; med. offi., H. H. Blanchard; deaths, 5.

- Camp 173. Tullahoma, Tenn.; J. P. Bennett, com.
Camp 174. Paducah, Ky.; W. G. Bullitt, com.
Camp 175. St. Augustine, Fla.; J. A. Enslow, Jr., com.; med. off., Wm. F. Shine, M. D., Sept. 12, 1861, major; members, 24.
Camp 176. Yager City, Miss.; S. D. Robertson, com.
Camp 177. Oklahoma, Okla.; J. W. Johnston, com.; med. off., A. J. Beale. May, 1862, captain; members, 80; deaths, 3; Home, Jacksonville, Fla.
Camp 178. Berwick, La.; M. W. Bateman, com.; members, 31; disabled, 1.
Camp 179. Booneville, Miss.; D. T. Beall, com.
Camp 180. Macon, Miss.; H. W. Toote, com.
Camp 181. Richmond, Va.; Gen. Alex. W. Archer, com.
Camp 182. Monroe, La.; W. R. Roberts, com.
Camp 183. Oakley, La.; W. S. Peck, com.
Camp 184. West Point, Va.; H. M. Miller, com.; med. off., W. C. Nunn, June 1, 1861-5, colonel; members, 41; disabled, 1; deaths, 1; Home, Richmond, Va.
Camp 185. Campbell, Texas; R. W. Ridley, com.
Camp 186. Winchester, Ky.; B. F. Curtis, com.
Camp 187. Nicolasville, La.; Geo. B. Taylor, com.; med. off., Charles Mann; members, 17.
Camp 188. Frankfort, Ky.; A. W. Macklin, com.
Camp 189. Grenada, Miss.; J. W. Young, com.; med. off., Dr. G. W. Trimbell; 1st lieut.; members, 23; disabled, 3; deaths, 3.
Camp 190. Rolling Fork, Miss.; J. C. Hall, com.
Camp 191. Charleston, Ark.; A. S. Cabell, com.
Camp 192. Centre Point, Ark.
Camp 193. Lake Providence, La.; J. C. Bass, com.
Camp 194. Greenwood, Ark.; Dudley Milburn, com.
Camp 195. Oakville, Texas; C. C. Cox, com.; members, 24; deaths, 1.
Camp 196. Thibodeaux, La.; Maj. S. T. Grisamore, com.; members, 60; diaabled, 2.
Camp 197. Houston, Texas; Will. Lambert, com.; med. off., R. G. Turner; surgeon; members, 140; disabled, 2; deaths, 2; Home, Austin, Texas.
Camp 198. Emma, Texas; Jno. W. Murray, com.
Camp 199. Hackett City, Ark.; L. B. Lake, com.
Camp 200. Norment, Tex.; T. J. Johnson, com.
Camp 201. Mt. Sterling, Ark.; Thomas Johnson, com.

- Camp 202. Alma, Ark.; James S. Smith, com.
- Camp 203. Hope, Ark.; N. W. Stewart, com.
- Camp 204. Richmond, Va.; R. N. Northen, com.; med. offi., J. C. Hillsman, 1861, surgeon; members, 148; disabled, 4; indigent, 4; deaths, 6.
- Camp 205. Roanoke, Va.; S. S. Brooke, com.
- Camp 206. Ringold, Ga.; W. J. Whitsitt, com.; med. offi., Dr. W. S. Bazemore; members, 34; disabled, 4; indigent, 2.
- Camp 207. Morrilton, Ark.; W. S. Hanna, com.; med. offi., G. L. Cunningham; asst. surgeon; members, 134; disabled, 7; deaths, 2.
- Camp 208. Nashville, Ark.; W. K. Cowling, com.
- Camp 209. Vantmen, Ark.; John Allen, com.
- Camp 210. Williamsburg, Va.; T. J. Stubbs, com.; med. offi., W. H. Sheild, May, 1861, Maj. and surgeon; members, 46; deaths, 1; widows, 1.
- Camp 211. Reams Station, Va.; M. A. Moncure, com.
- Camp 212. Concord, Va.; J. T. Willeford, com.
- Camp 213. Conway, Ark.; A. R. Witt, com.; J. J. R. Reeves, Sept., 1869, 1st lieut.; members, 117; disabled, 3; deaths, 6; Home, Little Rock, Ark.
- Camp 214. Danville, Ky.; E. M. Green, com.
- Camp 215. Richmond, Va.; James Tevis, com.
- Camp 216. Fayetteville, Ark.; T. M. Gunter, com.
- Camp 217. Chifley, Fla.; S. M. Robinson, com.
- Camp 218. Greenwood, Miss.; R. M. Williams, com.
- Camp 219. Hickory Flat, Miss.; W. A. Crum, com.
- Camp 220. Hernando, Miss.; Sam. Powell, com.
- Camp 221. Vaiden, Miss.; S. C. Baines, com.; med. offi., Dr. A. J. Sanderson, Feb., 1861, captain; members, 39; deaths, 1.
- Camp 222. Waco, Texas; C. L. Johnson, com.
- Camp 223. Springville, Ala.; A. W. Woodall, com.
- Camp 224. Camden, Miss.; R. Gaillard, com.
- Camp 225. Florenceville, Texas; W. C. Agee, com.; med. offi., Isaac H. Brewton, M. D.; private; members, 30; disabled, 4.
- Camp 226. Liberty, Miss.; P. R. Brewer, com.
- Camp 227. Richmond, Texas; P. E. Pearson, com.; med. offi., S. A. Stone, July, 1862, asst. and post surgeon; members, 29.
- Camp 228. Wharton, Texas; I. N. Dennis, com.
- Camp 229. Arcadia, La.; James Brice, com.; med. offi., Joseph Atkinson; members, 94; indigent, 1.
- Camp 230. Jacksonville, Fla.

- Camp 231. Commerce, Texas; G. G. Lindsey, com.
 Camp 232. Flemmingsburg, Ky.; Wm. Stanley, com.
 Camp 233. Augusta, Ky.; Jno. S. Bradley, com.; members, 6.
 Camp 234. Cooper, Texas; Geo. W. Jones, com.
 Camp 235. Brookhaven, Miss.; J. A. Haskins, com.
 Camp 236. Auburn, Ala.; O. D. Smith, com.; med. offi., J. H. Drake; private; members, 40.
 Camp 237. Shelbyville, Ky.; Dr. W. F. Beard, com.; med offi., Dr. W. F. Beard, Nov. 21, 1862, surgeon; members, 12.
 Camp 238. Greenville, Miss.; Gen. S. W. Ferguson, com.; med. offi., D. C. Montgomery, M. D., 1862, surgeon; members, 70.
 Camp 239. Benham, Texas; D. C. Giddings, com.
 Camp 240. Winchester, Va.; W. McVicar, com.
 Camp 241. Hopkinsville, Ky.; Nat. Garther, com.
 Camp 242. Cuero, Texas; V. Weldon, com.; med. offi., Dr. Alexander Irvin; surgeon; members, 89.
 Camp 243. Brazonie, Texas; Wm. Fort Smith, com.; med. offi., R. R. Porter; private; members, 36.
 Camp 244. Dodelo, Fla.; J. F. Highsmith, com.
 Camp 245. Memphis, Texas; F. M. Murray, com.
 Camp 246. Talladega, Ala.
 Camp 247. Hope Villa P. O., La.; Joseph Gonzales, com.
 Camp 248. Hallettsburg, Texas; Volney Ellis, com.
 Camp 251. Eminence, Ky.; W. L. Crabb, com.; members, 7.

Circular No. 3, with the necessary carefully-directed envelopes for their return to the Surgeon General's office in New Orleans, were directed to 251 registered Camps of United Confederate Veterans on the 8th of April, 1893, and subsequently, and in many cases a second circular was sent to the Camps from which no reply had been received.

Up to the 10th of June, 1893, only 100 had replied, and returned Circular No. 3 duly filled with the required data. These 100 Camps represented a little less than 10,000; or more accurately, 9,822 Confederate veterans. Each Camp contained on an average about 100; or more accurately, 98 Confederate veterans.

If each of the 251 Camps now registered and to whom Circular No. 3 was addressed contained on an average 100 veterans, then the total strength of the United Confederate Veterans would be about 25,000. We have reason to believe that a much larger army of sur-

viving Confederate veterans is to be found in the States, North and South.

The reports of 100 Camps show only 270 disabled Confederate veterans, or less than 3 per cent. of the total number attached to these Camps.

During the period which has elapsed since the formation of these Camps the number of deaths reported was 471, or less than 5 per cent. of the total number

The disabled and indigent soldiers as well as the indigent widows of the Confederate soldiers supported by the individual Camps amount to an insignificant number.

These statistics are interesting in indicating the independence and substantial thrift and prosperity of the Confederate veterans throughout the South. They have clear consciences, and are able to maintain their wives and children, and pay the enormous taxes imposed by the pensions of their conquerors, and at the same time to do fitting reverence to their distinguished dead and to erect noble monuments to their beloved chieftains.

We note an absence of a proper number of medical officers in many of the Camps, and urge their immediate election or appointment by the individual Camps.

We would suggest the election by each Camp or organization of one surgeon with the rank of major, and two assistant surgeons with the rank respectfully of captain. The officers thus elected to the individual Camps should hold office through life, or as long as they may be willing to yield their gratuitous and gracious services to the sick, disabled and destitute Confederate veterans, subject to removal only for due cause.

The surgeons and assistant surgeons elected, chosen, or appointed by the individual Camps should be duly commissioned by the General Commanding, and should constitute the permanent standing medical corps of the United Confederate Veterans.

Each Camp should preserve a hospital register of all the sick and wounded treated, giving full particulars of all wounds or injuries, however or wherever received, and with the detailed statement of the Confederate veteran, of the circumstances of the battles and skirmishes in which said wounds were received.

Each surgeon in charge of a Camp or Soldiers' Home should prepare and present an annual report relative to the sick and disabled veterans to the surgeon-general.

The consolidated reports, of the labors of the Medical Corps, thus

constituted should be submitted by the Surgeon-General, in his Annual Reports to the United Confederate Veterans.

We also urge upon the United Confederate Veterans, assembled at this the Fourth Annual Reunion, the necessity of conferring upon the Surgeon-General, the power to effect a thorough and permanent organization of the Medical Department, by approving and confirming his efforts in behalf of the United Confederate Veterans, and by conferring upon him the power of appointing one or more Medical Officers, Medical Directors, and Medical Inspectors, with the rank of Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel in each of the following Southern States—namely:

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

The Surgeon-General should be clothed with power to fill vacancies on his staff, and to apportion to each staff officer such inspections and medical duties as he may deem best for the relief of the suffering, and the advancement of the hygienic and sanitary interests of the Confederate Veterans.

Each Camp or Soldiers' Home should preserve—

1st. Roster of its officers and members, giving names, nature, and place of service; date of commissions in the Confederate Army or Navy; nature of wound, and date and circumstance of reception.

2d. Hospital Register, containing names and description of sick, and injuries and results of all post mortem examinations, and a record of all deaths and their causes.

The discharge of difficult, responsible, and persistent duties, appertaining to honorary positions without pay, must rest upon the patriotic interest of the officer, whose highest reward must be sought in the approval of his comrades and the satisfaction in being used as an instrument for the relief of human suffering.

Permanency appears to be essential to the success of labors relating to the relief of the wants and sufferings of men, and the gatherings and preservation of important statistics illustrating the extent and nature of the sufferings and losses by battle and disease of the Confederate soldiers.

With great respect and high esteem, I have the honor, General, to remain,

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D. LL. D.,
Surgeon-General, United Confederate Veterans.

MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Address by Major Robert Stiles, at the Dedication, June 7, 1893.

Surviving Comrades of the Confederate Armies, Citizen Soldiers of Virginia, Ladies and Gentlemen :

On the outskirts of the historic capital city of Virginia, between it and the great battle-fields, out of the midst of 16,000 graves, rises a simple granite shaft with this inscription :

"The epitaph of the Soldier who falls with his Country is written in the hearts of those who love the Right and honor the Brave."

To-day, in this silent camp, we unveil another sentinel stone, bearing this legend :

"Fate denied them Victory, but clothed them with glorious Immortality."

Both these monuments memorialize defeat, but what witness do they bear? What do they declare? Against what do they protest? What is their deepest significance?

The Oakwood monument reminds us that the brave may fall, the right may fail. This shaft, the silent orator of this occasion, claims glory for the vanquished, immortality of glory for the brave who have fallen in a cause that is lost. The one challenges that basest and most debasing of falsehoods, "Success is the test of merit." The other denies that darkest and most depressing of creeds, "Success is the measure of fame." Both are noble protests—the very marrow of true manhood. They do honor to human nature; they nerve it with indomitable valor for the battle of life. It is much to know that the victor does not always wear the laurel, nor the vanquished the chain. It is more to feel that the chain may be more glorious than the laurel.

By the verdict of history, the Persian monarch who carried the Pass of Thermopylæ has fallen before Leonidas and his Spartans who fell in defence of it. Who now ranks Scipio above Hannibal, or Wellington above Napoleon? How many of you can so much as name the general who drove the great Corsican out of Russia?

The world no longer measures men or principles by apparent or immediate results. Many a noble chapter of purely human story has contributed to this uplifting ; but, in highest development, this revolt against the tyranny of results, this emancipation from the worship of success, this soul-homage of the absolute right, are Christian faiths, born of Gethsemane and Calvary—the Cross and the Sepulchre.

Thirty years have passed since the bodies of these men returned to dust and their spirits returned to God who gave them. Standing here to-day, a survivor of the mighty conflict in which they fell, and looking backward over the heads of a generation knowing neither those days nor these men, I have an admission to make, which I do without grudging.

The world has been more just to the Confederate soldier ; that is, it has been quicker to do him justice, than I, for one, anticipated. Who, to-day, vapors or hisses about “ making treason odious,” or “ burying traitors in oblivion ? ” On the contrary, to the honor of our late enemies, the people of the Northern States, be it said, that to-day, many, if not most of them, accord honor, admiration—glory, if you please—to the dead or living soldier of the Confederacy who is worthy to receive them, as readily perhaps, and in as full measure, as to his gallant foe who fought or fell upon the Union side.

What has wrought this great change ?

Mainly two things—and

First :

SOUNDER VIEWS AS TO THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

Time was when men spoke of slavery as the cause of the war, or the determination of one section to dominate the Union. To-day intelligent citizens generally recognize as the real cause of the war an irreconcilable difference as to the construction of a written instrument, and the rights of the sovereign and independent States which ratified it. Candid men of all sections and all parties to-day admit that this difference of opinion was not only honest, but intelligent ; that the question involved was, and is, one upon which men of equal intelligence might, and did, and do, honestly differ. May I be pardoned for advancing yet one step, and suggesting that there is at least a vague impression, in the minds of the majority of intelligent men the country over that, upon the great and burning question that divided us, the weight of the argument was with the South.

Let me not be misunderstood.

I am not here to deny that, by the war, in the words of a great thinker and writer of the North, "a result and settlement were come by, which few now regret and none resist." I am not here to suggest that, in the course of history, Omniscient and Almighty God has blundered. But I am here to insist and to remind you, in the words of the same great writer, that "possibly" the question that divided us "was one of those many questions that arise in history that cannot be answered unanimously by the intellect or reason or conscience of erring, finite man. Appeal must be had to force. Offences must needs come."

I cannot forbear quoting at length from this truly monumental oration, delivered on the field of Gettysburg, on the 3d day of July, 1888, by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, younger brother of the famous Henry Ward, at the dedication of a monument to the "Brooklyn Phalanx," Sixty-seventh Regiment New York Volunteers. My only regret is that it would not be altogether seemly for me to give you the address entire, substituting it in place of my own feeble utterances. While I read, do you marvel at and admire the audacious grasp of intellect, the dauntless courage of heart, the majestic elevation of soul, which could, upon such an occasion, in such presence, and amid such surroundings, so handle this great theme, surpassing even the balanced view of the historian a century hence, and attaining almost the absolute impartiality of the disembodied spirit clean escaped from the distorting atmosphere and relations of earth.

Says Mr. Beecher:

"The facts recited shall be as colorless as the items of a book-keeper's balance-sheet.

"In 1776, thirteen colonies, by their representatives in Congress or convention, called 'God to witness the rectitude of our (their) intentions,' and declared themselves 'free and independent States.'

"In 1787, these free and independent States proposed a 'more perfect Union' in the name of the people. 'We, the people,' they said in their preamble to the proposed Constitution. But:

"In the last article, of the same Constitution, we read of 'the States ratifying the same' as establishing the Constitution between the States so ratifying.

"In 1788, by June, the States had so ratified the Constitution; and in 1789, an orderly Constitutional Government came into power, George Washington its executive.

"In 1860-'61, four of these very States that had formed the Union, with seven other States that had been added, assumed to 'retrace' their steps, and cease to be members of the Union. They formed or had come into the Union freely, voluntarily; they proposed to go out by the same door.

"Their reasons for this step need not be stated here and now. One thing at a time.

"A grave question of law and duty arose, deeper than the Constitution itself—viz:

"Has a State that has once ratified the Federal Constitution and formed or come into the Union, a right to retrace her steps, and go out and apart, and be, as she was originally, free and independent?

"Where shall, where could, citizens look or listen for an answer to this question—conclusive, authoritative?

"For more than thirty years political doctrine and controversy had flamed around this question until the masses of population came unconsciously to a welding heat, and a local unity of sentiment upon one side and the other. Hot and united, the people were ready to act; and they acted.

"Eleven States, acting in an orderly manner, by conventions lawfully called, retraced their steps with accuracy, and supposed themselves to have become once more free and independent.

"They went on accordingly. The old partnership dissolved, they offered to 'divide the effects by negotiation.'

"Now it happened that certain ports, custom-houses, post-offices, and other real estate, lay within the bounds of these States, that supposed themselves once more free and independent. Real estate cannot be moved off. The soil remains in its place. It must be given over to the State within whose bounds it lies or stands. The United States officers must cease from function, surrender office, title, keys and cash.

"This logical demand was made, refused, enforced by arms, resisted, and a great civil war began."

Then, speaking for those graves and for these, as I, in his great name and stead, now speak for these graves and for those, Mr. Beecher continued:

"It is not known what those dead men think of the battle of Gettysburg, at whose cost it was fought.

"From out of bodies, shot, shattered, bloody, battered, the souls

of men went forth mid dust and smoke and thunder to learn the lessons and the language of the dead. For three days their solemn exodus lasted along the paths of mystery.

"What salute or countersign these soldiers exchanged; what conference or controversy they set up; or with what awe and curiosity they moved along to meet their destiny, we may not say, we do not know.

* * * * *

"These, my countrymen, untimely dead, be soldiers all who did their duty. At call of magistrate, they took up arms; these to quell insurrection, these to repel invasion—all obediently and with courage. Thy judgments, O God, are true and righteous altogether. Let it be unto Thy servants according to the sincerity of their purpose, the courage of their endeavor, the multitude of Thy compassions and the bounty of Thy grace. The judgment of God has not yet been published."

Can we rise to this sublime height, the colorless empyrean from which this great thinker looks down upon the great struggle; or shall we publish our feeble, partial judgment, while the Omniscient "Judge of all the earth" withholds His?

One protest must be entered.

This man was victor; I was vanished. This man, or the regiment whose deeds he commemorates, was invader; I was invaded. As he himself says: "At call of magistrate they took up arms—these to quell insurrection, these to repel invasion."

Halt! "Invasion?" Yes. "Insurrection?" How? Against what?

"These to quell insurrection—these to repel invasion."

Mr. Beecher probably intended by these phrases merely to indicate the conflicting views of the combatants; yet it is none the less important to note that the first phrase proclaims a theory, as to which men may honestly differ—the second recites a fact, which no man can honestly question.

"These to quell insurrection!"

Can our "book-keeper" intend to discredit the "items" entered by his own hand upon his "balance-sheet." "Free and independent States, * * proposing, * * establishing, * * ratifying * * a more perfect union, * * forming or coming into this Union freely, voluntarily * * proposing to go out by the same door, * *

acting in an orderly manner, by conventions lawfully called, re-tracing their steps with accuracy, * * the old partnership dissolved, offering to divide the effects by negotiation."

All this he recites. He does not, as he might have done, explain further that the phrase, "We, the people of the United States," in whose name the Constitution was ordained, was originally written, "We, the people of Massachusetts, Connecticut," &c., all the States ratifying being named *seriatim*; and that the change was made, for the sake of brevity and convenience, by the committee on style and language, who probably had no purpose and certainly had no power to change the meaning and construction of the instrument, by any change of its phraseology.

Nor does he mention the additional significant fact that the words, "United States" are so written in the original draft of the Declaration as to render it well nigh inconceivable that the signers regarded them as the baptismal name of a new Nation, and well nigh certain that they regarded the phrase rather as descriptive of the then condition of the pre-existing States; the adjective "united" beginning with a small "u," and the substantive "States," with a capital "S."

"These—to repel invasion."

There is a naked simplicity and sincerity of right in the man who defends his hearth-stone, which does not belong to him who invades it. Let it never be forgotten that this God-implanted, spontaneous, irrepressible right was on our side in the late war, and that it tore away from their quiet studies here, and hurried to the front, largely over one-half of the 604 students at this institution in the spring of '61; while there joined the first army of invasion, but 73 out of the 896 students on the roll of great Harvard the same year. It gave to the Confederate service, from '61 to '65, more than 2,000 men of our University, of whom it buried in soldiers's graves more than 400—while but 1,040 Harvard men served in the armies and navies of the United States during the four years of the war, and only 155 of these lost their lives in the service.* It carried with us, heart and soul, the

* Figures taken from catalogues of the two institutions for 1860-'61, Prof. Schele's Historical Catalogue of Students of the University of Virginia, a careful statement by Prof. (Col.) Chas. S. Venable, of the same institution, and Francis H. Brown's "Roll of Students of Harvard University who served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion," prepared by order of the corporation.

members of a great political party which did not accept the "States' Rights" theory of the Constitution, nor believe in the "extra Constitutional" and "reserved" right of secession. It gave "Old Jubal" Early, and others like him, to the Army of Northern Virginia; and was even the make-weight that gave Virginia herself to the Southern Confederacy. It impelled to the Northern frontier of our invaded States the flower of our native manhood, while the invader hurled upon us, in overwhelming masses, hirelings from beyond the sea, knowing neither our language nor our institutions, and mercenary wretches bought like cattle in the shambles, under the gigantic "*bounty system*," a scheme originally devised with the view of purchasing the exemption from military service of men supposed to be worth more at home, but which finally offered accumulated bribes so alluring that even the stay-at-homes rushed to the front to secure them.

Near the close of the great conflict I was standing on the roadside, not far from the city of Petersburg, a prisoner of war, and very near General Custis Lee, both of us having been captured in the battle of Sailor's Creek. We were watching the march of the never-ending columns of Grant's infantry. The very earth seemed shaking with their ceaseless tramp. Suddenly, a general officer, whose name and appearance I distinctly recall, left the column and riding up to us, dismounted and greeted General Lee with effusion. They had been classmates, I think, at West Point.

When the first salutations and inquiries had been exchanged the Federal officer, calling Lee's attention to the command just then passing, said with evident pride: "General, these are my men. Superb soldiers, you see. There's a great difference between your experience and ours in this respect. The best part of your people volunteered early, brought out by patriotism, enthusiasm, and that sort of thing. The best part of our people have just come out, brought out by the heavy bounties."

No bitter fling is intended by the recital of this incident. It but accentuates strongly the distinction between invaders and invaded. No one of us questions for a moment that there were thousands of brave men in the Federal army who entered it impelled by a lofty sense of duty—the duty, as they regarded it, of preserving the Union formed by the fathers and cemented by their blood. For all these, with all our heart and soul, we lift to heaven the noble prayer of Mr. Beecher's matchless oration: "Thy judgments, O God, are true and

righteous altogether. Let it be unto Thy servants according to the sincerity of their purpose, the courage of their endeavor, the multitude of Thy compassions, and the bounty of Thy grace."

Second.

THE CHARACTERS OF LEE AND JACKSON

have contributed more, perhaps, than any and all other influences to a just appreciation of the Southern cause and the Southern soldier by the world at large. We refer not so much to their fame as generals as to their character as men.

The South has learned to appreciate in some adequate measure the inspiring and regenerating influence of two such exemplars upon her rising generation; but has she taken note of the measureless debt of gratitude she owes these peerless sons, for the impression their ineffable purity and piety and consecration have made upon the outside world, and the world's estimate of the cause these heroes represented and the soldiery they led? Who could recklessly condemn the cause to which Robert Lee gave his sword and Stonewall Jackson his life? Who can fail to honor soldiers who fought or fell where Lee and Jackson led?

It is impressive to note how these two men and these two names stand related to each other and to the Confederate cause. Each pre-eminent, yet without rivalry; the entire nature of each a contrast to, and yet the complement of, the other. If a single name be selected to represent us and our soldiery, it is "Lee," because of the matchless perfection of his character and his supreme command. If two be mentioned, they are "Lee and Jackson." If a triumvirate, these are two of the three, whoever be the third. If a list be named, they head the list. Who that ever saw the two together but felt his being stirred as never by any other sight.

It was at Savage Station, Monday morning, June 30, 1862. I had retired a little from the line, and was half reclining at the foot of a huge pine that stood on the edge of the Williamsburg road. Hearing the jingle of cavalry accoutrements toward the Chickahominy, I looked up and saw a large mounted escort, and, riding considerably in advance and already close upon me, a solitary horseman, whom I instantly recognized as the great wizard of the marvellous "Valley Campaign," which had so thrilled the army and the country.

Jackson and the little sorrel stopped in the middle of the road, probably not fifty feet off, while his staff halted perhaps a hundred

and fifty yards or more in his rear. He sat stark and stiff in the saddle. Horse and rider appeared worn down to the lowest point of flesh consistent with effective service. His hair, skin, eyes, and clothes were all one neutral dust tint, and his badges of rank so dulled and tarnished as to be scarcely perceptible. The "mangy little cadet cap" was pulled so low in front that the visor just cut the glint of his eye-balls.

A ghastly scene was spread just across the road hard by. The Seventeenth and Twenty-first Mississippi, of Barksdale's brigade, had been ordered into the woods about dusk the evening before, and told not to fire into the first line they met; but the poor fellows ran into a Federal brigade, and were shocked and staggered by a deadly volley. Splendid soldiers that they were, they obeyed orders, held their own fire, laid down and took the enemy's. Almost every man struck was killed, and every man killed was shot through the brain. Their comrades had gone into the woods as soon as it was light, brought out the bodies and laid them in rows, with hands crossed upon their breasts, but eyes wide-staring. A sickly summer rain had fallen in the night, and the faces of the dead were bleached with more than death's pailor. Every eye-ball was strained upward toward the spot where the bullet had crashed through the skull, and every forehead stained with ooze and trickle of blood. Men were passing through the silent lines, bending low, seeking in the distorted faces to identify their friends.

Jackson glanced a moment toward this scene. Not a muscle quivered. "Eyes front!" and he resumed his steady gaze down the road toward Richmond. He was the ideal of concentration—imperturbable, resistless. I remember feeling that, if he were not a very good man he would be a very bad one. By a ludicrous turn of the association of ideas, the old darkey minister's illustration of faith flashed through my brain—"Bredren, if de Lord tell me to jump through a *stone wall*, I's gwine to jump at it; jumpin' at it 'longs to me, goin' through it 'longs to God." The man before me would have jumped at anything the Lord told him to jump through.

A moment later and his gaze was rewarded. A magnificent staff approached from the direction of Richmond, and riding at its head, superbly mounted, a prince, aye, a demi-god. At that time General Lee was one of the handsomest of men, especially on horseback, and that morning every detail of the dress and equipment of himself and horse was absolute perfection. When he recognized Jackson he rode forward with a courier, his staff halting. As he gracefully

dismounted, handing his bridle rein to his attendant, and advanced, drawing the gauntlet from his right hand, Jackson flung himself off his horse and advanced to meet him, little sorrel trotting back to the staff, where a courier secured him.

The two generals greeted each other warmly, but wasted no time upon the greeting. They stood facing each other, some thirty feet from where I lay, Lee's left side and back toward me, Jackson's right and front. He began talking in a jerky, impetuous way, meanwhile drawing a diagram on the ground with the toe of his right boot. He traced two sides of a triangle with promptness and decision; then, starting at the end of the second line, began to draw a third projected toward the first. This line he traced slowly and with hesitation, alternately looking up at Lee's face and down at his diagram, meanwhile talking earnestly; and when at last the third line crossed the first and the triangle was complete, he raised his foot and stamped it down with emphasis, saying, "We've *got* him." Then instantly signalled for his horse, and when he came, vaulted awkwardly into the saddle, and was gone.

Lee looked after him a moment, the courier brought his horse, he mounted, and he and his staff rode away.

The third line was never drawn—so we never "got" McClellan.

I question if any other man witnessed this interview: certainly no other was as near the two generals. At times I could hear their words, though they were uttered, for the most part, in the low tones of close and earnest conference. As the two faced each other, except that the difference in height was not great, the contrast between them could not have been more striking in feature, figure, dress, voice, style, bearing, manner—everything, in short, that expressed the essential being of the men. It was the Cavalier and the Puritan in intensest embodiment. These two great roots and stocks of British manhood had borne each its consummate flower, in the rank soil of the New World.

LEE.

The most eloquent tongues and pens of two continents have labored to present, with fitting eulogy, the character and career of the great Cavalier, who is to-day recognized, the world over—as the representative of the soldiery of the South. Not only is it true of him that he uniformly acted from the highest motive presented to his soul—but, so impressive and all-compelling was the majesty of his virtue, that it is doubtful whether any one ever questioned this. It

is perhaps not too much to say, that the common consensus of Christendom—friend and foe and neutral—ranks him as one of the greatest captains of the ages, and attributes to him more of the noblest virtues and powers, with less of the ordinary weakness and littleness, of humanity, than to any other representative man in history.

Indeed, if commissioned to select a man to represent the race, in a congress of universal being, whither would you turn to find a loftier representative than Robert Edward Lee?

JACKSON.

What now of our marvellous Round-head?

This certainly, that the world believes in his intense religion and his supreme genius for war, and receives every fresh revelation of him, with something of the profound and eager interest that attaches to the abnormal and the miraculous. In explaining the apparent presumption of this humble contribution, I cannot avoid the egotism of a personal explanation.

Probably no two general officers in the Confederate service knew more of the inner being of Stonewall Jackson and his characteristics as a soldier, than General D. H. Hill and General Ewell—the former his brother-in-law, the latter his trusted lieutenant. It was my privilege to be honored with the personal friendship of both these officers—General Hill early in the war, General Ewell later. Both talked freely with me of Jackson, and I eagerly absorbed from both all I could concerning him.

General Hill, during the winter of '61-'2, frequently expressed to me his unbounded confidence in Jackson's unbounded genius, and predicted that, if the war should last six years, and Jackson live so long, he would be in supreme command.

Dear, queer, chivalric, lovable "Dick Ewell" first worshipped Stonewall Jackson, and then Stonewall Jackson's God. With his own lips he told me, what is related with slight variation in Mrs. Jackson's life of her husband, that the first religious impression of which he was ever conscious took the form of a desire to get hold of the wondrous power which inspired his great commander, after prayer. Elymas the sorcerer, Simon Magus, if you please—but dear old Dick's simony led him up to "pure and undefiled religion." Ewell used to say the secret of Jackson's success as a soldier lay in his emphasis of the maxim, "Time is everything in war"—more than numbers, preparation, armament—more even than all these and all else.

I am satisfied this is but part of the secret.

My father was a minister of the gospel, but possessed strong military instincts, and would have made a superb soldier. He was a sort of chaplain-general in the Army of Northern Virginia; and spent much of his time and did much of his work in the lightning corps of Jackson. Being an intense christian and an intense Calvinist, he and Jackson became warm friends, and he was much at headquarters, even in the general's tent.

I distinctly recall his saying, "If required to state wherein Jackson differed most from other men, and wherein lay the great secret of his power, I should say—he *came nearer putting God in God's place than any other human soul I ever met.*"

The statement is as strongly characteristic of my father in form, as I believe it to be of Stonewall Jackson in spirit. This is what the world roughly termed his "fatalism,"—but it is also what inspired and empowered his life with a sense of divine mission and divine support, solemnized it with a sense of infinite responsibility, and steadied it by complete dependence upon Divine Providence and entire submission to the divine decrees.

When Jackson hurled his columns against his enemies, it was in the strength of "The God of armies and of battles," and the war cry of his soul was "The Lord! The Lord! strong and mighty:—The Lord! The Lord! mighty in battle." While the cannon thundered and the battle smoke hung low, and the result trembled in the balance, his confident reliance was "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." When victory perched upon his banners and the day was ours, his shout of triumph ever rose, "Now glory to the Lord of Hosts."

An incident related by my father strikingly exhibits the connection between this religious or sentimental basis of his military system, and the theoretical and practical development of it. The details are not very distinct; but, as I now remember, Jackson was present at an informal military conference, probably not at his own headquarters. My father, observing the council from a little distance, noticed that, as soon as Jackson had uttered a very few words, his head dropped upon his breast, and he evidently slept. He was several times appealed to, and each time had to be awakened. After the conference had broken up, an explanation of his singular conduct being asked, his reply not only illustrates and enforces what has just been said, but presents a powerful photograph of this unique being, and his own statement of the fundamental proposition of his theory of war.

The entire recital was so remarkable that it made an indelible impression upon me, and I am confident of substantial if not verbal accuracy in the reproduction of it. Jackson replied—

“I always have one single, simple opinion, Doctor, and that is to attack the enemy wherever we find him. God has not endowed me with the power of impressing my views upon other people, and when I have stated them, I have done all I can for the conference. Besides, I am not then in charge of the troops. For the time, that responsibility is on the second in command, and I can go to sleep with a free mind, a thing I cannot often do.”

Strange, solitary soul; called into council with others it sinks quietly to rest, because for once absolutely free from responsibility. Having nothing it can give, others have nothing it can get. His only councils are held with “The Wonderful” and only “Counsellor,” “in the secret place of the Most High,” and when he emerges thence to execute “what God hath showed him in the mount,” his wisdom confounds his adversaries and his might overwhelms them.

Glance for a moment at his Valley campaign. It is enough to say of my figures that they are those of Col. William Allan, who, if he had lived, would have been the historian of our war.

The entire force under Jackson at no time exceeded 17,000 men, it varied from 4,500 to 17,000—while the aggregate of the forces operating against him varied from 25,000 to 60,000. Take, as your major premiss, this enormous disparity in numbers—as your minor premiss, the incontrovertible, historic fact that, in every one of his battles (with the single exception of Kernstown), he outnumbered his adversary on the actual field of combat. What must be your conclusion? If, as Napoleon said, “war is rapid and skillful concentration,” then Stonewall Jackson is the genius of war.

Take another element. It is almost too familiar to deserve mention, that the forced marches of his “foot cavalry” generally put him at the point of attack before his enemy was prepared to receive him; but, rapid marching alone furnishes no adequate explanation of the consternation of surprise, the mingled phrenzy and paralysis of amazement, with which his attacks were sometimes received. The explanation lies in a single statement—whenever circumstances admitted of it *he attacked with the head of his column*, he fired the first musket that got upon the ground.

After such study as I have been able to give the matter, I am in-

clined to believe this feature more essentially characteristic of his military system, and more the secret of his success than any other single element. Obviously, there is amazing audacity in it, and, except under the guidance of genius, amazing peril as well; but, thus directed, incalculable and resistless power.

The fundamental maxim of war requires that the column should be fully up, on the ground and deployed into line, before the attack begins. With a column of from ten to fifteen thousand men, in our broken and wooded country, this would probably require and consume say from two to four hours, which are hours of warning and preparation to your adversary. Jackson's tactics often annihilated these hours—simply snatched them away from his opponent. Knowing where Jackson was a given time before, it was a safe and sure calculation that, the muskets that rudely broke the quiet of the Federal camp or the order of the Federal march could not be his. In accordance with the rules of war, being at Strasburg last night at dark, he simply could not be here at daylight this morning. Tested by these rules he is not here, and yet he is actually here, in overwhelming force and devastating fury. The first result is surprise amounting to stupefaction—the second, that impression prominent in the official reports of his defeated opponents—"The rebels were constantly and heavily reinforced all through the engagement." No, no! Banks, Milroy, Fremont—it was only "old Jack's" long column, electrified by the volleys that startled you from your blankets, and double quickening up into line and into battle.

Now, then, let us formulate Jackson's system of war.

1st. The religious or subjective basis. Intense realization of the sovereignty of God, with its normal effect upon the powers of his soul and the habits of his life.

2d. Ceaseless, aggressive activity, keeping the fighting fibre of his men from fatty degeneration, and keeping his opponents in a state of nervous alarm and dread.

3d. Celerity of movement—under the guidance of supreme military genius—resulting in rapid and victorious concentration of his own forces and fatal surprise to his foes.

4th. Attack with the head of his column, accentuating the consternation of his adversaries, and following up his first advantage with constantly augmenting force.

THE MEN LEE AND JACKSON LED, AND THE LIFE THEY LIVED.

Most of us were not men. We were smooth-faced boys. Eternal boyhood has passed upon some of us. The rest of us have grown old—how old we would realize, if, from one of these graves, a comrade of the long ago could rise and take his place among us.

When we put on our gray jackets and left home, the boys we knew and loved were leaving too—each of us blessed and kissed by mother, and speeded by the prayers and benedictions of the parish minister and the church, and of every one that represented anything in the community worth living for or dying for. When we reached the army, by the time we settled into soldiers, we found ourselves blindly following the lead of one of greater and better than any other we had ever known—and we all felt that, with us was Right, before us was Duty, behind us was Home.'

The world has said great things of us, and some of them must be true, for Lee himself has said them too. We are not troubled about our reputation. Some of us are where we can never lose it; others have not always lived worthy of it, but when heart and hope sink, because self respect is given away, we look back to what we were and what we did—despair is routed, and we raise our heads once more.

And what were we—what did we, in those days? Shallow-pated fools—Nineteenth century fools—sneer at the life of the soldier. We know better. From the midst of the life about us to-day—the life of craft and guile and rottenness, of money-loving and money-getting—the life of push and drive and clutch and scrape for wealth, aye for bread—the hum-drum, dead-level, feeble, shallow, selfish life you live to-day—look back upon your soldier life. Gaze upon it, in the hallowing light of the past. The look will do you good, through and through. One thing at least is clear. If there is any part or portion of your life, in which you were where you should have been and did what you should have done—it is the great Olympiad of '61 to '65, when you followed Joe Johnson and Robert Lee.

And what a life that following opened to us. Every experience, every effort, every emotion, was deep with all its depth, and strong with all its strength, and strained the soul. Its perils and its sufferings, its heroism and its devotion—its pathos, its terror, its enthusiasm, its triumphs—all these were ecstasies and agonies, were earthquakes and tempests, compared with which the experiences of our life to-day are trite and tame indeed.

You who witnessed the spring-burst of battle at Chancellorsville or the Wilderness, or red battle's high and splendid noon at Manassas or Gettysburg—tell me! what have you felt or looked on since, that is not pitifully small in comparison. If, on such a field, you chanced to see Robert Lee ride, with uncovered head, along the front of one of his old fighting divisions, to you surely I need not enlarge upon the thrilling inspirations in the life of the Confederate soldier.

A single scene from this room of memory's picture gallery.

We had been ordered out of Fredericksburg. Burnside's great siege guns were belching forth death and ruin upon the old town, from the Stafford heights. Barksdale's Mississippians had been hospitably received by the inhabitants, and their blood was up in their defense. The Twenty-first Mississippi was the last regiment to leave the city. The last detachment was under the command of Lane Brandon, my *quondam* classmate at Yale. In skirmishing with the head of the Federal column—led, I think, by the Twentieth Massachusetts—Brandon captured a few prisoners, and learned that the advance company was commanded by Abbott, who had been his chum at Harvard Law School, when the war began.

He lost his head completely. He refused to retire before Abbott. He fought him fiercely, and was actually driving him back. In this he was violating orders, and breaking our plan of battle. He was put under arrest, and his subaltern brought the command out of town.

Buck Denman, a Mississippi bear hunter and a superb specimen of manhood, was color-sergeant of the Twenty-first and a member of Brandon's company. He was tall and straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, had an eye like an eagle and a voice like a bull of Bashan, and was full of pluck and power as a panther. He was rough as a bear in manner, but withal, a noble, tender-hearted fellow, and a splendid soldier.

The enemy finding the way now clear, were coming up the street, full company front, with flags flying and bands playing, while the great shells from the siege guns were bursting over their heads and dashing their hurtling fragments after our retreating skirmishers.

Buck was behind the corner of a house, taking sight for a last shot. Just as his finger trembled on the trigger, a little three-year-old, fair-haired baby-girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and gave chase to a big shell that was rolling lazily along the pavement, she clapping her little hands and the dog snap.

ping and barking furiously at the shell. Buck's hand dropped from the trigger. He dashed it across his eyes to dispel the mist and make sure he hadn't passed over the river and wasn't seeing his own baby-girl in a vision. No, there is the baby, amid the hell of shot and shell, and here come the Yankees. A moment, and he has grounded his gun, dashed out into the storm, swept his great right arm around the baby, gained cover again, and, baby clasped to his breast and musket trailed in his left hand, is trotting after the boys up to Marye's heights.

And there, behind that historic stone wall and in the lines hard by, all those hours and days of terror, was that baby kept; her fierce nurses taking turns patting her, while the storm of battle raged and shrieked—and, at night, wrestling with each other for the boon and benediction of her quiet breathing under their blankets. Never was baby so tended and cared for. They scoured the country side for milk, and conjured up their best skill to prepare dainty viands for her little ladyship.

When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn to his strongholds across the river and Barksdale was ordered to reoccupy the town, the Twenty-first Mississippi, having held the post of danger in the rear, was given the place of honor in the van and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental colors could not be found.

Denman stood about the middle of the regiment, baby in arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front. Swinging her aloft above his head, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, he shouted, "Forward Twenty-first, here are your colors"—and, without further order, off started the brigade toward the town, yelling as only Barksdale's men could yell. They were passing through a street fearfully shattered by the enemy's fire, and were shouting their very souls out; but—let Buck himself describe the last scene in the drama:

"I was holding the baby high, Adjutant, with both arms, when, above all the racket, I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico, and she fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell, and laying her down gently, put her baby on her bosom. She was most the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut,—and—and—I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once."

"And what shall we more say, for the time would fail us" to illustrate all the noble features of the soldier life. There is however one,

perhaps specially characteristic of our Confederate struggle, of which I desire to speak with emphasis, because, as I believe, there has never been any just or general appreciation of it, and the little there was seems to be fading away.

I refer to the more than human heroism of the private soldiers of our armies who remained faithful under *the unspeakable pressure of letters and messages revealing suffering, starvation and despair, at home.*

The men who felt this strain most were husbands of young wives and fathers of young children, whom they had supported by their labor, manual or mental. As the lines of public communication in the Confederacy were more and more broken and destroyed, the situation of such families became more desperate, and their appeals more and more piteous, to their only earthly helpers, who were far, far away filling their places in "the thin gray line." Meanwhile the enemy sent secretly into our camps, often by our own pickets, circulars offering our men indefinite parole, with free transportation to their homes.

If ever there was such a thing as a "conflict of duties," that conflict was presented to these men. If ever the strain of such a conflict was great enough to unsettle a man's reason and break a man's heart-strings, these men were subjected to that strain. I cannot express to you the intensity of my feeling on this subject. I cannot reveal to you the unutterable revelations of this anguish, which have been made to these ears and these eyes.

Ask any Confederate officer who commanded troops in the latter part of the war and who was loved and trusted by his men. He will tell you of letters which it would have seared your very eye balls to read, but that they could not be read without bedewing and bedimming tears—letters marked oftentimes by the pathos which labored and imperfect penmanship imparts, and always by the power which agony inspires—letters in which a wife and mother, crazed by her starving children's cries for bread, demanded of a husband and father to choose between his God—imposed obligations to her and to them, and his allegiance to his country, his duty as a soldier—declared, that, if the stronger party prove recreant to the marriage vow, the weaker should no longer be bound by it—that if he come not at once, he need never come—that she will never see him more, never recognize him again as the husband of her heart or the father of her children.

Many a noble officer, reading such a letter with a poor fellow of his command, at night fall, has realized how inadequate and powerless was the best sympathy and advice and comfort he could give, and when at next morning's roll call, that man failed to answer to his name, has felt far more of pity than of condemnation. Soldiers would not prevent the departure of a comrade who was known to have received such a letter. Officers of court martials, compelled by sense of duty to order the execution as a deserter of a man absent without leave under such circumstances, have confessed to me, with awful emphasis, that they shuddered, as if accessories before the fact to *murder*. Nay more—when a man stood upright under such a strain, and, thereafter, his life a living death, yet steadfast trod its hateful round of camp and march and battle, it was even a relief to his commanding officer, when the foeman's merciful bullet let the agonized spirit out of the miserable body, to see his arms fly up wildly, and to catch, as it were, his death cry—"Thank God! *this hell* is past."

During the winter of '64-'5, two or three of General Alexander's field officers, First Corps Artillery, A. N. V., were sent to Chaffin's Bluff, for the purpose of toning up the garrison there, which had been demoralized by the disaster at Fort Harrison, the capture of their commanding officer and other untoward incidents. The morale of the men had decidedly improved before the final crash came, but that was enough to try the mettle even of the best troops in the highest condition. The men of the fleet and of the James river defenses were ordered to leave the river about midnight of the 2d of April, exploding magazines and ironclads, and joining the Army of Northern Virginia on its retreat. The troops at Chaffin's, having been long in garrison, and rightly deeming this the beginning of the end, were greatly shaken by the orders, and the sublime terrors of that fearful night certainly did nothing to steady them.

The explosions began just as we got across the river. When the magazines at Chaffin's and Drury's Bluffs went off, the solid earth shuddered convulsively; but, as the iron-clads—one after another—exploded, it seemed as if the very dome of heaven would be shattered down upon us. Earth and air and the black sky glared in the lurid light. Columns and towers and pinnacles of flame shot upward to an amazing height, from which, on all sides, the ignited shell flew on arcs of fire and burst as if bombarding heaven. I distinctly remember feeling that, after this, I could never more be startled—no, not by the catastrophes of the last Great Day.

I walked in rear of the battalion to prevent straggling, and, as the successive flashes illumined the cimmerian darkness, the blanched faces and staring eyes turned backward upon me spoke volumes of nervous demoralization. I felt that a hare might shatter the column.

We halted at daylight at a country cross-road in Chesterfield to allow other bodies of troops to pass, the bulk of my men lying down and falling asleep in a grove; but, seeing others about a well in the yard of a farm house over the way, I deemed it best to go there to see that nothing was unnecessarily disturbed.

I sat in the porch, where were also sitting an old couple evidently the joint head of the establishment, and a young woman dressed in black, apparently their daughter, and, as I soon learned, a soldier's widow. My coat was badly torn, and the young woman kindly offering to mend it, I thanked her, and, taking it off, handed it to her. While we were chatting, and groups of men sitting on the steps and lying about the yard, the door of the house opened and another young woman appeared. She was almost beautiful, was plainly but neatly dressed, and had her hat on. She had evidently been weeping, and her face was deadly pale. Turning to the old lady as she came out, she said, cutting her words off short: "Mother, tell him if he passes by here, he is no husband of mine," and turned again to leave the porch. I rose, and placing myself directly in front of her, extended my arm to prevent her escape. She drew back with surprise and indignation. The men were alert on the instant, and battle was joined.

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried.

"I mean, madam," I replied, "that you are sending your husband word to desert, and that I cannot permit you to do this in the presence of my men."

"Indeed! and who asked your permission, sir? And pray, sir, is he your husband or mine?"

"He is your husband, madam, but these are my soldiers. They and I belong to the same army with your husband, and I cannot suffer you or anyone, unchallenged, to send such a demoralizing message in their hearing."

"Army! do you call this mob of retreating cowards an army? Soldiers! if you are soldiers, why don't you stand and fight the savage wolves that are coming upon us defenceless women and children?"

"We don't stand and fight, madam, because we are soldiers, and have to obey orders; but, if the enemy should appear on that hill this

moment, I think you would find that these men are soldiers, and willing to die in defence of women and children."

"Quite a fine speech, sir, but rather cheap to utter, since you very well know the Yankees are not here, and won't be till you've had time to get your precious carcasses out of the way. Besides, sir, this thing is over, and has been for some time. The government has now actually run off, bag and baggage—the Lord knows where—and there is no longer any government or any country for my husband to owe allegiance to. He does owe allegiance to me, and to his starving children, and if he doesn't observe this allegiance now, when *I* need *him*, he needn't attempt it hereafter, when *he* wants *me*."

The woman was quick as a flash and cold as steel. She was getting the better of me. She saw it, I felt it, and, worst of all, the men saw and felt it, too, and had gathered thick, and pressed up close, all around the porch. There must have been a hundred or more of them, all eagerly listening and evidently leaning strongly to the woman's side.

This would never do.

I tried every avenue of approach to that woman's heart. It was either congealed by suffering, or else it was encased in adamant. She had parried every thrust, repelled every advance, and was now standing defiant, with her arms folded across her breast, rather courting further attack. I was desperate, and, with the nonchalance of pure desperation—no stroke of genius—I asked the soldier-question:

"What command does your husband belong to?"

She started a little, and there was a slight trace of color in her face, as she replied, with a slight tone of pride in her voice.

"He belongs to the Stonewall Brigade, sir."*

I felt, rather than thought it—but, had I really found her heart? We would see.

"When did he join it?"

A little deeper flush, a little stronger emphasis of pride.

"He joined it in the spring of '61, sir."

Yes, I was sure of it now. Her eyes had gazed straight into mine—her head inclined and her eye-lids drooped a little now, and

* The Stonewall Brigade was, of course, not so named until after the first battle of Manassas, and it did not exist as an organization after May, 1864; but men who had at any time belonged to one of the regiments that composed it, ever after claimed membership in the brigade. Among soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, and yet more among their families and friends, once of "The Stonewall Brigade," always of that immortal corps.

there was something in her face that was not pain and was not fight. So I let myself out a little, and turning to the men, said:

"Men, if her husband joined the Stonewall Brigade in '61, and has been in the army ever since, I reckon he's a good soldier."

I turned to look at her. It was all over. Her wifehood had conquered. She had not been addressed this time, yet she answered instantly, with head raised high, face flushing, eyes flashing.

"General Lee hasn't a better in his army."

As she uttered these words, she put her hand in her bosom, and drawing out a folded paper, extended it toward me, saying:

"If you doubt it, look at that."

Before her hand reached mine, she drew it back, seeming to have changed her mind—but I caught her wrist, and, without much resistance on her part, possessed myself of the paper. It had been much thumbed and was much worn. It was hardly legible, but I made it out. Again I turned to the men.

"Take your hats off, boys, I want you to hear this with uncovered heads"—and then I read an endorsement on an application for furlough, in which General Lee himself had signed a recommendation of this woman's husband for a furlough of special length, on account of special gallantry in battle.

During the reading of this paper, the woman was transfigured, glorified. No Madonna of old master was ever more sweetly radiant with all that appeals to what is best and holiest in man. Her bosom rose and fell with deep, quiet sighs—her eyes rained gentle, happy tears.

The men felt it all—*all*. They were all gazing upon her, but the dross was clean purified out of them. There was not, upon any one of their faces, an expression that would have brought a blush to the cheek of the purest womanhood on earth. I turned once more to the soldier's wife:

"This little paper is your most precious jewel, isn't it?"

"It is."

"And the love of him whose manly courage and devotion won this tribute is the best blessing God ever gave you— isn't it?"

"It is."

"And yet, for the brief ecstasy of one kiss, you would disgrace this hero husband of yours, stain all his noble reputation, and turn

this priceless little paper to bitterness; for, the rear-guard would hunt him from his own cottage, in half an hour, a deserter and a coward."

Not a sound could be heard save her hurried breathing. The rest of us held even our breath.

Suddenly, with a gasp of recovered consciousness, she snatched the paper from my hand, put it back hurriedly in her bosom, and, turning once more to her mother, said:

"Mother, tell him not to come."

I stepped aside at once. She left the porch, glided down the path to the gate, crossed the road, surmounted the fence with easy grace, climbed the hill, and, as she disappeared in the weedy pathway, I caught up my hat and said:

"Now men, give her three cheers."

Such cheers! O, God! shall I ever again hear a cheer which bears a man's whole soul in it?

I could have hurled that battalion against an embattled world.

Comrades, we are about to unveil a monument to "The Confederate Dead," but one interesting feature of this occasion is its tender association with a Confederate, thank God, yet living.

When little Sallie Baker shall draw aside yonder veil and reveal the noble figure behind it her act will also serve to recall the pathetic figure of the hero father to whose superb gallantry she owes her distinguished part in the ceremonies of this hour—comrade *James B. Baker*, a soldier who never faltered till he fell, and who has borne his wounds as bravely as he had worn his sword.

And now, we leave this holy acre, we close this holy hour. We turn again to what we call "*Life*"; we leave these gallant brothers whom we call "*Dead*." Yes, leave them here in silence, and with God.

God will distill the gentlest dews of heaven upon these flowers. He will direct the mildest stars of heaven upon these graves. God and his angels will guard their repose until the roses bloom again, then we will return, renewing our flowers and our faith.

ADDRESS OF GEN. R. E. COLSTON.

Before the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Wilmington, N. C., May 10, 1870.

 PRELIMINARY NOTE.

This address was delivered nearly twenty four years ago when military rule and carpet-bag governments were still prevailing over the South, causing more bitter feeling than even the war itself. Since then, almost a quarter of a century has elapsed and has taught salutary lessons.

We had already appreciated the value of the Northern soldiers, and we now understand the motives which impelled them to war from their point of view, motives just as honest, patriotic, and noble as ours.

Prejudices on both sides have melted away, and there are now no better friends than those who fought each other in the blue and gray. Mr. Beecher's prophecy proved conspicuously false, and all the Southern land is now dotted with monuments, growing more numerous each year, erected to the memory of her fallen heroes.

Peace has made us, in many respects, the most powerful nation in the world, and the most prosperous. We got rid of the incubus of slavery, which we would not otherwise have shaken off in more than a century.

We shall always cherish the memories of our struggle, which was inevitable, and in which we acted our part honorably and gloriously; and now, looking to the future and realizing the magnificent destiny placed before us and our children as one people, with one country and one flag, we accept the verdict of Fate and say: It is well!

R. E. COLSTON.*

Washington, Dec. 25th, 1893.

Ladies of the Memorial Association and Fellow-Citizens:

A beneficent Providence has mercifully decreed that Time shall be the great healer and consoler of almost every form of human woe. Five years ago our land was still reeling with the calamities

*The accomplished gentleman and soldier, the author of this address, is to-day stretched upon a bed of pain, where he faces the inroads of disease, and the approach of the last enemy, with a gentle chivalry and heroic firmness, which might put to the blush many a famous victory. In the service of Longstreet and Jackson, of Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee, he shared all that the New World can teach of battle and danger. In the service of the Khedive and in the deserts of Africa, he shared the suffering of the Old World, and now bears it as his cross. The injuries of earth have only taught forgiveness to his lips. From a crucified body comes only the message of good will to man; and the sermon of peace on earth is the legacy of his life of war. On no day more appropriately than Christmas day could this latest missive receive his seal and superscription.

L. R.

of war. The blood was hardly dry upon the battle-fields, the dead were not yet all buried, the smouldering ruins were still smoking, and the echoes of the closing cannonades had hardly ceased to resound in our ears. All was desolation in the present—doubt and fear for the future. So sudden and so complete had been our fall that we lay stunned beneath the crushing blow, with no strength but to suffer, no energy but to despair!

But time rolled on and brought healing upon his wings. The ruined homesteads have been rebuilt. The ploughshare has turned up the soil enriched by the slaughter of war. The luxuriant grass has covered up the graves of the fallen. Some years more and a few slight ridges in the plain, a few mutilated trunks in the forest, will alone mark the spot where rose the bristling fortifications and the red-mouthed artillery shot out its thunders.

And not in the material world alone has the gentle hand of time closed the gaping wounds of war. It has also poured its balm in our sorrowing hearts. It has soothed the agony of recent bereavement and defeat; it has showed us that we have still a country to live for—a country which, if we cannot, as we once fondly hoped, raise to power and proud independence, we can still love and render prosperous by the arts of peace, as we made her illustrious, even in defeat, by the fortitude of our struggle. And now, though many bitter things are still to be endured and the regrets for what *might* have been, can never cease to exist, yet the light of hope shines brighter and brighter before our eyes, and speaks to us of better days in the future.

But with time and returning prosperity come also the waters of oblivion, whose rising tide threatens to engulf all the vestiges of the past. Here and there a stricken heart, wounded to its inmost core, and alone knowing its own bitterness, will cherish its sacred grief until time itself shall be no more. But without a proper effort on our part there is danger that the corroding cares of the present and the absorbing exertions for existence may make us or our descendants forget the rightfulness of our cause, and the heroic martyrs who fell in its defence.

And beside all this, upon their fate and history lies there not the blight of failure and defeat?

Those who fall in the arms of victory and success need no monuments to preserve their memories. The continued existence and prosperity of their country are sufficient epitaphs, and their names can never be forgotten. But how shall those be remembered who failed? It is their enemies who write their history—painting it with

their own colors—distorting it with their calumnies, their prejudices, and their passions, and it is this one-sided version of the conquerors that the world at large accept as the truth, for in history as in the present, “*Væ Victis!*”—woe to the conquered!

It is true that when we, the actors in the late contest, shall be sleeping in our graves little will it matter to us what the world may think of us or our motives. But methinks that we could hardly rest in peace, even in the tomb, should our descendants misjudge or condemn us. And yet, is there no possibility of this? They will be told that their fathers were oligarchs, aristocrats, slave drivers, rebels, traitors, who, to perpetuate the monstrous sin of human slavery, tried to throttle out the life of the nation, and to rend asunder the government founded by Washington; that they raised parricidal hands against the sacred ark of the Constitution; that they were the unprovoked aggressors, and struck the first sacrilegious blow against the Union and the flag of their country.

What if this be but false cant and calumny? Constant repetition will give it something of the authority of truth. We cannot doubt it. Our descendants will see these slanders repeated in Northern and probably in European publications—perhaps even in the very text-books of their schools (for unfortunately we Southerners write too little), and they may be compelled, like ourselves, to look abroad for their intellectual nutriment. It is true that our own immediate sons and daughters will not believe these falsifications of history, but perchance *their* children or grandchildren may believe them. And those who are still our enemies after five years of peace, rely confidently upon this result. A so-called minister of the Prince of Peace, but whose early and persistent advocacy of war and bloodshed prove that he obtained his commission from a very opposite quarter, has dared to say that “in a few years the relatives of those Southern men who fell in our struggle will be ashamed to be seen standing by the side of their dishonored graves.” And he who said this, mark you, is no obscure driveller, but, on the contrary, one of the highest representative men of the North; one whom they delight to honor. No less a personage than the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who tendered his church as a shooting-gallery for bandits to acquire skill to murder Southern men in Kansas—Beecher, the abettor and panegyrist of John Brown, the chief of those bandits—Beecher, the burning and shining light of the Northern Church, whose utterances attract thousands every Sabbath. He says that in a few years the Southern

people will be ashamed to stand by the dishonored graves of their fallen champions.

Fellow Southerners, whose teachings and influence can accomplish more than all other agencies combined to hurl back this foul slander in the teeth of that reverend liar? Who can best guard our posterity from the corrupting venom of falsehood? Who can so implant the right and justice of our lost cause in 'o their souls as to prevail over all the calumnies of our detractors?

Your hearts reply like mine, "It is the noble, patriotic, unwavering women of the South." Yes, let me repeat this last epithet, for it belongs peculiar to them. *Unwavering*, true to the right, true to the South, in the past and in the present, as they will be in the future. This is neither the time nor the place for vapid compliments or fulsome eulogy, and I speak only "the words of truth and soberness," as all of you will testify. We would be baser than the brutes that perish could we forget what the women of the South did to promote the success of our efforts. By night and by day they labored with diligent hands to supply the deficiencies of the government. They nursed the sick and wounded; they bore sorrows and privations of every kind without a murmur. What they suffered no tongue, no pen can ever express. Yet they never faltered; they never gave up, and they continued to cheer the sinking hearts of their defenders, and to hope against all hope, even when all was over. And see how nobly they have kept their faith. While some men who once did gallant service in the Southern armies have, alas, turned false for filthy lucre, where are the renegades among Southern women? Even we who have preserved our truth unstained, have we not grown colder and more forgetful? Had it depended upon us alone, is there not much reason to fear that our brothers' bones would still lie unheeded where they fell? Not that we have grown indifferent or estranged, but the claims of the living and the anxieties of misfortune have absorbed our attention. It is these blessed Southern women, whose tender hearts never forget, that deserve the credit of all that has been done among us to preserve from destruction the remains of our brave comrades. Unwearied by all their labors and self-sacrifice during four years of war, they were, like Mary, the first at the graves of their beloved dead. Therefore, to them we may safely entrust the holy ark of our Southern faith. Yes, it is for you, wives, mothers, daughters of the South—it is for you far more than for us, to fashion the hearts and thoughts of our children. We have neither the time nor the aptitude that you possess for training the infant mind from

the beginning and inclining the twig the way the tree should grow. You are now, or will be some day, the mothers of future generations. See that you transmit to them the traditions and memories of our cause, and of our glorious, if unsuccessful, struggle, that they may in their turn transmit them unchanged to those who succeed them. And let them learn from you that although the same inscrutable Providence that once permitted the Grecian cross to go down before the Moslem crescent has decreed that we should yield to Northern supremacy, and that we should fail in our endeavor, yet, for all that, *we were right*.

And this points to another great lesson to be instilled into their minds.

The worship of success, no matter how achieved, is but too universal in the world. In the North it is the great idol of the day. Generals whose luck it was to come upon the stage when they could oppose to the exhausted remnants of the South the unlimited resources of the North, have been magnified into demi-gods, and receive the daily adorations of the multitude. So far does this idolatry blind the Northern people that they cannot understand our lack of admiration for the men whose ruthless course deluged our land with blood, and whose tracks were marked by the ashes of our desolate homes. Still less can they comprehend the love, veneration, and enthusiasm that we still continue to feel for our own unsuccessful leaders. The events of the last ten years have impressed upon the Northern mind that failure is ignominious, and that success, no matter how iniquitous, is the only criterion of right.

It is for you, Southern matrons, to guard your cherished ones against this foul idolatry, and to teach them a nobler and a higher moral. It is for you to bring the youth of our land to these consecrated mounds, and to engrave in their candid souls the true story of our wrongs, our motives, and our deeds. Tell them in those tender and eloquent words that you know so well how to use ; tell them that those who lie here entombed were neither traitors nor rebels, and that those absurd epithets are but the ravings of malignant folly when applied to men who claimed nothing but their right under the Constitution of their fathers—the right of self-government. Tell them how we exhausted every honorable means to avoid the terrible arbitrament of war, asking only to be let alone, and tendering alliance, friendship, free navigation—everything reasonable and magnanimous—to obtain an amicable settlement. Tell them how, when driven to draw the sword, we fought the mercenaries of all the world until,

overpowered by tenfold numbers, we fell ; but, like Leonidas and his Spartans of old, fell so heroically that our defeat was more glorious than victory.

Then from so sublime a theme teach our children a no less sublime lesson. Bid them honor the right, just because it *is* the right. Honor it when its defenders have gained the rich prize of success. Honor it still more when they are languishing in the dungeons of oppression, or lying in bloody graves, like the martyrs we celebrate to-day. And bid them remember that no triumph however brilliant can ever change the wrong into the right. Next to their duty to God, teach your offspring to love their native Southern land all the more tenderly for its calamities, and to cherish the memories of their fathers all the more precious because they battled for the right and went down in the unequal strife. And should their youthful hearts wonder at the triumph of force over justice, teach them that the ways of Providence are mysterious, and not like our ways. For a time the wicked may flourish like a green bay tree, but he shall not endure forever ; and far better is it to suffer with the righteous than to rejoice with the unjust. Sooner or later, in some mysterious way that we cannot now perceive—in their own day, perhaps, if not in ours—the truth of our principles will be recognized. Meanwhile, bid them scorn “ to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning.” Let the satraps of tyranny ride in state like Haman ; but let us and our descendants be the Mordecais at the gate, refusing to do reverence to those who represent nothing but the triumph of might over right. Yet, while clinging to our principles and vindicating the righteousness of our motives, let our children learn also the Christian lessons of forgiveness. God forbid that the bitterness of our times should be perpetuated from generation to generation ! God forbid, above all, that this land should ever be drenched again with the blood of contending armies, speaking the same language and springing from a kindred race. On the contrary, may He grant that the causes of strife, being at last all extinct, peace and harmony may prevail, and make this land in truth, and not merely in name, the asylum of human liberty !

It is in order that these noble lessons may be deeply engraved in the hearts of our people, that throughout the South the Memorial Associations of our generous-hearted ladies are calling us together this day from every town and village in the land to the cemeteries wherein their pious care has collected the precious remains of our fallen brothers. And it is peculiarly appropriate that this, the 10th

day of May, should have been selected by almost unanimous consent as the great memorial day of the South. For it was on this day seven years ago that the greatest and most illustrious of our dead fellow-soldiers yielded up his spirit to his Maker, and left his country to mourn the irreparable loss of STONEWALL JACKSON!

To-day all nature smiles genially around us. The forest and the field lie all glowing beneath the spring sunlight. The gentle breeze that fans our brows brings naught but the perfumes of sweet flowers and the songs of joyous birds. In this tranquil and beauteous resting-place of the dead all speaks of calmness and peace. The busy hum of the distant city scarce penetrates this placid retreat, while the mellow sounds of the church bells faintly ring in melancholy chimes, like a sad, yet soothing requiem.

But seven years ago this day !

Shall I retrace before your eyes the picture that memory brings to mind?

A scrubby growth of dwarf oaks, so dense as to be almost impenetrable, blasted and scorched by the fires kindled by bursting shells, and still concealing within its gloomy depths the half calcined corpses of those hapless wounded too feeble to escape the fearful conflagration. As far as the eye can reach nothing to be seen but that dreary region of the Wilderness in which nature herself looks frowning, even in the jocund days of spring. Blackened ruins, tottering chimneys, crumbling fortifications and shattered cannon-wheels alone mark the site where once stood the quiet hamlet of Chancellorsville. Trees riven and shorn a few feet about the ground as if by some gigantic scythe, bushes showing in every twig the fractures caused by some monstrous hail exhibit the terrible traces of artillery and musketry. No sweet perfumes of spring flowers here. To that peculiar acrid smell of the battle-field, never to be forgotten or mistaken by those who have once breathed it ; to that mingled odor of burning leaves, fresh blood, and powder smoke has succeeded the far more repulsive scent of corruption and decay. The whole atmosphere is reeking with the putrid emanations from hundreds of dead horses and from thousands of shallow graves ; for, as we ride this Sunday morning over that wasted battle-field of a week ago, at every step we see the skeleton hands and feet washed out by the recent rains and already blackened and fleshless. And for fitting music in this Golgotha, not the tuneful song of summer birds, but the pestiferous humming of carrion flies. Not the pensive sound of holy bells on this Sabbath morning, but the sullen roar of the still unextin-

guished forest, and the irregular crash of bursting shells as the flames reach and explode them.

Such I remember this day seven years ago, on the banks of the Rappahannock, on the desolate field of the great battle.

And yet, you remember, comrades—for some of you are present here to-day who were with me there—you well remember that our veterans, inured to all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, were enjoying the temporary rest after the fierce conflict. Our dead had been buried, our wounded transported to more remote hospitals. Our hopes were buoyant, for though our great leader was prostrated for the present by his wounds, we all looked forward to a time not far distant when he would again lead us to other victories, which would at last bring blessed peace to the land. In the camps of the division when evening came the usual song and jest were heard as before, exhibiting that careless gaiety so gratifying to behold, as indicating a cheerful readiness for all emergencies. Thus it was up to that Sunday, the 10th of May, seven years ago.

The sun rose cloudless on that Sabbath morning—obscured only by the smoke of the still smouldering woods. In most of our camps services were held by the chaplains, and attended by the troops in more than usual numbers. None but the Omniscient can tell what prayers arose that day—many from hearts and lips unused to pray for themselves—on behalf of the beloved chieftain who, at that very moment, was descending into the shadow of the dark valley. But death, which he had so often looked in the face, had no terrors for him. Both for this world and the next he had fought the good fight, he had won the victory; and when in the supreme hour his soul beheld the weird river of death, his last words were: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the trees." One minute more and the cold stream was passed, and he rests forever under those heavenly trees whose leaves are for the healing of nations.

Ah! my countrymen, could you have seen and felt as I did, the sudden change in those camps of the Wilderness, when the dread announcement came that evening, "Jackson is dead!" it would be a memory never to be effaced from your hearts. The sounds of merriment died away as if the Angel of Death himself had flapped his muffled wings over the troops. A silence profound, mournful, stifling and oppressive as a funeral pall succeeded to the voices of cheerfulness, and many were the veterans who had followed him from Harper's Ferry to Manassas, from Winchester to Port Republic, from Cold Harbor to Fredericksburg, whose bronzed cheeks were now wet

with burning tears, and whose dauntless breasts were heaving with uncontrollable sobs. Alas, the star of our fortunes set when he fell, and thenceforth "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster," until our meteor flag, conquered, but still spotless and glorious, went down forever !

On this sad anniversary day let us therefore remember him, and with him all our slain brothers in arms, of whom he is the noblest representative.

But how shall we, how *can* we do sufficient honor to their memories? We look in vain around us this day for a stately structure to commemorate their names. Nothing meets our eyes, nothing but—

"A simple sodded mound of earth,
Without a line above it;
With only fragrant votive flowers
To show that any love it!"

Imperial Rome, rich in the spoils of a world, could eternize in marble and in bronze the triumphs of her legions; and the columns of Trajanus and Antonine, the arches of Titus and Severus, are still standing to-day to rescue from oblivion the proud names of her Cæsars. Greece, radiant with the prodigality of genius, crystalizes the glories of her past ages in the unrivaled outlines of the Parthenon, while nature itself endows her with the imperishable monuments of Thermopylæ and Salamis.

But, alas! not for us, the despoiled sons of the war-wasted South, to build such memorials to our lamented dead. Not for us to dedicate the "storied urn or animated bust." Yet, let us not despond if adversity still forbids us to erect proud mausoleums to our fallen heroes. The day will come, doubt it not, when returning prosperity will enable us to do this. But meanwhile there are other monuments, "not made with hands," yet more lasting than brass, whose foundations it is our present duty to sink so deep that they may endure forever. They are those traditions and sentiments which live eternal in the hearts of a nation, and become interwoven with its very existence.

The Israelite, descended from God's chosen people, needs no lofty pile to remind him of his deliverance from Egyptian bondage, so long as the Passover remains to him as a perennial memento of Exodus. His simple observance of his anniversary day has outlived Solomon's magnificent temple, merely because, though conquered,

dispersed, persecuted, banished, nothing has ever made him forget or neglect the tradition of his race.

Well, my fellow-citizens, oppressed and impoverished as we are, it is in our power to establish for ourselves and our posterity forever as unfading and significant a memorial. Let this day become the national Holy day of the South. Let it be celebrated each returning year by the prayers of the church for the prosperity of the land for which these martyrs gave their lives, and by the tribute of praise paid by eloquent lips. Let young and old repair to these consecrated graves to decorate them with the graceful floral offerings of spring. Let these pious and touching ceremonies be so engrafted upon our nation's customs that when our descendants shall ask, like the Hebrew children of old, "What mean ye by this service?" they shall be answered: "In memory of those devoted men who fought and died to secure to our land the blessings of liberty and self government." Let these solemn observances be sacredly transmitted from generation to generation, and they will remain a monument in the hearts of our posterity which shall endure as long as our language and our race—long after the proudest trophies erected to the triumphs of our adversaries shall have crumbled into dust.

And full well do they, whose hallowed dust lies entombed under our feet, deserve all the respect and veneration we can render to their memories. Those whose scattered remains have been collected here by our Memorial Association belonged mainly to the rank and file of the Confederate armies. Ah! whenever I think of them, the suffering and devoted soldiers of our army, my heart swells with tender and mournful emotions. I have lived with them and known them so well.

It was my fortune during the war to command, at various times, troops from no less than nine States of our late Confederacy, and in all of them, I recognized the same noble characteristics. So intrepid in danger, and yet so gentle, so obedient to those who know how to command them—so patriotic, so constant and enduring under hardships that can never be adequately described; and I feel a just pride in being able to say that, although always strict in my discipline, never was a single one of our valiant soldiers subjected by any order of mine to a cruel or degrading punishment. Yes, while yielding heartily the full meed of glory due to those chiefs whose genius crowned our arms with so many splendid victories, and to that illustrious body of gallant officers whose position and education made it their duty to command, as it was the duty of others to obey, I

believe that the rank and file of our troops were, as a mass, the real martyrs of our cause. The world will never know, never appreciate what they underwent for the vindication of their country. To all the unspeakable calamities which inevitably follow in the bloody footsteps of war, were added all those evils resulting from our peculiar position. Cut off from all the world, they daily felt the want of all the necessities of life. The want of shoes, when the continual marches tore their bleeding feet; the want of warm clothing, when the pitiless blasts and the driving rains pierced them to the bone; the want of medicine, when the wounds and the diseases of army life stretched them upon the hard hospital bed—nay, more than this, the want of needful food to enable them to support the exhausting fatigues of war. Yes, fellow Southerners, the world will not credit, and even our own posterity, perhaps, will deem an exaggeration what is but the literal fact, as you well know, you that were there. Yes, for more than two long and weary years the Confederate army, as a whole, never knew what it was to have enough to eat. As early as the winter of '63, the Confederate ration was reduced to less than one-third of that of our enemies, which experience had proved to be necessary to support soldiers in the field. Where is another example in all history of an army, neither clothed nor paid, nor more than half fed—always unsatisfied, always hungering for bread enough, and yet keeping together and battling for more than two lingering years of such unparalleled privations. And remember how those starving, ragged, barefooted privates marched and toiled and fought, through the burning suns of summer—through the frozen blasts of winter—fought until over-powered by irresistible odds, having lost their best blood and the most of their brothers, they yielded at last, less to numbers than to famine, but saving bright and unstained from the fearful ruin their sacred honor, the honor of the Southern land.

And who, then, were they, these humble privates, these anonymous heroes, who were content to die unknown, expecting neither reward nor fame? Most of them possessed neither lands nor slaves, nor anything worth the risk of their lives. But they thought not of this. They gave their lives for their country, their principles, their sacred right to self-government, inherited from the founders of the Republic. Politicians may have been incapable or corrupt—commanders intemperate or incompetent—but let us never forget it, the rank and file, when properly led, never failed to do their whole duty as long as human nature could endure, with a heroism that has

never been equalled. Gallant knights they were, Nature's own true noblemen, though coarse might be their garb, and uncouth their exterior—

“ Brave knights, and true as ever drew
Their swords with knightly Roland,
Or died at Sobieski's side
For love of martyr'd Poland,
Or knelt with Cromwell's Ironsides
Or bled with great Gustavus,
Or on the plains of Austerlitz
Breathed out their dying aves ? ”

Comrades of those glorious days, our ranks are forever broken, and the splendid regiments whose martial array once gladdened our eyes and our hearts, shall never answer again but to the roll call of the last day, when the trumpet of resurrection shall sound the reveille of the dead !

“ They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle.”

“ On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Honor guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

Lightly rest the sods upon their heroic breasts ! Green forever be the mound over their sacred remains ! Let the sun at morn and eve kiss lovingly its crest ; let the gentle dews of heaven drop tenderly upon it ! Let the flowers of the earth and the birds of the air embellish it with their sweetest odors and most melodious sounds, and let pure hands and loving hearts watch over it with jealous care, for—

“ If chanted praise,
With all the world to listen ;
If pride, that swells all Southern souls,
If comrades' tears that glisten ;
If pilgrims' shrining love, if grief
That naught can sooth or sever,
If these can consecrate—this spot
Is sacred ground forever ! ”

[From the Staunton, Va., *Vindicator*, March 3, 1893.]

THE MUSTER ROLL

Of Company D of the Fifth Virginia Regiment, of the Stonewall Brigade.

In the early part of the spring of the year 1860 a volunteer infantry company was formed at Middlebrook in this county (Augusta), which organized under the name of "Southern Guards," as follows:

Captain, H. J. Williams, now living at Greenville.

First Lieutenant, W. C. McKemy, died since the war.

Second Lieutenant, W. H. Randolph, killed at Richmond, 1862.

Third Lieutenant, S. M. Helms, living at Steele's Tavern.

SERGEANTS.

S. F. Carson, died since the war.

J. B. McCutchan, living at Middlebrook.

G. S. Boon, living at Staunton.

John W. Gabbert, killed at Cedar Mountain, 1862.

John H. Wright, killed at Fort Steadman.

CORPORALS.

C. C. Cochran, killed at Chancellorsville, 1863.

John H. Zimmerman, died prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1864.

Matthias Fix, living at Middlebrook.

James Gabbert, killed at Second Manassas.

PRIVATEES.

Arehart, William, living at Brownsburg.

Arehart, H. C., died of disease, August, 1861.

Almarode, George S.

Berry, John R., died since the war.

Baylor, Charles W., living at Middlebrook.

Baylor, George, killed at Cedar Mountain, 1862.

Beard, John W., living at Moffett's Creek.

Beard, William S., living at Riverside, Va.

Bartley, John F., living.

Buchanan, John W., living in Nelson county.

Buchanan, George W., killed by lightning since the war.

Muster Roll of Co. D, Fifth Va. Regiment.

SAN FRANCISCO
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Brubeck, John, killed at Port Republic, 1862.
Blakemore, John R., killed at Second Manassas, 1862.
Baker, John, died of disease, 1863.
Craig, Alex. S., died of disease, 1861.
Carroll, Frank, living at Zack, Va.
Clemmer, John C., died prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1864.
Clemmer, George L., died since the war.
Carson, William, living at Middlebrook.
Dunlap, John C., died in Georgia since the war.
Gay, A. H., died prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1865.
Gladwell, P. F., killed at Port Republic, 1862.
Hanger, D. C., living at Spotswood.
Harlow, Samuel, living in Missouri.
Harlow, Nicholas, living at Rockbridge Baths.
Hupp, B. F., killed at Cedar Creek, 1864.
Kerr, R. Bruce, died in Georgia since the war.
Lotts, Cyrus, killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse, 1864.
McCutchan, J. R., living at Middlebrook.
McGuffin, Charles W., died since the war.
McManamy, James, living at Middlebrook.
McKemy, John C., killed at Buford's Station.
Miller, David F., living at Moffett's Creek.
Manley, Berry, living at Middlebrook.
Payne, James, killed at Kernstown, 1862.
Risk, John H., died in Indiana since the war.
Runnels, Samuel H., died of disease, October 21, 1863.
Smiley, Thomas M., living at Moffett's Creek.
Snyder, James, living at Middlebrook.
Smith, Mordecai, living in Indiana.
Spitler, David, died prisoner at Point Lookout.
Waid, John W., living in Jersey City, N. J.
Waid, William S., died in Indiana since the war.

The company was mustered into the service of Virginia at Staunton, April 17, 1861; proceeding at once to Harper's Ferry, was assigned to the Fifth Virginia Infantry, and known thereafter as Company D.

The following names were added to the roll of the company during the summer of 1861 :

Hansbarger, A. H., April 20, transferred to Company I.
Beard, Samuel, May 23, killed at Kernstown, 1862.

Lucas, Samuel, May 23, killed at Mine Run, 1863.
Kerr, R. O., May 23, living at Flatonia, Texas.
Wiseman, W. F., May 25, living at Spotswood.
Beard, James E., August 3, Middlebrook.
Bartley, V. C., August 3, living at Greenville.
Bartley, H. B., August 3, living in Amherst county, Va.
Buchanan, B. F., August 3, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.
Golladay, W. S., August 3, living in Kansas.
Lotts, Samuel, August 3, living at Moffett's Creek.
Lucas, John H., August 3, died a prisoner at Elmira, 1864.
Montgomery, John, August 3, died of disease, September, 1861.
Palmer, Jacob, August 3, died a prisoner at Fort Delaware, 1864.
Smith, George A., August 3, living at Martinsburg, W. Va.
Wright, James A., August 3, killed by Indians, 1875.

During the year 1862, and thereafter to close of war, the company was added to by recruits, as follows, according to date of enlistment:

Anderson, Henry, March 18, 1862, died April, 1862.
Bartley, Woodson M., March 18, 1862, living at Pond Gap.
Bolen, James, March 18, 1862, died since the war.
Bosserman, A., March 18, 1862, died in spring of 1862.
Bashaw, William, March 18, 1862, died in spring of 1862.
Black, Joseph M., March 18, 1862, killed on Chesapeake and Ohio railway since the war.
Black, David A., March 18, 1862, living at Smithton, Mo.
Black, Frank, March 18, 1862, died in hospital, September, 1862.
Clemmer, Henry C., March 18, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
Hanger, Jacob, March 18, 1862, living at Santa Fe, Mo.
Lotts, George, March 18, 1862, died prisoner at Fort Delaware.
Lotts, John, March 18, 1862, living at Spotswood.
Zimmerman, D. B., March 18, 1862, died since the war.
Beard, James T., March 21, 1862, living at Clinton, Mo.
Beard, Thomas, March 21, 1862, died since the war.
Beard, David W., March 21, 1862, living at Alone Mills, Va.
Brown, Stuart S., March 21, 1862, died prisoner at Fort Delaware, February, 1865.
Brubeck, David F., March 21, 1862, died prisoner at Fort Delaware, August, 1864.
Bowers, John, March 21, 1862, killed at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.

Bowers, Philip, March 21, 1862, killed at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.

Clayton, John, March 21, 1862, died summer of 1862.

Clayton, Thomas A., March 21, 1862, died since the war.

Clayton, William, March 21, 1862, died since the war.

Crist, Ezra T., March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.

Cale, William, March 21, 1862, living at Spotswood.

Fulton, William H., March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.

Furr, James H., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.

Huppmann, Lewis V., March 21, 1862, living at Parnassus.

Hite, John N., March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.

Hite, Samuel P., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.

Lessly, James A., March 21, 1862, living at Buffalo Gap.

Lockridge, James, March 21, 1862, died in April, 1862.

Lucas George, March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.

Lucas James, March 21, 1862, killed at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862.

McCutchan, James Z., March 21, 1862, living at Sangersville.

McCutchan, Judson O., March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.

McCutchan, William, March 21, 1862, died in hospital, 1862.

McClung, William H., March 21, 1862, killed at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864.

Moyers, John H., March 21, 1862, living at Parnassus.

Pence, Emanuel, March 21, 1862, living in Rockingham county, Virginia.

Payne, Thomas F., March 21, 1862, died since the war.

Rosen, John M., March 21, 1862, died since the war.

Rosen, John, March 21, 1862, died in June, 1862.

Rosen, George, March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.

Rosen, William H., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.

Runkle, Jacob, March 21, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.

Rippetoe, Carlisle, March 21, 1862, killed at Second Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Smiley, John P., March 21, 1862, living at Middlebrook.

Sillings, W. H. H., March 21, 1862, died a prisoner at Camp Chase, 1865.

Snyder, Samuel, March 21, 1862, died in hospital.

Swartzel, H. S., March 21, 1862, living in Missouri.

Thompson, James W., March 21, 1862, died since the war.

Wright, William A., March 21, 1862, living in Kansas.

- Waid, John B., March 21, 1862, died since the war.
- Waskey, Rufus L., March 21, 1862, living at Sandyville, W. Va.
- Weaver, John C., March 21, 1862, died a prisoner at Fort Delaware, April 5, 1865.
- Whitlock, John N., March 21, 1862, living at Staunton.
- Willson, John A., March 21, 1862, killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.
- Woodward, A., March 21, 1862, died in spring, 1862.
- Wiseman, Henry L., March 21, 1862, died since the war, June, 1875.
- Wiseman, Robert, March 21, 1862, living at Buena Vista, Va.
- Young, James B., March 21, 1862, living at Mint Spring.
- Young, William N., March 21, 1862, died since the war, March, 1884.
- Berry, James B., April 29, 1862, killed at Port Republic, June 9, 1862.
- Carson, Robert, April 29, 1862, died since the war, January 19, 1893.
- Hasher, J. F., April 29, 1862, died summer, 1863.
- Wright, Henry, April 29, 1862, living at Moffett's Creek.
- Brubeck, James L., July 30, 1862, living in Albemarle county.
- Wiseman, Henry B., October 17, 1862, living in Cannelton, W. Va.
- Wiseman, John, March 15, 1863, living in Augusta county.
- McCutchan, Frank, March 23, 1863, living in Rogersville, Tenn.
- Runkle, Christopher, March 25, 1863, living at Moffett's Creek.
- Weaver, John W., April 30, 1863, living at Middlebrook.
- Buchanan, William, April 30, 1863, died in hospital.
- Fix, Henry, September 30, 1863, living at Moffett's Creek.
- Fix, John, September 30, 1863, living at Moffett's Creek.
- Beard, William, November 18, 1863, died in hospital, March, 1864.
- Rowe, William, November 18, 1863, died in hospital.
- Talley, John, November 18, 1864, died prisoner Fort Delaware, August 27, 1864.
- Johan, Leander, December 10, 1863, killed in Tennessee since war.
- Schall, Adam, December 10, 1863, supposed to have been killed September 19, 1864.
- Argenbright, Luther, January 20, 1864, killed at Spotsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
- Bosserman, William, January 20, 1864, living in Augusta county.

McClelland, William H., January 24, 1864, living at Middlebrook.

Hanger, Enos B., April 1, 1864, killed at Spotsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.

Smiley, William A., May 17, 1864, killed at Monocacy, Md., July 9, 1864.

Baylor, Addison W., July 11, 1864, living at Churchville.

Zimmerman, William H., July 11, 1864, died since the war.

Swartzell, H. T., July 18, 1864, living at Middlebrook.

Rosen, Thomas M., August 22, 1864, living at Zack, Va.

Berry, Charles G., October 18, 1864, living at Moffett's Creek.

Bell, C. Jackson, October 18, 1864, living at Raphine.

Brown, James C., October 18, 1864, died of disease, 1865.

Cale, William W., October 18, 1864, died since the war.

Callison, James H., October 18, 1864, died since the war.

Carson, John H., October 18, 1864, died December 25, 1892.

Cochran, John, October 18, 1864, died since the war.

Cook, George L., October 18, 1864, living in Georgia.

Dunlap, James C., October 18, 1864, living at Middlebrook.

Dull, John P., October 18, 1864, killed at Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865.

Hamilton, John G., October 18, 1864, living in Chicago, Ill.

Lucas, William, October 18, 1864, living at Moffett's Creek.

McCormick, N. D., October 18, 1864, living at Spotswood.

Ramsey, James, October 18, 1864, killed at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Shultz, Henry, October 18, 1864, living at Greenville.

Talley, William H., October 18, 1864, died in 1865.

Rush, John H., October 19, 1864, living at Steele's Tavern.

Williams, James E., died 1865.

I have thus given a complete roster of Company D, Fifth Virginia Infantry. One or two names may have been omitted of those who were enlisted during the last days of the struggle, but in the main, every enrolled soldier's name appears here. Some, however, spent but a short time in active duty, having been detailed for less dangerous service, others (I am happy to say, but few) deserted.

I would be remiss in duty if I failed to mention the names of Dr. William S. McChesney, the surgeon of the company before being called into service; M. W. D. Hogshead, our orderly sergeant, who was transferred to quartermaster's duty upon our arrival at Harper's

Ferry (both dead), and W. B. McChesney and W. E. Craig, of Staunton, who were attached to the company as markers, neither of whom, however, was mustered into service.

Memory recalls many interesting incidents connected with quite a number of these old comrades, but space will not here permit narration.

In recapitulation, the number enrolled from beginning to end, rank and file, was 180, twenty-nine of whom were killed in battle, twenty died of disease in Southern hospitals or at their homes, thirteen died of disease while prisoners of war, making a total of sixty-two. Since the close of the war thirty have died, and of these four, were violent deaths. Eighty-eight are still living, scattered from the far sunny South to the frozen North. There were in the company during 1861, seventy-two; of these (which are included in recapitulation above) sixteen were killed in battle, five died in Southern hospitals and six in Northern prisons, a total of twenty-seven, a few more than one-third of the whole. Eleven of these volunteer comrades have died since the war, leaving thirty-four living. Many changes took place during the four years of service, both among commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and very many of those whose names appear as privates arose, some to the dignity of commissioned and others to that of non-commissioned officers.

Company D participated in the battles of Falling Waters, July 2, 1861; Manassas, July 21, 1861; Kernstown, March 23, 1862; Winchester (Bank's defeat), May 25, 1862; Port Republic, June 9, 1862; Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Second Manassas, August 28, 29 and 30, 1862; Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862; Antietam, September 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Winchester (Milroy's defeat), June 13, 1863; Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; Mine Run, November 7, 1863; Wilderness, May 5 and 6, 1864; Spotsylvania C. H., May 12 and 18, 1864; Haw's Shop, May 30, 1864; Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; Monocacy Bridge, July 8, 1864; Winchester (Early's defeat), September 19, 1864; Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864; Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865; Five Forks and Petersburg, April 1 and 2, 1865; Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865; High Bridge, April 7, 1865; Appomattox Station, April 8, 1865; surrendered Appomattox C. H., April 9, 1865.

After the disaster at Spotsylvania C. H., the Fifth regiment was little more in size than a full company, and Company D was proportionally small, so that at the surrender, owing to casualties of severe service, but three were present to ground arms—to-wit: Lieutenant C. W. Baylor, Sergeant Frank McCutchan and private C. G. Berry. On the morning of the surrender the regiment formed as a company numbered but fifty-one men, rank and file.

The loss of the Fifth regiment at the battle of Cedar Mountain was three killed and seventeen wounded, of this loss Company D sustained one-third, as three of our comrades were killed and four wounded.

The following abstract of General Order from headquarters, giving history of campaign of 1862, may be of general interest to all soldiers of the Stonewall Brigade: "During the year 1862, the Stonewall Brigade lost 1220 men in killed and wounded, no record of those that died of disease; Fifth regiment lost 400, almost one-third of entire loss. We marched 1500 miles, encountering the snow and ice of the mountains of Hampshire and Morgan counties; the miasma of summers in the swamps of Henrico and Hanover. The brigade at the beginning of 1863 numbering but 1200 muskets."

T. M. SMILEY,

Orderly Sergeant, Co. D, Fifth Va. Infantry, Stonewall Brigade.

LAST DAYS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

An Address Delivered by Hon. THOMAS G. JONES, Governor of Alabama, before the Virginia Division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia at the Annual Meeting, Richmond, Va., October 12th, 1893.

The President, Hon. George L. Christian, having called the meeting to order, in glowing terms, introduced the orator.

Governor Jones, after appropriately acknowledging the kind introduction of the chairman, said:

Posterity will admit, as Greeley does in his "American Conflict," that the Confederacy had no alternative to staying its arm at Sumter but "its own dissolution." The smoke in Charleston harbor had hardly cleared away before there arose in sight of the world the heroic figure of the Army of Northern Virginia. Many have questioned its cause, but none have ever doubted it.

Washington and Richmond are about 120 miles apart; and in assault or defence of these cities each section put forth its mightiest effort. The first army marched out from Washington for Richmond in 1861, and the Army of Northern Virginia routed it at Manassas.

In 1862 it repelled the mighty army of invasion which came in sight of the spires of Richmond; defeated it and another army, a second time, on the plains of Manassas; baffled or beat other armies at Winchester, Cross-Keys and Port Republic; advancing northward captured Harper's Ferry with 11,000 prisoners; fought a drawn battle in Maryland, and hurled back a mighty foe at Fredericksburg.

In 1863 it defeated "the finest army on the planet" at Chancellorsville, and leaping northward carried its standard into Pennsylvania, where it failed to drive the foe from the heights of Gettysburg, and then returning to its own soil, again threw the hostile army back on Washington, and yet again balked invasion at Mine-Run. During that year it allowed no invading army to approach at any time within five days' march of its capital.

In 1864 it hurled back one column at Bermuda Hundreds, another at New Market, still another at Lynchburg; won victory at Kernstown and Monocacy, and assailed the outer walls of Washington. With the main invading army, under its sturdiest leader, it sought and nearly succeeded in a death grapple in the Wilderness; repeatedly repulsed it with frightful loss at Spotsylvania; won another Fredericksburg at Cold Harbor; repelled with awful slaughter all attacks in front of Petersburg; and for ten long months defended two cities twenty-two miles apart, until the thin line, worn by attrition and starvation, was broken through at last.

Four awful years passed before the armies which started from Washington, trod the streets of Richmond; and in each of those years the Army of Northern Virginia startled Washington with the roll of its drum, or fought battles for its possession north of the Potomac.

The last hours of such an army have not received that consideration from the historian which they deserve. Knowing it will prove of interest to the survivors of that glorious army, and that perchance something I may say may serve to direct abler minds and pens to this rich epoch in its history, I venture to address my comrades to-night on "The last days of the Army of Northern Virginia."

It is impossible, of course, in the scope or compass of such a paper, to give in detail the history of the events which forced the

evacuation of Richmond, or to describe, except in the simplest way, the movements of the army from Petersburg to Appomattox. I shall not be able even to mention all the actions on the retreat or to describe many of its noted scenes or to recall many heroic feats of arms, or to attempt, were I worthy to pronounce it, any eulogy upon its great commander.

THE STRENGTH OF THE CONTENDING ARMIES.

The odds against which the army contended, both moral and physical, are not comprehended even now by many who took part in the struggle. It is material, therefore, to consider the strength and conditions of the two armies at the commencement of the operations which ended at Appomattox.

The exact strength of the contending armies at the opening of hostilities, March 25, 1865, is a matter of some dispute. The morning reports and field returns of the two armies, however, give data from which the strength of each can be determined with substantial accuracy.

Major General Humphreys, at one time chief of staff to General Meade, and afterwards a corps commander in his army, a writer of great ability and fairness, states that the total effective of Lee's army on the 25th day of March, 1865, was infantry 46,000, field artillery 5,000, and cavalry 6,000, making a total of not less than 57,000 officers and men. He appears to reach these figures on the assumption that Wise's brigade, 2,000 strong, was not included in the reports of Anderson's corps, and that Rosser's cavalry was also omitted from the last morning returns of the Department of Northern Virginia of February 20, 1865. Not having the returns before me for inspection, it is impossible to determine whether the assumption is well founded.*

The last morning report of the Department of Northern Virginia was made February 20, 1865, and included not only the troops around Petersburg and Richmond, but those in the Valley and guarding bridges and railroads in the department, and other unattached

* Colonel Taylor, in "Four Years with General Lee," speaks of the morning return of February 28, 1865, while Humphreys and other Northern writers speak of the return of February 20, 1865, as being the "last morning report of the A. N. V. on file in the War Department." All evidently refer to the same report since the figures in each are the same.

commands, and gives a total present for duty in the entire department of 59,093 men ; 5,169 of the number thus reported were stationed either in the Valley or on the railroad defences, leaving the total present of 53,924 on the Richmond and Petersburg lines on February 20, 1865. To this should be added the command of General Ewell, who had about 2,760 infantry in the Department of Richmond, under General Custis Lee, and the Naval battalion under Commodore Tucker. Including these in the total of the troops immediately around Richmond and Petersburg, General Lee's present for duty on the 20th of February, 1865, would amount to 57,000, in round numbers, of all branches of the service. If we deduct from this number the 6,041 cavalry and 5,392 artillery, it would give Lee, six weeks before the final operations began, 45,567 muskets for the defence of his entire line of thirty-seven miles from right to left. Of the cavalry present, 2,500 were dismounted for lack of horses, and the horses of the remainder were hardly fit for use owing to the arduous service, the effects of the hard winter, and the scarcity of forage.

Between the 20th of February and the 1st of April, 1865, owing to the gloomy outlook of the cause, and the great suffering of the men and their families at home, the desertions from Lee's army, according to the statement of his adjutant general, amounted to about 3,000. In the attack on Hare's Hill, on March 25th, the Confederate loss in killed, wounded, and missing was about 3,500, to which should be added the loss on other parts of the line of about 1,000 men, so that on the morning of the 29th of March, when Grant commenced his final movement, and every available infantryman was in line, Lee could muster a little over 38,000 muskets to withstand the attack.*

*My estimate of the number of muskets available to Lee at the commencement of final operations, after deducting the losses by desertion between that time and February 20, 1865, and the casualties of March 25th, is a little less than Colonel Taylor gives him a month earlier before these casualties occurred. He says : " It will be seen on February 28, 1865, General Lee had available 39,879 muskets." I reach my estimate by including the number of troops under Custis Lee and the Naval batalion, which are not borne on the last morning report of the A. N. V. of February 20, 1865, and accept, though it may be erroneously, the conclusion of Humphreys that Wise's brigade is not included in these returns. Colonel Taylor may be right, and my estimate be erroneous. My purpose in accepting the figures of Humphreys is to show the disparity of numbers, even conceding all reputable claims of our strength by writers on the other side.

This estimate is substantially that of Swinton, another very careful Northern writer, who states that at this time, "from his left northeast of Richmond to his right beyond Petersburg as far as Hatcher's Run, there were thirty-five miles of breastworks which it behooved Lee to guard, and all the force remaining to him was 37,000 muskets and a small body of broken down horse."

Mr. Stanton, Federal Secretary of War, reported that General Grant had available on the 1st of March, 1865, in the armies of Meade, Ord and Sheridan, an available total of all arms of 162,239. General Humphreys argues that this report does not correctly state the "available force present for duty," because it includes not only the "officers and enlisted men of every branch of the service present for duty, but all those on extra or detail duty, as well as in arrest or confinement." He claims that the available strength of the Army of the Potomac on the 1st of March, 1865, by this method of return, is increased by 16,000, or an addition of about one-eighth to its real fighting strength. Making this deduction from the total effective of 162,239 reported by the Secretary of War and based on the return from those armies, we would have a total of Grant's effective men, according to General Humphreys' method of computation, of 146,239.* General Humphreys, taking the morning reports of March 31, 1865, of men "present for duty, equipped" (which he states is meant to represent the effective force, or total number of men available for line of battle, and excluding all non-combatants, sick, etc.), gives the effective fighting strength of the Army of the Potomac at 69,000 infantry and 6,000 field artillery; that of the Army of the James at 32,000 infantry, 3,000 field artillery and 1,700 cavalry under McKenzie, and Sheridan's enlisted men, exclusive of officers of the cavalry, at 13,000—a total in round numbers of 124,700 men, according to General Humphreys.

Badeau, "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," Vol. III, p. 438, states:

"On the 25th of March, 1865, Lee had still 70,000 effective men in the lines at Richmond and Petersburg, while the armies of the Potomac and the James and Sheridan's cavalry, constituting Grant's immediate command, numbered 111,000 soldiers."

* At this time Sheridan's cavalry had not joined Grant, and the return probably included troops at Norfolk and Fortress Monroe.

In an elaborate note on page 439 he assails Colonel Taylor's statement in "Four Years with General Lee," that Lee had at that time only 39,879 available muskets for the defence of the Richmond and Petersburg lines, and endeavors to support his (Badeau's) statement of Lee's effective strength by a remarkably vulnerable argument.

Badeau writes as if he thought Lee's return of February 20, 1865, included only the troops stationed in and around the Richmond and Petersburg lines. The return is copied in Badeau's work, and he comments upon it and analyzes it. That return, which was before his eyes when he wrote it, shows on its face that it included not only Lee's troops stationed around Richmond and Petersburg, but the troops as well of Early stationed in the Valley and then numbering 3,105 enlisted men, and also the troops under Walker on the railroad defences, numbering 1,414 enlisted men, and unattached commands numbering 504 enlisted men. Badeau assumes, indeed asserts, that the troops in the Valley and those on the Richmond and Danville defences were used in the final defence of the Richmond and Petersburg lines. Was he so ignorant of events of which he writes that he did not know that over half of Early's little force in the Valley included in that return was either killed, wounded or captured in battle near Waynesboro, Va., with Sheridan's cavalry on March 2, 1865? Those who escaped were disorganized, and when reorganized the greater part of them remained in the Valley—not over a fifth of the force, if that much, ever reached Lee. The troops on the Richmond and Danville railroad, the integrity of which line of supply was so vital to Lee, and then so heavily threatened, were, of course, not available to guard the Petersburg lines.

Badeau's method of arriving at Lee's effective strength on the 25th of March, 1865, is, indeed, remarkable throughout. He cites Lee's return of February 20, 1865, which, as we have seen, included not only Lee's troops around Richmond and Petersburg, but those in the Valley and on the railroad defences and some unattached commands, and says that for the "Army of Northern Virginia alone" the return shows 59,094 men present for duty, and an aggregate of 73,349. He then nearly doubles Ewell's effective strength (which, it seems, was not included in Lee's return of February 20, 1865), and adding that to the aggregate already reported, gives Lee an aggregate of 78,433 on March 25, 1865, exclusive of the naval battalion and some horse guards or local reserves. From this aggregate, in

which are included all the sick, all the officers and men "on extra or daily duty," and all the officers and men in arrest in Lee's army, Badeau subtracts only 8,433 for men not available for line of battle duty, and asserts that the residue of 70,000 is Lee's effective fighting strength!

The very return, on which Badeau bases his argument, shows that Lee, at that very time, had 5,330 officers and enlisted men sick, and 7,179 enlisted men detailed in the various staff departments, and 830 men in arrest—a total of 13,728 soldiers, as Badeau himself estimates the number—who are never counted anywhere in ascertaining the line of battle strength of any army, except when Badeau estimate Lee's effectives. Subtract this number, 13,728, from 78,433, the aggregate Badeau ascribes to Lee, and Lee would have only 64,705 effectives, including the 5,169 effectives stationed in the Valley and on the railroad defences. These latter, we have seen, were not and could not be present at the final assault on the lines. If we deduct them (Badeau's own figures) after allowing an exaggeration of Ewell's effectives, would give Lee only 58,906 effectives on March 25, 1865.

In volume 3, page 686, of the work, Badeau gives an official table, from the Adjutant-General's office, "of the strength of the forces under General Grant operating against Richmond from March, 1864, to April, 1865, inclusive." From the official record it appears that in March, 1865, Grant had: "Present for duty—officers, 5,288; enlisted men, 123,225; on extra or daily duty, officers, 1,060; enlisted men, 19,731; sick, officers, 77; enlisted men, 5,214; in arrest, officers, 77; enlisted men, 510"—a grand aggregate of 155,254, around Petersburg and Richmond. If we apply Badeau's rule for estimating Lee's effective strength, by deducting a little over one-eighth from this aggregate of 155,254 for men not available for line of battle duty, and treat the residue as Grant's effective force, it would give him over 135,000 effectives. If we deduct from Grant's aggregate, all of his sick, extra duty men and those in arrest (which is generally considered a fair test of the fighting strength) it would give him 123,225 effectives on March 25, 1865. Badeau shrank from applying this test, which he used to ascertain Lee's effectives, because it would show that Grant had at least 24,000 more men than Badeau gives him. He does even worse. Grant's own returns, as we have seen, show that Grant had at this time (after excluding all sick, extra

duty men and those in arrest, which amount to 31,996 men) 123,255 effective enlisted men. Badeau, without so much as suggesting a reason for it, arbitrarily cuts Grant's effective strength down 12,000 below what his own returns show it to be, and puts his effective strength at "110,000 soldiers." Evidently Badeau felt that his method of arriving at Lee's effective strength, which was so different from that employed to ascertain Grant's, needed some bolstering up besides the figures he gave, and, he endeavors to support it by the bold assertion that the "rebels habitually put into battle nearly all" of the extra duty men. If the "rebels" could do this, it is fair to presume that Grant did it also. But it is impossible to use the bulk of the extra duty men in battle, as any experienced soldier knows. General Humphreys' "Virginia Campaign, 1864-'65," page 409, speaking of such a claim, says:

"The column present for duty equipped," is intended to give the number of enlisted men that form the fighting force of the army, together with those that may be made available for it, such as the provost guard; but does not include those on extra or daily duty who form no part of this force, *and are not available for it.*"

All the military glory in the late conflict cannot be awarded to either side, and there is enough for both. Whatever feats in arms either accomplished are now the common heritage of the American people. Where numbers are material in proving the prowess of either army; writers, and especially soldiers who fought in either army, should seek to get the facts as they existed and fairly apply the same methods to both armies for arriving at the truth.

It is little to be wondered at that the statements of Badeau as to the numbers of either army, when he uses such methods to ascertain them, are generally considered as little authority by writers on both sides.

It is an indisputable historical truth that Grant's army outnumbered Lee's nearly three to one on the morning of April 1, 1865.

CONDITION OF THE TWO ARMIES.

But comparison of numbers merely cannot give any true conception of the disparity between the two armies. What the Army of Northern Virginia fought in front, the world knows. What mighty obstacles fought it in the rear, the world will never know until the Confederate archives are all laid bare.

One of the greatest of philosophers has said that "in war the moral is to the physical as three to one," and when this element is considered, the disparity in numbers and equipment between the two armies shrinks into insignificance, in determining the odds against which the Army of Northern Virginia fought.

It is no vain boast or impeachment of the courage of the Army of the Potomac to declare that the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, standing on their own soil and in defence of their own capital, man for man, were superior to their opponents. But aside from the skill and courage of the officers and men, devotion to their cause, profound faith and love for their commander, and a proud record of glory in arms which none ever surpassed, the Army of Northern Virginia was at that time at a fearful disadvantage compared with the Army of the Potomac, not only in numbers and equipment, but in nearly all conditions and circumstances that fight with the soldier and give power and soul to armies.

The winter of 1864-5 was one of marked severity, making duty of any kind very arduous. The clothing of the Confederate troops, which at best was hardly sufficient, had become threadbare and tattered, and they were often without shoes. Their food during this period consisted chiefly of corn bread, for there was little meat of any kind. Most of the bacon issued to the troops had been imported through Wilmington and other ports. The capture of these places cut off this source of supply, and when the supply on hand was exhausted little could be obtained elsewhere; for the meat in the country was about exhausted and the railroad facilities for hauling it were miserable. Medicines of the simplest kind were extremely scarce; and coffee, tea and sugar were generally rarities even in the hospital. Now and then the commissary department secured some peas and potatoes and sometimes fresh beef; and on this supply the army existed rather than lived during the winter of 1865. A soldier who received a quarter of a pound of bacon, often rancid, and a pound of flour for a day's ration considered himself most fortunate. The effect of this exposure and suffering upon the health of Lee's men, as compared with Grant's, is strongly presented by the sickness in the two armies, as shown by their respective sick lists. Lee's return of February 20, 1865, gives 5,330 sick out of an aggregate of 73,349, while Grant's returns about the same time show a sick list of 5,360 out of

an aggregate of 155,224, or more than double the sickness in proportion in Lee's army than in Grant's.

General Lee himself gives a vivid and sad picture of the suffering of his army at this time in a dispatch to the Secretary of War. Under date of 8th February, 1865, he says :

"Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, the troops had to be maintained in line of battle, having been in the same condition two previous days and nights. I regret to be compelled to state that under these circumstances, heightened by the assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men have been without meat for three days, and all are suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold and rain. Their physical strength, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry has to be dispersed for want of forage. Taking these facts, in connection with the paucity of numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

About the same time he notified the War Department that "the cavalry and artillery are scattered for want of forage, and the ammunition trains are absent in North Carolina and Virginia collecting provisions," and adds, "you see to what straits we are reduced, but I trust to work out."

In a secret session of the Confederate Congress about that time the condition of the Confederate commissariat was given as follows : (1) There was not enough meat in the Southern Confederacy for the armies it had in the field ; (2) there was not in Virginia either meat or bread enough for the armies within her limits ; (3) the supply of bread for those armies to be obtained from other places depended absolutely upon keeping open the railroad connections to the South ; (4) the meat must be obtained from abroad through seaport towns ; (5) the transportation was not now adequate, from whatever cause, to meet the necessary demands of the service ; (6) the supply of fresh meat to General Lee's army was precarious, and if the army fell back from Richmond and Petersburg, there was every probability that it would cease altogether.

It might have been added that the track and rolling-stock of the railroads entering Richmond and Petersburg and their connections were so worn that they could hardly do more than haul from day to day the necessary supplies of food and military stores to keep Lee's army in readiness for the field, much less supply the wants of the

population of Richmond and Petersburg. These roads were likely to be interrupted at any time by the floods or cut by cavalry raids. The accumulation of supplies for a few days ahead was an impossibility.*

The James river, on the contrary, furnished Grant a line of communication and a mode of supply which could not be cut by raids or disturbed except by ships. One gunboat on the river could defy all Lee's efforts to interrupt navigation. A wonderful merchant marine transported on the broad bosom of the river all that wealth could obtain from every quarter of the globe to add to Grant's magazines; while it floated a powerful navy which not only protected his line of communication and depot of supplies at City Point, but could join at pleasure in assaults on Lee's lines near Drewry's Bluff. So great were the mechanical appliances at Grant's command that we often heard the whistle of his locomotives on a military railroad which followed within half a day in the track of his columns. So great was the dearth of the necessities of life among Lee's troops at this same time, that we find him writing an earnest letter to the Secretary of War in regard to procuring material with which the soldiers could make soap, for want of which there was much suffering.

Sherman's march to the sea, with its wide swath of destruction, had isolated the Army of Northern Virginia from the rest of the Confederacy and shut out even news from home from thousands of soldiers in its ranks. Hood's army had been driven from Atlanta and had battered itself to pieces in vain valor at Franklin, and then suffered rout at Nashville. Wilmington, Savannah and Charleston had fallen. The forlorn hope which Early had so long and gallantly led in the Valley of Virginia, had at last been driven from that land of historic memories. There was little of hope to sustain or cheer the grim veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia who starved and froze in the trenches as the foe in front, whom he still beat back, fired shotted salutes into his lines to tell of victories won in other quarters.†

* As early as June 26th General Lee wrote President Davis stating, "I am less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army." On the 22d July, 1864, he wrote the War Department "Our supply of corn is exhausted to-day, and I am informed that the small reserve in Richmond is consumed."

† Such salutes were fired in honor of the victories at Atlanta, Winchester, Cedar Creek, Nashville, and the capture of Charleston and Savannah, and the fall of Fort Fisher.

Grant's soldiers suffered for nothing which money or the ingenuity of man could supply, and had constant communication with homes, far from the track of war, where the munificence of a powerful government protected their families from want. They saw the circle of the hunt drawing closer around the Army of Northern Virginia, and, conscious of the weight of numbers, had already caught the glow of victory and looked to the coming campaign, buoyed by the hope that it would crown their labors and sacrifices with glory in arms and victorious peace.

In the other army, thinner and thinner grew its scant battalions, and wider and wider they were stretched to guard their long lines. Cold and hunger struck them down in the trenches, while from the desolate track of triumphant armies in their rear came the cries of starving and unprotected homes. From other fields, quickly succeeding each other, came the resounding crash of blows that shattered the fabric of the Confederacy all around them, save where their bayonets still upheld it. Misery sought the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia by every avenue through which the heart of man can be reached.

The coming campaign would only bring new and more powerful foes upon its track, while it was yet too weak to drive off the old foe in front. Even lion-hearted courage and resolve could not shut out the thought from some that all they could give of life or blood might not ward off disaster. To the reflecting Confederate, the end, with all its attending miseries, indeed seemed not far off, and the strain upon the morale of an army of less sterner stuff, would have shriveled its strength and melted it away before the shock came. And this is the crowning glory of that army, that it neither faltered nor shrank even in the shadow of fate itself. Hope was well-nigh hopeless. Duty and honor and the God-like bearing of its grey-haired chief alone sustained the Army of Northern Virginia during this long and desolate winter and spring. If the fickle and varying fortunes of war could not bring deliverance in the coming campaign, that army still believed it might at least wring other terms of peace than surrender at discretion. It calmly awaited the issue, and contemplated surrender only as the heroic Poniatowski, when he declared to those about him: "Now, gentlemen, it becomes us to die with honor."

About the middle of March Sherman had established his large army about Goldsboro, North Carolina, some 145 miles south of

Petersburg, and in the latter part of the month came to City Point, where he conferred with Grant. Sherman would be ready as soon as spring hardened the roads, to join his army with Grant's and make a combined attack on Lee, or he could act independently on Lee's line of communication at Burkeville Junction. One of these things he was sure to do. Johnston's small army could do no more than impede Sherman's march. Lee was too weak to drive Grant from his front, and to remain where he was was to give his only line of retreat and supply to Sherman, and thus to be ground to pieces between the upper and nether mill-stones of his adversaries. The only hope was to leave the Petersburg lines, unite with Johnston, and strike a decisive blow at Sherman before Grant could come to his assistance. This, of course, involved the evacuation of the Confederate capital, an event which Lee had long foreseen and advised. For some reason the authorities at Richmond determined to postpone its abandonment to the last. Whether the Confederacy, under the circumstances, could have survived, at any time during the last two years of the war, the loss of Richmond, with the tremendous political and military consequences which must follow, is a question upon which it is now idle to speculate.

BATTLE OF HARE'S HILL, OR FORT STEADMAN.

General Lee resolved to try a bold stroke to revive the failing fortunes of the Confederacy. His design was, if possible, to destroy Grant's left wing, or failing in that, to make him so contract his left as not to embarrass the passage of the Confederate column South on its way to join Johnston's army near Greensboro. He resolved to attack Grant's line at Fort Steadman, which was near the Appomattox, about two miles distant from Petersburg. Here the works of the two armies were about 150 yards apart, and the picket lines less than one-half that distance. This point gained, it was believed it would be easy to seize three forts on high ground that commanded Fort Steadman and the enemy's retrenchments on the right and left of it, and thus have a vantage ground from which to destroy Grant's left wing. Three columns of infantry were to follow the assaulting party and capture these forts, and a division of infantry moving by its flank was to follow the storming columns, and when halted and fronted was to move down Grant's lines to his left, being successfully joined by the troops in Lee's trenches as their fronts were cleared.

A brigade of cavalry was held in readiness to cut through the gap at Steadman, destroy the telegraph lines and the pontoon bridges over the Appomattox and spread demoralization in the rear of the lines. General Gordon was selected to command the attack, and there were put under his orders, in addition to his own corps, a portion of Hill's, and a small brigade, or detachment of cavalry; a division from Longstreet was also to report to him. From the best information now available, the troops put under Gordon's orders amounted to about 14,000 men.

About 5 o'clock on the morning of the 25th of March, the picket-guard and picket line in our front were quietly seized almost without the firing of a gun, and the storming columns broke the main line between batteries nine and ten, and turning to the right and the left gained battery ten, overpowered the garrison at Fort Steadman, capturing the greater part of it, and turned its artillery and that in battery ten against the enemy. Batteries eleven and twelve were also captured. Some of our troops reached the military railroad and telegraph about a mile and a half in rear of Fort Steadman, but the commander of one of the storming columns was wounded, and the guide of another column lost his way. The forts to be attacked were found to be of different character than at first supposed, and required a change of disposition for proper attack. The result was that the attacks upon the three forts were disjointed, and although gallantly made were repulsed with loss. Owing to the breaking down of the railroad, or other cause, the troops from Longstreet did not arrive on the field in time. Waiting for them delayed the attack nearly an hour, so that when made the plan of operation against these forts could not be executed before daylight, as had been intended.

The enemy after the first alarm and surprise quickly concentrated, and in an hour or so our troops were driven into Fort Steadman—Hare's Hill as it is called in the Confederate accounts—and the space immediately around it, although they had handsomely repulsed several of the first attempts to drive them from the captured works.* In this last position they were subjected to a pitiless

* In a short time, probably less than an hour after the first alarm was given General Tidball, commanding the artillery of the Ninth corps, concentrated a number of field pieces on the hills in rear of Fort Steadman, about midway between it and Meade's Station, and opened a very savage

cross-fire of artillery and small arms to which they could not effectually reply. The situation of the troops who had entered the Union lines was now desperate. General Lee, who watched the battle near Cemetery Heights, concurred with Gordon that the troops must be speedily withdrawn, and the latter dispatched a staff officer to the different commanders to direct their men to run back in squads and get into the Confederate lines as best they could. This was effected without any counter attack in front of Steadman. The Confederate loss in this battle was nearly 3,500, and the enemy's a little over 1,000. General Gordon captured and brought back 560 men, including Brigadier General McLaughlin, and two Coehorn mortars. Thus failed a brilliant stroke which promised great results. The troops had fought with vigor and determination, and the failure of the attack was due to untoward circumstances or chance, which cannot always be guarded against in war.

THE BEHAVIOR OF THE TROOPS.

A Northern and a Southern writer both take a different view of the conduct of the troops here and assert that it demonstrated a loss of their old time fire and vigor, and that they could no longer be depended upon for vigorous offensive movement.* These opinions are

fire. Hartranft's division which lay in reserve, the greater portion not being more than a mile and a half in rear of Steadman, was promptly marched to the rescue, and General Hartranft, using the first troops which came up, made at great sacrifice two attacks on our troops outside the fort, to delay their deployment. He was repulsed in these with heavy loss, but the effort was worth all it cost. It was Tidball's fire, Hartranft's attacks and the cross-fire of Haskell and McGilery, which prevented the timely deployment of the Confederate troops, after Fort Steadman fell, and not any lack of spirit of our men.

*Such an assertion would never have been made by any one who witnessed the bearing of the men while under fire or the conduct of the large portion of the troops on that bleak March night, as they tramped after midnight through the tombstones and graves of "the cemetery" to take position and await the order of assault. The darkness was little relieved by moon or stars. The hum of voices in this city of the dead was low, and the movement of armed bodies through it almost as noiseless and shadowy as the flitting of ghosts, while the strokes of the neighboring clocks sounded on the still night air like the tolling of funeral bells. Here were seen men tying or pinning large strips of white cloth over their breasts and shoulders, much resembling the sashes pall-bearers sometimes wear, to enable the as-

superficial, and based upon the erroneous accounts which at first appeared and were generally accepted as true, because the latter and better information was not gathered, but actually lost sight of in the succession of disasters of greater magnitude during the next fortnight.

Gordon carried into the enemy's lines not over 8,000 troops. Those ordered from Longstreet did not arrive, the cavalry remained in its position near the old gas works, and a portion of Gordon's men remained in his lines to await the time when, their fronts being uncovered, they could move to the attack. The troops engaged lost over 1,000 in killed and wounded—more than one-ninth their numbers. They were more than "decimated," a term often used before our late war to describe fearful losses. True, nearly 2,000 unwounded men surrendered in the trenches, when retaken in the final counter-charge, made about three hours after the Confederates took Fort Steadman. The space actually captured from the enemy at this point did not give sufficient room for the deployment of all the troops who entered the enemy's works, to avail themselves of the expected success of three assaulting columns. While waiting the result of the attacks on Fort Haskell and Fort McGilvry, and after these were repulsed, as well as during the several assaults made by the enemy to retake the captured lines held by the Confederates, the greater portion of Gordon's men were confined in a restricted space, and to escape the pitiless enfilading fire of cannon, mortars and small arms which swept, not only the flanks, but both sides of the captured works, had often to seek cover in the rear of these works, or the side nearest the enemy, because the original front or side nearest the Confederate lines was literally torn up by the enemy's shot and shell. During the greater part of the three hours elapsing between the capture and recapture of Steadman, these troops had been under this heavy fire, from which they could not find shelter and to which they could not effectively reply, and were all the while obedient to orders

saulting columns to distinguish friend from foe when the enemy's works were entered. Those who thus arrayed themselves at midnight, in a graveyard, to prepare for assault, could not fail to be reminded by the solemn and wierd scene of death. The surroundings were indeed befitting a plunge into black death itself; yet none faltered or left the ranks, and the men were as cheerful as if waiting to return to their warm winter quarters. They never lost heart or courage, and were always equal to the offensive, and were still capable of anything.

and displaying the most unflinching courage.* Their conduct was indeed splendid. Their situation, as we have seen, became so distressing that the officers were ordered to make their men run out of the works in squads, and get back into their own lines as best they could. It required considerable time to communicate the order from the several division headquarters down to the men through their respective brigade and regimental commanders. In several instances, staff officers bearing these orders were shot down, and the orders were not communicated and had to be repeated. The smoke and noise of the artillery, mortars and small arms, whose fire was concentrated on the few acres around Steadman occupied by the Confederate troops, was so great that it was difficult either to see or to hear at any distance. Many of the captured troops undoubtedly never received the order, and fought the enemy in front, not knowing that their comrades had left until they received a fire from the flank and rear, which cut off flight and forced surrender. Most of the commands, however, had received the order before the countercharge began, and it burst upon the Confederates just as their line of battle, in several places, was leaving the captured works, and had turned their backs upon the enemy to regain our own retrenchments. Under these circumstances, the number taken prisoners was not exceptionally large compared to the number engaged, and it does not at all sustain the verdict that the troops did not fight well, or that their morale had been so impaired that they could no longer be relied on for offensive movements.

GRANT'S COUNTER MOVEMENT.

General Meade thinking the Confederate line, owing to the concentration at Steadman, must be weak on our right, furiously attacked the Confederate lines at several places, but with the exception of the capture of an entrenched picket line in front of General Wright's corps met with little success. Our loss in these affairs was about one thousand, and the enemy's is believed to be about the same.

The situation of the Confederate army was now indeed disheart-

* General Lee, in a dispatch sent to the Secretary of War at 11.20 P. M. that day, says: "All the troops engaged, including two brigades under Brigadier General Ransom, behaved most handsomely. The conduct of the sharpshooters of Gordon's corps, who led the assault, deserves the highest commendation."

ening, for Grant could leave as strong a force as Lee had, in Grant's works, which were stronger than Lee's, and thus hold or contain Lee within his own lines, and be free to use twice Lee's numbers in the unfortified country upon his flank. To meet such a disposition of Grant's troops, which was sure to be made, Lee's only resource was to strip his already threadbare lines, leaving them to be held by thin skirmish line, and form a column with the remainder of his troops with which to strike at the enemy's flanking columns. Grant, indeed, had already issued preparatory orders for a general movement upon Lee's right the day before the attack upon Fort Steadman.

At this time General Hill held the right of Lee's line from Hatcher's Run to Battery Gregg. The Second corps, Gordon's troops, held from Battery Gregg to the Appomattox river, while Longstreet occupied the trenches north of the Appomattox to the extreme left on White Oak swamp. From right to left the Confederate line of works was about thirty-seven miles in length.*

On the 28th March Sheridan was ordered to move next day with his 13,000 cavalry towards Dinwiddie Court House, attack the rear and right of Lee, if practicable, while the Second and Fifth corps, 35,000 strong together, guarded the interval between Sheridan and left of Grant's line. After this, Sheridan was instructed to cut loose and push for the Danville road, and act as circumstances might require. The Second and Fifth corps, Humphreys' and Warren's, were at the same time instructed to press close up to the Confederate lines, so as to keep the defending force with them and also to reach around and attack its flank if possible. General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, taking half of his army from the north side of the river, in all about 19,000 men, made a secret march on the night of the 27th and took position in the rear of the Second corps, relieving it from its position in the trenches. The Sixth corps, under General Wright, numbering over 19,000 men, and the Ninth corps, under General Parke, of about the same strength, remained

*Humphreys says, page 310: "In the spring of 1865, when these works were completed, the Confederate entrenchments were thirty-seven miles in length from the White Oak swamp on their left to the Claiborne road crossing of Hatcher's Run on their right. This length is not measured along the irregularities of the general line of intrenchments, much less those of the parapet lines."

in the trenches south of Petersburg, with instructions to assault if they found the force in their front greatly weakened, or if more advantageous for Parke to extend so as to allow the Sixth corps to be withdrawn to join in the turning movement. A heavy rain fell on the night of the 29th, which greatly embarrassed the movements of both armies.

ACTIONS ON WHITE OAK ROAD AND AT DINWIDDIE.

Lee early divining the purpose of the enemy, sent General Anderson with Bushrod Johnson's division and Wise's brigade, to the extreme right of his entrenchments along the White Oak road, on the morning of the 29th, and Pickett's division, which had been relieved from the Bermuda Hundreds by Mahone, was transferred to the same point about day-light on the 30th. General Hill, commanding the Confederate corps on the right, stretched his lines still thinner so as to add to the force confronting Humphreys and Warren. General Lee ordered Fitz Lee's cavalry to Five Forks, and they arrived in the vicinity of Sutherland's station on the night of the 29th, the object of the concentration being to attack Sheridan and drive him back. Pickett's division was about 3,600 strong; Johnston's, 3,000; the cavalry of the two Lee's, about 4,000—making, with some other troops, a total of about 13,000 for the moveable column with which Lee hoped to strike some weak place in Grant's armor and crush his flanking force as he had so often done before.* These forces of Lee were concentrated at Five Forks on the evening of the 30th of March. General Lee struck the exposed flank of the Fifth corps and drove back two of its divisions with the brigades of McGowan, Gracie, Hunton and Wise, but the ground was wooded, and the third division of Warren's corps coming to his assistance, the retreat of his other two divisions was stopped, while an attack by Humphrey on the left of Wise's brigade, which was the extreme left of the Confederate attacking force, compelled the retirement of the Confederate force to their intrenchments.

Foiled in the attempt to destroy the Fifth corps, and paucity of num-

* This is the best estimate I can make with the data at hand. One of Pickett's brigades had not reached him, and Anderson's whole division was not present. Of the cavalry reported February 20, 1865, a large number were dismounted. General Pickett estimates the total force as considerably less than stated in the text.

bers constraining him to be cautious, Lee next attempted the destruction of Sheridan's force, which was widely separated from the Federal infantry. Sheridan, appreciating the value of Five Forks, had temporarily taken possession of it while the Confederate infantry had been engaged with Warren, but Lee moved Pickett and Bushrod Johnson over the White Oak road to Five Forks and drove the Federal Cavalry in disorder on Dinwiddie Courthouse, and isolated a portion of the force from Sheridan's main line at Dinwiddie. The Confederate infantry and cavalry then assailed Sheridan's main body at Dinwiddie Courthouse and handled it severely. There is much ground for believing, as the Confederates claim, that night probably prevented the destruction of this force.

FIVE FORKS AND PETERSBURG LINES.

Grant, on learning the situation, was very anxious about Sheridan, and subordinated all his movements to his relief. About midnight on the 31st, Pickett's position being isolated, all the troops which had been operating against Sheridan were withdrawn to Five Forks by General Lee. Sheridan followed with the fifth corps and the cavalry under his command, and about 3 o'clock in the evening of April 1st, masking the movement of the infantry by his cavalry, succeeded in getting the fifth corps in on the left of the Confederate works, and, in spite of the efforts of officers and men, almost surrounded and routed the greater portion of Pickett's and Johnson's troops, which vainly endeavored to change front to meet his attack. The Confederate loss in this action was not less than 4,700.* The fragments of Pickett's command, with some troops sent by General Lee to cover their retreat, took position at Sutherland station. The Confederate force in the trenches in the Petersburg lines was now a mere picket line, the men being from five to seven yards apart, and at dawn on Sunday, the 2d, Grant ordered Parke, Wright and Ord to assault. With the exception of three places in front of Petersburg, Gordon held his lines, but the sixth and second corps brushed through the cob-web force in front of them and swept up and down the Confederate lines from Hatcher's Run to the inner lines around Petersburg. At this time General Hill, who had been at Lee's headquarters, per-

* Colonel Taylor states it 1,300 more. See discussion further on under head "Numbers, Losses," &c., and note, as to number captured there.

ceiving the commotion in his lines and not knowing the extent of the disaster, rode forward and was shot dead by some of the enemy's skirmishers, who preceded an advance which was then bearing in the direction of the Turnbull house, where General Lee had his headquarters. Thus fell, at a time when most needed, an heroic soldier, whose name is honored wherever the Army of Northern Virginia is known. At Battery Gregg, held by a mixed command, mainly Mississippians, about 250 strong, Ord's forces were detained an hour, and though he threw overwhelming numbers against the fort, it did not surrender until its 250 defenders had been reduced to thirty, and inflicted a loss of nearly 800 upon their assailants. This delay gave time to arrange for the defence of the inner line.

For some reason Longstreet did not perceive the weakening of the force in his front at the time of Ord's withdrawal, and hence had not moved over to the south side of the river as instructed in that event, but about 10 A. M., on April 2d, some of his brigades reached Petersburg, and with these an attack was made upon the Ninth corps, which, together with these Gordon made to recapture a part of his line, were so fierce that the garrison from City Point had to be ordered up. The Confederate forces now held the line from Richmond to Petersburg, and in that city, and an inner line, the right of which rested upon the Appomattox. In this position it was able to resist all attacks until darkness came to its relief.

ORDERS FOR THE RETREAT.

When the Confederate lines were carried, orders were given for the evacuation of Richmond and the concentration of the army at Amelia Courthouse. General Anderson was directed to move up along the Appomattox to Amelia Courthouse, and he was joined on the road by the remnants of Pickett's command and some troops of Hill's corps, under General Cooke, who handsomely repelled with severe loss two attacks on him near Sutherlin's Station by General Miles; but Miles was reinforced, and by a third attack succeeded in forcing these troops from the field in some confusion. The rear was covered by Fitz Lee, whose cavalry had done brilliant service in the action at Five Forks, and in stemming the pursuit undertaken by Sheridan's cavalry after the Confederate infantry had broken.

THE MORALE OF THE TROOPS.

The troops who left the Petersburg lines on the retreat with Lee were of no ordinary mould. Each was a veteran of years of terrible war and trial, the survivor of many a bloody battle. They had experienced victories without undue elation, and bore disaster and suffering without being cast down. They remained with their colors when the faint-hearted and selfish fell by the way-side, because of a deep conviction of the justice and necessity of their cause, and were sustained by a high sense of duty and personal pride which scorned discharge unless it came through victory or by death or wounds. The larger portion of them had an abiding faith, amounting almost to fanaticism, that the God of Battles would, in the end, send their cause safe deliverance, and they followed Lee with an almost child-like faith, which set no bounds to his genius and power of achievement. They did not doubt that he would unite with Johnston and destroy Sherman and then turn on Grant; or else take up a new line and hold Grant at bay until the country in the rear rallied and gave Lee power to resume the offensive. The power of the South to indefinitely prolong the struggle by partisan war if its main armies were compelled to disperse, was a belief fostered by the traditions of the Revolution, and largely pervaded the ranks. It was a general thought among these men that long continued resistance, and the burdens it would entail upon the invader, as well as the blows of Confederate arms, would finally wring recognition and peace from the United States. Such was the frame of mind of most of these men as they turned their backs upon the Confederate capital; and while they were too intelligent not to appreciate the extent of the disaster, they entered upon the retreat with good heart and undoubted morale. The men had been so long cooped up in the trenches that their march into the open fields and woods on the night of April 2d was as exhilarating to them as cool breezes and sunlight to one long confined in the close air of a dark dungeon. These things explain the almost bouyant spirit of Lee's troops on that fateful night. The belief that the retreat would possibly end in surrender entered the minds of few. While the final result would probably not have been altered if Lee had made a junction with Johnston, it is certain if there had been food to sustain the bodies of these men their unquenched courage would have written a different history for the retreat from the Petersburg lines.

MOVEMENTS TO APRIL FIFTH.

Longstreet crossed the Appomattox at Pocahontas bridge and moved along the north side of the river, intending to recross at Bevil's bridge, but that being out of repair, used the pontoon at Goode's bridge. Gordon taking the Hickory road, recrossed at Goode's bridge, and Kershaw's and Custis Lee's divisions, comprising Ewell's command at Richmond, crossed the James at Richmond and moving on the Genito road followed by Gary's cavalry, crossed the Appomattox on the Danville railroad bridge. Grant sent Sheridan and the Fifth corps to move on the south side of the river, to follow Lee's army and strike the Danville road between its crossing of the Appomattox and the crossing of the Lynchburg road at Burkeville Junction. General Meade himself, with the Second and Sixth corps, followed with the same general instructions, and Ord's command was ordered to move along the south side of the railroad to Burkeville Junction, followed by the Ninth corps.

It will be seen that the Fifth infantry corps and Sheridan's cavalry, on the morning of the 3d, were in position to cut off Lee's retreat by the south bank of the Appomattox.

Longstreet reached Amelia Courthouse on the afternoon of the 4th. Gordon's command was three or four miles distant, and Mahone's division was still near Goode's Bridge. Ewell's command arrived about 12 o'clock, and Anderson and Fitz Lee's cavalry on the morning of the 5th. For some reason the expected supplies at Amelia were not there, and hunger and fatigue told fearfully upon the men who had had but one ration since the retreat commenced. In order to obtain food foraging parties were sent out, and Lee was detained at Amelia on the 4th, and a large part of the 5th of April. Thus precious time was lost and the last opportunity to strike at Grant's widely scattered pursuing columns. Meanwhile, Sheridan, on the afternoon of the 4th, had struck the Danville road at Jetersville, seven miles southwest of Amelia Courthouse, and entrenched. Lee's infantry at this time did not amount to 25,000 fighting men, and as Sheridan's cavalry was entrenched at Jetersville and had been reinforced by the Fifth corps, it equalled, if it did not exceed Lee's whole army, and Lee, who had advanced towards Jetersville on the afternoon of the 5th with the view of attacking Sheridan, if he had not been too heavily reinforced by infantry, had no alternative but to

attempt to march around him. Lee still hoped that by a vigorous night march westward, he might get far enough in advance to reach Lynchburg, by passing through Deatonsville, Rice's Station and Farmville, and perhaps get to Danville.

NO FOOD AT AMELIA.—TRIALS OF THE RETREAT.

The disappointment at not finding the expected supplies at Amelia threw a great damper upon the spirits of the famishing troops; but they did not quail, but only girded their loins the tighter to meet the fearful ordeal ahead of them. When the army moved, after the inevitable halt at Amelia, it was to pass through a circle of fire. An immense amount of war material had accumulated at Richmond and Petersburg, and if the army was to have another campaign much of it must be transported in wagons; for the Confederates had no other supplies, and without them the army was lost. The country roads on which these trains must move were narrow, rough and softened by the heavy spring rains. Every rivulet had swollen into a stream, and every little creek needed to be bridged. The immense caravan of wheels converted every depression in the roads into a hole, and turned the roads into a perfect sea of mud through which the supply trains and ammunition wagons, artillery and ambulances struggled on to reach dry land beyond, almost as vainly as Pharoah's army in the Red Sea. Although the train moved on different roads and the wagons were driven two and three abreast wherever practicable, they were often longer than the line of the troops which marched on their flank for their protection.* A formidable cavalry force swarmed upon the flanks and sometimes the front and rear was attacked by infantry. The shield of protection for these trains, which the marching troops could afford was thin indeed, and constant thrusts at it by the cavalry soon exposed its weak points. Through these the cavalry charged, spreading death and dismay among the sick and wounded and helpless throngs which accompanied the trains.† Many

*Sheridan's cavalry, including McKenzie, numbered over 15,000 effective officers and men on 29th March. This force made more than three times the number of effective Confederate cavalry at that time.

†Humphreys says (page 375): "The roads were very heavy owing to the copious rains, and in fact were *nearly impassible* for wagon trains." The horses and mules were in very low condition from the winter's exposure and scant provender, and, having little forage on the retreat, were con-

times the first warnings the infantry had of these dashes was the explosion of ammunition and the smoke of burning wagons. The rear guard resisted to the last from every advantageous hill and every coign of vantage to gain time for the balky trains to move on. Often it was driven from position while the long trains were not yet out of sight, and the enemy's batteries thundered forth destruction into the trains which, spread out for miles in the road, presented a tempting mark at which not a shot could be thrown in vain. During the last days of the retreat, attack came from every quarter, and the days and nights alike were spent in marching and fighting. There was not time or opportunity for sleep, and of food there was none. Suspense, despair, exposure, famine and want of sleep caused many whose weak bodies could not sustain their dauntless souls to lie down on the roadside to await the coming of death. Many were not strong enough to carry their muskets and placed them in the wagon trains while they marched beside them, hoping that food and rest, when these could be obtained, would again enable them to bear arms.

On the morning of the 6th the Army of the Potomac, which had been mainly concentrated at Jetersville, moved northward to Amelia Courthouse to give battle to Lee, but he had passed, as we have seen, on the night before on the Deatonville road. Humphrey's second corps was ordered to move on the Deatonville road, and the fifth and sixth corps in parallel directions on the right and left. The Army of the James, under Ord, had in the meantime reached Burkeville, and on the 6th General Ord was directed towards Farmville. Meade discovered Lee's withdrawal from Amelia before reaching that point, and made new dispositions for pursuit. The second corps soon came up with Gordon in the rear, and a sharp, running fight commenced with Gordon's corps, which continued nearly all day. An obstinate stand was made at Sailor's Creek, but the numbers of the enemy enabled them to turn Gordon's position and take some high ground commanding it, and just at nightfall his position was

stantly falling in harness from exhaustion and weakness. There was almost sure to be a serious delay from this cause whenever the trains reached a steep hill or a muddy lane. Horses and men alike, in the last days of the retreat, fell from exhaustion and misery and perished on the road-side. With them were often mingled dead and dying soldiers who fell in attempting to defend the trains against cavalry, which dashed in to attack wherever the wagons moved without heavy escort.

carried with a loss of a battery, several hundred prisoners and hundreds of wagons, which had become blocked up at the crossing of the creek near Perkinson's Mill. The Sixth corps, meantime, had come up with Ewell, and while the cavalry detained it in the rear and on the flank, it was attacked and surrounded by the sixth corps and, after one of the most gallant fights of the war, compelled to surrender. Ewell had about 9,000 men all told, and about 6,000 of these were killed, wounded or captured, including General Ewell and five other general officers made prisoners. General Read, of Ord's staff, with Colonel Washburn and a force of eighty cavalry and about 500 infantry, had been sent to destroy the high bridge, but they were intercepted about mid-day on the 6th by Rosser and Munford, and after a severe fight, in which Read and Washburn were killed and a number of the men also, the remainder surrendered.

Gordon's command reached this side of High Bridge, near Farmville, that night. Longstreet, whose command had halted all that day at Rice's Station to enable the other corps to unite with them, marched that night on Farmville, and on the morning of the 7th, moved out on the road, passing through Appomattox Courthouse and Lynchburg. Here rations were issued for the first time since the 2d April.* Gordon's troops and Mahone's crossed the High Bridge on the morning of the 7th. The Second Corps (Humphrey's) followed hard behind Gordon. Four miles north of Farmville, General Lee, being hotly pressed, chose a favorable position covering the stage and plank roads to Lynchburg, threw up temporary breastworks, and brought batteries in position. Humphreys attacked, but was repulsed with considerable loss. Sheridan that day sent his cavalry to Prince Edward Courthouse, with the exception of one division, which was sent to Farmville. On the night of the 7th, Lee marched nearly all night, and was followed by the Second and Sixth Corps of the army of the Potomac up the north bank of the Appomattox, while Sheridan, followed by Ord and the Fifth Corps, advanced by the south bank and struck Appomattox Station on the Lynchburg road.

On the evening of the 8th, Lee's advance was in the vicinity of Appomattox Courthouse, and there was reason to fear that the

*The advance of the enemy was so close that the wagons could not be held long enough to supply many of the troops.

enemy's formidable cavalry force would reach it first and intervene between Lee and Lynchburg road, which was the only outlet left the Confederate commander. Longstreet's command was in the rear, closely pressed by Meade's army. Between Longstreet and Gordon was an innumerable caravan of wagons, artillery, disabled and unarmed men.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SURRENDER.

Near dusk on the 8th of April, Sheridan's cavalry, on the outskirts of Appomattox Courthouse, captured several pieces of artillery, which were moving without escort ahead of the army, on the road to Lynchburg, and several train loads of supplies sent to feed Lee's army. Our infantry was not yet up, and worn and scattered as the troops were after a long march, it was impossible to concentrate sufficient force to attack that night.* Whatever was in front must be driven in the morning, for our army was now on the narrow strip of country between the Appomattox and James rivers, and the road to Lynchburg was the only line of retreat.

Lee resolved to cut through Sheridan's force, and Gordon, who had for several days covered the rear, was ordered to the front to head the movement. All that remained of the old Second corps and of Ewell and Anderson's troops were sent to him. Mahone was to move on the left of our line of march, protecting it and the trains. Colonel Thomas H. Carter, with a number of his best guns, was to support the attack of Gordon, while Fitzhugh Lee, who had been recently assigned to the command of all the cavalry, was to move with the cavalry on the infantry right. Longstreet was to protect the wagon train and hold back the enemy in the rear. The column of attack thus made up to cut through Sheridan consisted of about 2,500 muskets and about 2,200 cavalry. Upon this force depended the salvation of the army.†

*General Lindsay Walker's artillery was attacked on the evening of the 8th near Appomattox Station, but the attack was repulsed. Some of the enemy's cavalry dashed in that same evening near the Courthouse, but were held in check by some of our cavalry.

†General Humphreys, who compiles the figures from official records, states the number of cavalry paroled at Appomattox at 1,786. Long makes it about 200 less. The estimate above gives about 400 more. The cavalry cut through on the 9th, and some of them left for their homes, after it was

The tired Confederates sank down to rest just as they halted. The troops had neither food nor sleep, and were too weak and weary to build fires.

THE ATTEMPT TO CUT OUT.

About half-past 5 on Sunday, April 9th, Gordon, who had formed his command nearly a half a mile from the Courthouse, advanced his line. A proud array it was, although the men were so worn, jaded and famished that many could hardly carry their muskets. Divisions had dwindled to the number of full regiments, and regiments and companies were represented by a few files of men; but the colors of nearly all of the organizations remained.*

known the army had surrendered, without waiting to be paroled with their commands when General Fitz Lee surrendered the cavalry a short time afterwards. General Robert E. Lee, in his letter announcing the surrender to President Davis, says: "I have no accurate report of the cavalry, but believe it did not exceed 2,100 effective men." Hence, I have felt justified in estimating the number participating in the action on the morning of April 9th, as greater than the number paroled.

"Gordon's Corps" at Appomattox included the old Second corps and what was left of Anderson and Ewell's commands, and surrendered 6,773 enlisted men, including the detailed men of all the various organizations composing the corps, such as teamsters, ordnance, ambulance drivers, etc. The detailed men amounted to at least 1,500, for we had not only the usual proportion for the force present, but considerably more, since the detailed men of Ewell and Anderson's forces, which were so terribly handled at Sailor's Creek, were not captured in the same proportion as its fighting strength. Deducting the number of detailed men, who are not available for line of battle duty, would give Gordon about 5,000 infantry men. Over half of these were too weak to bear their muskets and forty rounds of ammunition. The strength of the infantry under Gordon in the attack is therefore placed at "about 2,500," which corresponds with the recollection of General Gordon and other officers at the time.

* That this statement is not an exaggeration becomes quite evident when we take the number paroled and bear in mind that it includes the detailed men, and that over half the infantry were too weak to bear arms on the morning of April 9th. The Second corps, composed of the divisions of Grimes, Early and Gordon, paroled 4,456 enlisted men, exclusive of provost guard, &c., their numbers being respectively 1,727, 1,117 and 1,612. Deducting sixty per cent. of this number for detailed men, not available for battle, and the proportion of men who were physically unable to bear arms, these *divisions* were represented in the column of attack about as

The sharp skirmish fire soon grew into a furious and heavy volume of musketry. The ever faithful Carter joined in with his deep-toned guns. The cavalry on our right pressed forward at a gallop, and wild and fierce shouts resounded throughout the heavens. As the sun drove away that Sunday morning mist, it looked down upon a scene that will forevermore thrill Southern hearts. In a steady line, sustained on the left by artillery, which flamed forth at every step, with cavalry charging fiercely on the right, the Confederate line of battle, scarlet almost from the array of battle flags floating over it, went forth to death, driving before it masses of blue cavalry and artillery.* Spring was just budding forth, and the morning sun glistening from budding leaf and tree, shed a halo about the red battle flags with the starry cross, as if nature would smile on the nation that was dying there. We pressed on and beyond the Courthouse. Fitz Lee and his cavalry rode unmolested on the Lynchburg road, but Gordon's infantry was impeded by a desperate resistance. Gordon's men captured a battery, and still pressed on. It was too late. The "infantry under Ord," nearly 30,000 strong, now filed across our pathway, throwing out batteries from every knoll, and rapidly advanced lines of infantry against us.† Gordon could not withstand what was in front, and to stop to resist it, would be to involve his flank and rear in clouds of enemies. Slowly this glorious color guard of the "Army of Northern Virginia" retraced its steps to Appomattox Courthouse, bringing with it prisoners and captured

follows: Grimes', 688 muskets; Early's, 444; Gordon's, 644,—none of them having more than the strength of a full regiment. In the Second corps alone some sixty-four regimental organizations were represented, and, as the figures show, they did not average thirty muskets in line. The showing in the cavalry was about the same. While the corps lost some flags in battle, and frequently when regiments became exceedingly small they did not carry their colors in line, yet the number of colors carried that day, including those of Anderson's troops, was out of all proportion to the number of men, and made the line appear "almost scarlet."

* Sheridan says his cavalry fell back slowly in accordance with orders. Ord says: "In spite of Sheridan's attempt the cavalry was falling back in confusion before Lee's infantry." Crook says: "The cavalry was forced to retire by overwhelming numbers until relieved by infantry, when we re-organized." Merritt and Custer say the same thing.

† General Ord thinks his advance was made about 10 o'clock. It was however, a few minutes after 9 o'clock.

artillery. The probable success of Gordon's movement and what was to be done in event of failure, had been the subject of discussion between General Lee and his corps commanders. While Gordon was falling back he received a notification from General Lee that he had sent a flag through the lines to seek an interview with General Grant, and Gordon thereupon sent flags which Sheridan and Ord received asking a cessation of hostilities in his front until the meeting could be had.

While this was going on, Longstreet had been closely pressed by the troops in rear, and flags of truce were also sent out from his lines requesting a cessation of hostilities on General Meade's front.

Lee's last prop had fallen from under him when Gordon was driven back, and surrender was all that was left. It is not practical within the limits of an address like this to describe all the events connected with the surrender. Its minutest incidents have already passed into history, which has long since exploded the stories of the "famous apple tree," and the tender by Lee of his sword and Grant's refusal to receive it.

Whether he fought with the defeated, or the victorious army, no American citizen can forget that Grant was generous in the hour of victory, and "displayed the delicacy of a great soul," in dealing with his former foes, nor that Lee, on that fateful day, showed how "sublime it is to suffer and grow strong," and gave to the world an example of greatness in the hour of adversity that honors the American name forever more. I will not attempt to describe what ensued on Lee's return to his own lines when it was known that all was over. No pen or tongue can tell what he and the men who crowded around him felt, or picture the scene as he turned to leave them to go to his tent. Never before had unsuccessful leader received such homage from his surrendered legions, or more respect from his foes.

Grant's army made other captures here which are often forgotten. In the actions on the Petersburg lines, the affair near the High Bridge in which Read's force was destroyed, and that in which General Gregg was captured, and in other combats in the retreat, Lee's army had plucked from its pursuers, and safely guarded to Appomattox over fourteen hundred prisoners, including a battery of artillery and a Brigadier General of calvary. These prisoners of the Army of Northern Virginia were, of course, freed by its surrender. The

number of casualties in Grant's army, from the commencement of the final movement to the surrender, which, according to official reports, amounted to 9,994 officers and men—or near one-fourth of the Confederate strength at the beginning of the final struggle—bears striking testimony to the high courage of the retreating army. Its heroic endeavors are made still more conspicuous by the fact that the Army of Northern Virginia, encumbered as it was with immense trains, moving over bad country roads, perishing from exposure and lack of food, and fighting daily a vastly superior force, marched, on the routes taken by it, in the six days from the night of April 2d to the morning of the 9th, over eighty-five miles, or an average of about fourteen miles a day. Such marches of an army of its size, under such circumstances, have few, if any, parallels in military annals.

On the 10th of April officers made out muster-rolls of their commands in duplicate, and then signed and gave them paroles, on printed blanks, which had been struck off by the force of printers gathered up from the headquarters of the various Federal Corps commanders. The Confederate troops then marched, brigade at a time, past an equal number of Federal troops, commanded, if my memory is not at fault, by General Chamberlain, and stacked arms and banners. The Federal troops often presented arms to their foes, and uniformly treated them with the utmost respect. With this simple ceremony the surrender was over.

NUMBERS—LOSSES—WHAT THEY PROVE.

Lee's army, as will be remembered, numbered not over fifty thousand men of all arms when Grant commenced operations on the 29th of March. Lee lost in killed, wounded, captured, and stragglers at least seven thousand men in the battle at Five Forks, and the encounters at other places on the 30th and 31st March, and the general assault on the lines on the morning of April 2d cost Lee, from the same causes, at least seven thousand more; so that he had only thirty-six thousand men of all arms for duty, including 2,500 dismounted cavalry, the artillery and the mounted cavalry, Ewell's command and the naval battalion, on the night of April 2d, or morning of the 3d, to take upon the retreat. He left the Petersburg line with about 26,000 infantry.

In the desperate fighting of April 6th, when Ewell and Anderson's commands were captured, and when Gordon, after engaging in a

running fight for nearly fourteen miles, was driven across Sailor's Creek, Lee lost about eight thousand men, including stragglers, who were not captured. The cavalry was constantly fighting for the protection of the wagon trains, and so was a portion of the infantry after the army left Amelia Courthouse. There was also the action at Sutherland's Station, April 2d; that at High Bridge, in which Reid's force was captured, and the fighting around Farmville, including the repulse of Humphreys, the affair in which General Gregg was captured, and also the action on the 9th at the Courthouse. The losses in all the actions which took place after the retreat was begun amounted to at least 12,000 men, and subtracting that number from the force with which Lee left the Petersburg lines, would leave about 24,000 men of all arms to be accounted for at Appomattox, exclusive for the force for Richmond and Danville defences of about 1,400 men. Some of this force joined Lee on the retreat and accompanied him to Appomattox, and if all are properly included in the number of troops to be accounted for there, it would make the total number 25,400. The total number surrendered at Appomattox, according to General Humphreys, was 28,536, and according to the figures furnished from the Adjutant General's office, 27,416. This excess of between two and three thousand above the fighting force which the returns would give Lee, is accounted for by the fact that detailed men in the medical, ordnance, quartermaster, subsistence, engineer, and provost departments of Lee's own army, who were not included in his line of battle strength, and some of the men detailed in the arsenals and various departments at Richmond who took part in the retreat, were also paroled at Appomattox. Any one conversant with the proportion that such details bear to the aggregate strength of an army will readily admit that this is a moderate estimate for the number of these non-combatants.

These facts and figures effectually dispute the assertions which are sought to be palmed off as the truth of history that Lee's army melted away along the retreat by regiments, and scattered to their homes in advance of their pursuers.

The fact, so well known to numbers of the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, that Lee had not quite eight thousand organized infantry with arms in their hands on the morning of April 9th, has been disputed or doubted by Northern writers, but its correctness is susceptible of most convincing proof. It will be remembered

that in the last return of Lee's army 5,155 were artillery and 5,700 were cavalry. Owing to the fact that nearly one half of the cavalry were dismounted, and remembering their losses in the actions in which they were engaged up to the 9th, it is safe to estimate Lee's effective cavalry at between two thousand and twenty-two hundred. This exceeds the number paroled, but Fitz Lee's cavalry cut through on the morning of the 9th, and a portion left for their homes, after learning of the surrender, without waiting to be paroled when the cavalry surrendered shortly afterwards. Two thousand five hundred and eighty-six artillerymen were paroled. The cavalry and artillery on the morning of the 9th, therefore, numbered about forty-seven hundred men. As the number of troops with which Lee started on the retreat was 36,000, of all arms, and the losses were 12,000, it would leave Lee, 24,000 of his line of battle strength of all arms on the day of the surrender. Deduct from this number forty-seven hundred for artillery and cavalry, and it would give Lee 19,300, or if we include Walker's command, 20,700 infantry on the morning of the surrender. Is it any wonder that more than half of this number had not the strength to bear their muskets? It must be remembered, also, that the greater portion of Lee's troops had been fighting and marching, during most miserable weather, since the 25th day of March, and that the whole of his force had been marching and fighting every day since the 1st day of April, and that during this trying period the troops had been without sufficient food most of the time, and for the last five days without food of any kind, sustaining themselves on leaves and twigs of the budding vegetation and a few ears of Indian corn left in the fields when the crops were gathered. This continuous exposure, fatigue, loss of sleep, and hunger, and the mental strain which the troops underwent, told fearfully upon them, and thousands of the infantry, whose courage was unquenched, were too weak to bear their muskets, and had either to place them in the wagons or abandon them on the wayside. So it was that over half of them were too weak to bear arms on the morning of the 9th, and Lee could then muster not quite eight thousand organized infantry with arms in their hands, for the operations on the front, flanks and rear of his army, while Gordon and Fitz Lee attempted to cut out. General Lee, in his report to President Davis of the surrender, says: "On the morning of the 9th, according to the reports of the ordinance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry

with arms, with an average of seventy-five rounds of ammunition per man." * The wonder, under all the circumstances, is not that he had so few, but that he had so many muskets in line.

* Humphreys does not deny the statement or attempt to refute it. He remarks, if the statement is true many of the infantry must have thrown away their muskets after the surrender became known. If documentary evidence existed as to the number of men surrendered with arms in their hands at Appomattox, a writer of Humphreys' ability and great research, who had the aid of the War Department in making his investigation, would surely have found the evidence and cited it.

Publications as to the number of armed men Lee surrendered, as will be seen from the extract below, had come to General Grant's attention. He does not attempt to refute or deny them. He says: "When Lee finally surrendered at Appomattox there were only 28,356 officers and men left to be paroled, *and many of these were without arms*. It was probably this latter fact [that many were without arms] which gave rise to the statement sometimes made, North and South, that Lee surrendered a smaller number of men than what the official figures show."—Memoirs, Vol. II, p. 500.

Badeau, however, attempts to be equal to the emergency. In a note of singular venom and malignity for a soldier writing fifteen years after the close of the war, he says:

"Every rebel who has written about Appomattox, declares that only 8,000 of those who surrendered bore arms—a statement which would not be creditable to them if true. But as every rebel who was at Appomattox was himself a prisoner, the assertion is worthless. The fact is that 22,633 small arms were surrendered; and Lee did not carry many extra muskets around on wagons during the retreat from Petersburg." Vol. III, p. 624.

One would infer from this paragraph that there were official reports showing the number of small arms surrendered *at* Appomattox. If any such exist they have not yet been found, and the documentary evidence to which Badeau refers, so far from disputing the Confederate statements, tends strongly to confirm them. Badeau, Vol. III, p. 714 of his work, publishes the following:

"STATEMENT OF CANNON AND SMALL ARMS SURRENDERED TO THE UNITED STATES FROM APRIL 8TH TO DECEMBER 30TH, 1865.

April 11, 1865, Army of the James—Cannon, 263; small arms, 11,000. Lee's army.

May 31, 1865, Army of the Potomac—Cannon, 251; small arms, 22,633. Lee's army.

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[Here follow other places outside Virginia.]

The records of the ordnance office do not show from what General the surrendered arms, etc., were received, except in the case of Johnston's

It will be noticed that the estimate of Lee's losses from the 29th of March to April 9th exceeds the number of prisoners which official

army to General Sherman. Ordnance Office, War Department, December 30, 1880."

The Army of the James and the Army of the Potomac were both under Grant in all his final movements and at Appomattox. There was little fighting or even skirmishing on the 8th of April, and no captures. The surrender took place next day, and it ended the war. Neither of these armies took part in any more fighting, and hence could not make any captures of arms after the 9th. It is inevitable, if these reports cover arms actually captured between the 8th of April and their respective dates, April 11th, May 31st, 1865 [instead of arms gathered up at Appomattox and other places in Virginia by ordinance officers of those armies between those dates] that the captures were made at Appomattox, and on the day before—since there was no other time or place when captures could be made between those dates. The "statement" covers the cannon and small arms; and if, as Badeau assumes, it proves the number of small arms surrendered at Appomattox, it equally proves the number of "cannon" surrendered. On Badeau's theory, the statement on its face shows that 514 cannon and 32,633 small arms were surrendered at Appomattox. I have omitted from this statement the number of cannon reported September 12, 1865, as surrendered at "Richmond and Petersburg," because the report does not include any small arms, and even Badeau would hardly contend that it referred to cannon captured at Appomattox.

Why should Badeau reject one of the returns, instead of taking both? If his version is correct, that the report covers arms actually captured after April 8th, he is certainly bound to take the report of April 11th, as showing a part of the small arms surrendered at Appomattox, for between those dates the army of the James had been nowhere except at Appomattox and its vicinity; and there can be no reason for not adding that number to the small arms shown in the report of May 31st. Why he does not include the number in both reports, but rejects the first and takes the second, we will see presently.

There are certain well-known historical facts which even Badeau cannot dispute. Lee at no one time during the existence of the Army of Northern Virginia, had as many as 514 pieces of field artillery. That number is about double the highest number he ever had. It is twice the number Lee had at the opening of hostilities in the Wilderness in May, 1864, or in March, 1865, when Grant began his final operations. Besides, Lee lost some field pieces at Five Forks, when the Petersburg lines were swept to Hatcher's Run, at Sailor's Creek and other places on the retreat, to say nothing of the number of pieces dismantled and destroyed by Lee's order on the retreat, and those sent on ahead of the army. Lee himself reported to President Davis

records show Grant captured during that period by nearly 7,000 men. Grant, in his Memoirs, states the number at 19,132, and the

that he had only sixty-three field pieces at Appomattox. It is preposterous, therefore, to ask anybody to believe that Lee surrendered at Appomattox more field pieces than he had when he left Petersburg and twice as many as his army ever had. So, if it is proper construction that these two reports are intended to give the number of "cannon" captured at Appomattox, it is proved by undisputable historical evidence, that they are monstrously false, as to the number of "cannon" at least.

How stands the case as to the 32,633 small arms reported, if Badeau's version is correct and "Lee did not carry many extra muskets in wagons?" All these small arms, on Badeau's idea, must also have been captured at Appomattox, for, as we have seen, there was no other place between the 8th of April and the dates of the reports where any captures could be made by either Meade's or Ord's army. If these small arms were captured at Appomattox, how did they get there? Lee surrendered only 28,536 officers and men at Appomattox. Of this number at least 5,500 were officers and detailed men, teamsters, etc., who did not carry muskets. This left only 23,000 men to bring 32,000 muskets to Appomattox, if every soldier whose duty it was to bear arms had been able to do so. It is not pretended that any of the infantry carried two muskets, or denied that many were unable to carry one. The 9,000 excess of muskets, if both reports are included in getting the number of small arms, is what disturbed Badeau; and he illogically rejects one report, and then takes the other solely because the number of small arms the latter reports will not exceed the whole number of officers and men captured at Appomattox.

There is much reason for believing that the report of April 11th, the date when the last of Lee's troops stacked arms before Ord's men, and which, if Badeau's version is correct, could not possibly have included small arms captured elsewhere, gives the number of small arms surrendered by Lee's troops at Appomattox Courthouse, and that it is, perhaps, slightly in excess of the number of both cavalry and infantry who bore arms on the morning of the 9th of April.

Ord's troops, the Army of the James, arrested our progress beyond the Courthouse on the morning of the 9th, and were in the immediate vicinity of the Courthouse, where our troops stacked arms before some of his, after the paroles were made out. General Gibbon, one of Ord's corps commanders, was the ranking officer charged with seeing to the formal surrender. Ord's ordnance officers quite naturally received the stacked muskets and the small arms of the cavalry, and reported them as surrendered to that army, and also included in their captures of "cannon," field pieces taken by his troops on the retreat, and siege pieces on the part of the entrenchments taken by Weitzel, his other corps commander, who entered Richmond.

records of the Adjutant-General's office give the same figures. The difference in number must consist in the killed and the "missing"

Meade's infantry was in our rear at Appomattox, over three miles from the Courthouse. His ordnance officers doubtless gathered from the trains which were nearest his troops all small arms found in the wagons which remained to us. In the short interval elapsing between the retreat and the hour when orders were given for it, the ordnance officers gathered up some muskets of the sick and wounded about Petersburg and put them in wagons which started with the trains; and after leaving Amelia many of the exhausted infantry, rather than abandon their arms, put them in the wagons. It is true that hundreds and hundreds of these wagons were captured or destroyed in the retreat at Sailor's Creek, Painesville and Farmville, but it is probable that a few of these wagons reached Appomattox, and, therefore, that some small arms were taken from the wagons there. Meade's corps had made large captures of men with arms in their hands when the Petersburg lines were broken and at Five Forks and at Sailor's Creek. His ordnance officers gleaned these battle-fields, and cared for the arms. His provost marshals, after his return from Appomattox, required citizens who had arms to turn them over. The aggregate of all the arms thus obtained was naturally reported by Meade's ordnance officers as surrendered to his army; and they as naturally included in the number of "cannon" not only field pieces taken at Appomattox and on the retreat, but heavy artillery on the part of the line captured by Meade's troops.

It is quite plain, therefore, that these reports of the ordnance officers, cited by Badeau, were intended to give the number of small arms and "cannon" which came into their hands between the 8th of April and the date of the making of these reports, without any reference to the particular place or the number at such place where the "cannon" and small arms were actually captured. In no other way can their truth be maintained or the large numbers of "cannon" and small arms reported captured accounted for. If there could be any doubt about this, General Grant himself makes it plain. In his *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 500, he speaks as a matter "of official record" of prisoners captured "between March 29th and the date of surrender," and then says "the same record shows the number of cannon, *including those at Appomattox*, to have been 689, between the dates named." This is the exact number of "cannon" included in those reports given in the official statement which Badeau relies on—to-wit: 263,251 and 175—total, 689.

All in all, these two reports of captured small arms, in view of the well-known facts referred to, go strongly to prove that the number of infantry surrendered, with arms in their hands, was as about as stated by Confederate writers, and, more important than all, by General Robert E. Lee himself.

Badeau, evidently much worried by this statement, assails it in another note, Volume III., page 607. He says Lee, when asked by Grant the

who were not captured, since the wounded, as well as the unwounded, who fell into the enemy's hands, were enumerated among the prisoners.

As to the battle of Five Forks I have adopted Colonel Taylor's estimate, although it is greater by far than developed by the subsequent proof in the Warren Court of Inquiry, where everything connected with that battle was elaborately investigated.* The official reports show that not over 4,500 prisoners were captured there, and that our killed and wounded were about 1,200. Nevertheless, a number of men were without rations, and lost their way in the darkness and the demoralization of the rout, and were prevented by the subsequent movement of the armies from rejoining their commands, if they desired to do so. Judging by the strength of their commands next day, and sifting contemporaneous accounts, it is safe to say that 1,300 men above those killed, wounded and captured, were lost to Lee as the result of that battle. The same observations apply with like force to the losses at places where the trenches around Petersburg were carried at the break of day, and in the rout at Sailors Creek, after Gordon's persistent stand there just at dusk on April 6th, and when Ewell's and Anderson's forces were captured. Our losses there can be fairly put at more than the number of killed,

number of rations needed for his army, replied that he could not tell—among other reasons—because no returns “had been made for several days.” Yet Badeau goes on to say “in spite of this statement of his chief,” Taylor speaks of the men “who, in line of battle on the 9th day of April, 1865, were reported present for duty.” But Lee did not say that no returns had been *made*. General Porter, of Grant's staff, gives Lee's exact words: “I have not *seen* any *returns for several days*.” This conversation took place on the 9th. On the 12th, three days later, Lee had evidently seen returns, for on that day he wrote his official report of the surrender, in which he says, “according to the reports of the ordnance officers, there were 7,892 organized infantry with arms,” &c. Ordnance officers were required to issue a full supply of ammunition to the infantry before the line advanced on the 9th, and this is probably the time when they ascertained the number of men needing it (men with arms in their hands) upon which were based the reports of which General Lee speaks. This is quite a different report from the returns of the strength of the commands which comes through the Adjutant-General's, and not through the Ordnance Department.

* It seems both the Cavalry Corps and Warren's, in some instances claimed the capture of the same prisoners, and the official reports of both corps therefore show a much larger number of prisoners than were actually taken.

wounded and captured reported by the enemy, for they do not include stragglers who did not fall into their hands, but failed to join their commands. What is the number of Lee's killed, which must be deducted from the excess above the number captured to ascertain the number of these absentees from other causes than death, captivity or wounds? Grant's losses in the final operations were 9,994 officers and men, of whom about 2,000 were killed. The Confederate loss in killed was somewhat greater. At Five Forks, at several places on the lines, and at Sailors Creek, the Confederates retreated under fire, after being defeated in battle, and sometimes in great disorder, and their losses were greater than their assailants. Grant's troops, however, fell back under fire in Warren's fight, so did Sheridan's towards Dinwiddie. Grant's troops were repulsed at several places on the lines, gained costly success at Battery Gregg,* and made unsuccessful attacks on field breastworks at Sutherland's Station, and when Humphreys attacked Lee near Farmville. In these actions Grant's losses were considerably greater than Lee's. Upon the whole, it is a fair estimate that Lee's losses in killed during these operations did not exceed 2,500. Deduct this number, and we have 4,500 as the whole number of absentees who were lost to Lee from the beginning to the end of the operations, from any other cause than death, wounds or captivity. Of this number of absentees, as we have seen, fully 2,500 were lost to Lee at Five Forks and on the lines on April 2d, and never started on the retreat. The remainder, 2,000, dropped out of ranks between Amelia Courthouse, where the great suffering for food began, and Appomattox Courthouse. The number of all these absentees, under the adverse circumstances, would be far from proving that the army was melting away. As to most of these absentees, their straggling or absence from their colors proves rather weakness of body than waning fealty to their cause. The fact that only two thousand of them succumbed to despair, famine, or temptation to abandon their colors, on that long march to Appomattox, after nearly two weeks of continuous battle and terrible suffering, affords sublime testimony to the heroic courage and fortitude of that other 34,000 fighting men who started on that memorable retreat, and none of whom was absent at the end, save the killed, wounded and captured in battle.

* Grant lost 714 men at Battery Gregg.

GRANDEUR OF LEE.

In no part of his life did the grandeur of Lee shine more conspicuously than now. He was the same grave, calm Commander-in-Chief; the same loveable tender man as in the days of power and triumph. The troops who were wont to watch his countenance to catch, if possible, an index of what was passing in his mind saw nothing there which indicated despair. It was to this bearing of their commander that, in a large degree, may be attributed the heroic efforts which the Army of Northern Virginia made, even to the last, to shake itself free from the toils of its mighty pursuers. I well remember on the day after Sailor's Creek, riding by some troops drawn up in line and momentarily expecting to advance upon the enemy, who were discussing the truth of the report that Ewell's corp had been captured there, and how a private produced conviction of the falsity of the news by indignantly asking: "Didn't you see Mars Bob when he rode by just now? Did he look like Ewell's corps had been captured?"

At times on this retreat his bearing towards young officers who came about him assumed a cheerfulness that almost amounted to playfulness. To an officer sent by a corps commander to ask at what point General Lee wished it to camp that night, he replied, "Tell him to march them to the Virginia Line." When the officer expressed surprise and asked how far it was, the General pleasantly remarked, "Well, then, tell him to march as far as he can." On another occasion General Lee was enquiring for a place called the "Stone Chimneys" on his map, and was told by a young officer who had been reared in the neighborhood that the place where they then were must be the one marked upon the map, for he remembered distinctly when the chimneys were built. General Lee, who evidently did not share the officer's confidence as to the locality, pleasantly remarked: "I was waiting for the guide to come up that we might ascertain from him, but I suppose we had as well go on. If you remember when the chimneys were built, this is not the place. The stone chimneys mentioned in this map were built before you were."

Near Farmville he sat for some time on his horse near a section of Chamberlayne's battery, which, on the brow of the hill, was shelling the enemy, and gazed intently through his glasses at their move-

ments. He was quite exposed. Receiving a report from a staff officer, General Lee gave him a message in reply, and as he started off said to him: "You rode up on the wrong side of the hill and unnecessarily exposed yourself. Why did you not come up on the other side?" The officer said he was ashamed to shelter himself when his commander was so exposed. General Lee remarked to him quite sharply: "It is my duty to be here; I must see. Your duty does not require you to see, or to expose yourself when there is no occasion for it. Ride back the way I tell you."

Near Goode's Bridge he astonished a young staff officer, after receiving a message sent by him, by looking quite fixedly at him and asking if "those people surprised your command this morning?" The officer was taken aback at the question, for he had just made a report from his commander that the troops were in good order, and asked directions for their disposition. He replied no, and asked if any such report had come to him. General Lee replied that he had received no such report, but that "judging from appearances something urgent must have prevented you young men about headquarters from making your toilets this morning," and he thought it possible that the command might have been surprised. At the same time he pointed to the officer's new cavalry boots, the leg of one being outside of the pants, while on the other the leather was half stuffed inside the pants, making that leg somewhat resemble a huge misshapen bologna sausage. The young officer had not observed this until his attention was called to it, and his face turned blood-red at the rebuke, and he could not conceal his mortification as he saluted and started to return.

General Lee then called him back and said he intended only to caution him as to the duty of officers, especially those who were near the persons of high commanders, to avoid anything on a retreat which might look like demoralization; that he knew he was a good soldier, and he must not take his caution so much to heart. So self-contained and so considerate was this great man of the feelings of others that he paused in the trying moments, when the destiny of a Nation and the fate of a retreating army were engrossing all his care, to soothe the wounded feelings of a young subaltern.

When one of the columns was some distance from Amelia Springs, two men, young and handsome, well mounted and dressed as Confederate officers, joined the troops, and rode some distance with them.

Their actions excited suspicion, and they were arrested and searched. On one of them was found a dispatch from Sheridan to Grant. The two men then confessed that they were scouts and spies for Sheridan.

A staff officer was directed to carry the dispatch to General Lee, and also to ask "what disposition to make of the spies," who now momentarily expected to be led out to execution. General Lee was found late that night, at his headquarters near Amelia Springs, and the dispatch and message delivered. He inquired briefly of the circumstances of the arrest of the two men, and whether any information other than that sent him had been extracted from them. Being answered, he turned to give instructions to some other officers, telling the staff officer to wait, he would give him his answer presently. When he had finished giving his instructions to other officers who were waiting, he again turned to the staff officer as if about to speak to him, but remained silent for more than a minute when he said: "Tell the general the lives of so many of our own men are at stake that all my thoughts now must be given to disposing of them. Let him keep the prisoners until he hears further from me." At the time it did not occur to the officer, though it did shortly afterwards, when the surrender freed these spies of their peril, that General Lee was thinking, while he paused, that a few hours would decide the fate of his army, and that if the army were lost, the execution of the men would be useless, and debating in his own mind whether, under the circumstances, duty forbade his showing pity for his captives, and giving them a chance for their lives, by delaying a decision which, if made then, would, according to all the laws of war, inevitably doom them to death.

REASONS FOR HOPING SUCCESS.

There are some who teach the children sprung from the loins of the Confederate soldier that it was folly to nurse the hope that the men of 1861 could maintain their undertaking. Their convictions of honor and duty left them no alternative; but were it otherwise, can it be matter of reproach that they bared their own breasts to the storm rather than bequeath the battle to their children?

The falsity of the so-called maxim, that "God favors the heaviest battalions," was signally illustrated by Napoleon throughout the greater part of his marvelous career. Charles XII of Sweden set it at naught. Frederick the Great won victory in spite of it, in the

Seven Years War against nearly all Europe. Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar in ancient days taught that numbers did not necessarily win battles.

The thought ignores Providence, and forgets the influences of moral forces in the work of war. All history sustains the profound philosopher, who declared that other maxim, "In war the moral is to the physical as three to one," and that maxim fights for the invaded against the invader.

The history of Western Europe did not allow the conclusion that it would respect the thin blockade which prevented the exchange of our great products in the markets of the world, and kept from us money, supplies and munitions which could not be had at home.

There was reasonable hope, if the contest long continued, that the interests and rivalries of the outside world would raise up allies for us, as in the Revolution of our fathers,*

History taught that critical periods always arise in such a struggle, when military disaster or great sacrifice paralyze a representative government in carrying on a long war of invasion.†

* The seizure of Mason and Slidell from an English vessel on the high seas, and the irritations and complications growing out of the French occupation of Mexico, came near involving the United States in conflict with those powers. The thin, almost "paper" blockades, maintained for a time on parts of the Southern coast, afforded constant provocations of trouble with the outside world, and so also of questions with foreign powers, which recognized the Confederate States as "belligerents," as to allowing our privateers to remain in their ports, the sale of the ships, munitions of war, &c., &c., as where the Wachusetts attacked and captured the privateer Florida in the Brazilian port of Bahia.

† Such crises more than once threatened to bring invasion to a halt, during the last two years of the war.

In 1863 there was intense opposition to the draft and the methods of President Lincoln's administration, both in the East and in the West. The terrible draft riots in New York city occurred while Meade was yet about Gettysburg. Had he been defeated there, the Government would have been compelled to call back its invading columns to enable it to maintain itself at home and save its capital. Such a result, a practical defensive, in the third year of the war, would have so greatly impaired, if not destroyed, the credit of the Government, and so strengthened the opposition at home, that it would have been impossible to fill the depleted armies, or successfully prosecute further invasion.

Another still more critical period arose in the latter part of the summer

Frederick the Great said that "an army, like a serpent, moves on its belly," and it was a rule of Cæsar's, in conducting invasions, that

of 1864. In the spring of that year the Confederates had crushed an invading force in Florida, and practically ended the siege of Charleston. Banks had been defeated with great loss in his Red river campaign, and Sherman, after the defeat of his cavalry, compelled to fall back from his attempted invasion of Mississippi, and Hoke had captured Plymouth, and expelled the enemy from North Carolina, while the Confederates had met with no corresponding back-sets.

Sherman had penetrated near Atlanta, but with considerable loss, and his ability to either capture the city or destroy Johnston's army was doubted, while few thought he could long maintain himself so far inland, and many believed he must finally retreat, which he could not do without great disaster. Grant had sustained fearful losses in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania, at Cold Harbor, in assaults on Petersburg, and at the Mine explosion. The Confederates still holding Grant at arm's length before Richmond, had invaded Maryland, and thrown an army up to the very walls of Washington, driven Hunter from Lynchburg, defeated Seigel in the Valley, and bottled up Butler at Bermuda Hundreds.

To the popular conception of the North, the invading armies appeared at this time as far, if not farther, from accomplishing their task than in 1862, and there was great and almost universal despondency as to the final result of the war in the Northern mind. The depreciation of the currency was very great, and the strain of the war also added to the general feeling of despair. The Confederate cruisers had destroyed the United States merchant marine and practically driven it from the high seas. To cap it all, came another of the interminable succession of drafts, demanding half a million more men to fill up the depleted armies, which still further fed public discontent and aroused most bitter opposition to further war of invasion.

Halleck, who was then Chief of Staff at Washington, writes Grant that alarming combinations were forming in several Northern States to resist the draft. He says: "The draft must be enforced, for otherwise the army can not be kept up, but to enforce it may require the withdrawal of a considerable number of troops from the field. I call your attention to it now that you may make your arrangements accordingly." "Are not appearances such that we 'ought to take in sail, and *prepare for a storm.*'" Grant, on the 15th day of August, replies that the loyal governors must enforce the draft with their militia. "If we are to draw troops from the field to keep the loyal States in harness, it will prove difficult to suppress the rebellion in the disloyal States. My withdrawal from the James *would ensure the defeat of Sherman.*" A week before Grant had written Sherman about reinforcing him, concurring in the latter's view "about showing no despondency," and expressing the opinion, "we must win, *if not defeated at home.*" At that

"war must support war." In a thinly settled country like ours, war could not be made to support war; since under such conditions "concentration starves itself." The offensive power of an army is gone at a long distance from its source of supply; and the necessity of maintaining long lines of communication often causes the retreat of the invader, though the invaded flees before him.

The character and expanse of country through which the invading armies must operate was, up to that time, a justification of the belief that the conquest of the South was impossible.

In the Revolution, England generally controlled the sea-board, but the river breezes were fitful and unsafe motive power for her sail vessels on our rivers, and she could not maintain depots of supplies for any large force, at any distance from the sea. It was not thought possible, under the art of war as known in 1861, that steam vessels could maintain inland navigation for any distance, in the face of

time, probably, a majority of the voters at the North felt that war as a means of saving the Union was a failure, and the morale of the armies in the field were affected by the action of this opinion from their homes. Grant says, *Memoirs*, Volume II, page 167, "Anything that could have prolonged the war a year beyond the time it did fairly close, would probably have exhausted the North to such an extent that they might then have abandoned the contest, and agreed to a separation."

All sources show that at this time there was great danger of a complete collapse of the war spirit of the North, and if the military successes at Atlanta and Winchester and Cedar Creek in September and October had not opportunely come to Mr. Lincoln's rescue just before the presidential election of November following, the "Peace Party" would have prevailed. Indeed, even after the fall of Atlanta, if Early, whose army had so nearly crushed Sheridan's on the 19th of October, had been able to finish the work, and to again invade Maryland and bring his army before Washington, it needs no seer to predict its effect on the Northern mind, or the change it would have produced in the presidential election. As it was over a million and a half of voters at the North expressed their dissatisfaction at the conduct of the war, and a desire in preference to save the Union by negotiations.

It admits of little doubt, if Sherman had been held off at Atlanta as Grant was at Richmond, and Early had been able to maintain his hold of the Valley, until after November 6th, that the public opinion at the North would have destroyed the power of the government to continue a war of invasion. On such slender threads depend the fate of nations, and the chances of war give rise to many of them in a long contest such as ours was.

modern shore batteries, or that railroads could be effectually operated through hostile country.

At last it was the power of the iron-clad steamer and the successful use of the railroad in maintaining long lines of communication—the first then unknown, and the latter then untested in war—combined with the control of the seaboard, which under Providence compassed our overthrow. Without the iron-clad steamer, Grant could not have brought or subsisted his army before Vicksburg. The historic ten months' seige, which resulted in the fall of Richmond, would not have been written. The march to the sea and through the Carolinas could never have been undertaken if a hostile navy had not controlled the coast. Without the railroad Sherman could not have reached Atlanta, nor Rosencrans have obtained a foothold at Chattanooga.

Who so impeaches the wisdom of our countrymen for engaging in unequal war, "may equally denounce Hancock and Adams and Washington and Jefferson, who declared the infant colonies independent States, and defied the power of the greatest military government then on the globe."

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER OF THE A. N. V.

Who that looked on the private soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia can ever forget his bright face, his tattered jacket, and crownless hat—his jests, which tickled the very ribs of death—his weary marches in cold and heat and storm—his pangs of hunger, his parching fevers, his wounds—his passing away in woods or roadside when the weak body freed the dauntless soul—his bare feet tracking the rugged fields of Virginia and Maryland and Pennsylvania, sometimes with stains like those that reddened the snow at Valley Forge—his clinging to his colors while wife and child at home clutched at his courage with cries for bread—his hope and faith and patience to the end—his love of home—deference to woman and trust in God—his courage, which sounded all the depths and shoals of misfortune, and for a time throttled fate itself—or the ringing yell of his onset, his battle anthem for native land, rising Heavenwards above the roar of an hundred stormy fields.

Who can forget his homeward march, after the end came, unstained by violence or wrong, and how the paroled prisoner became the citizen who won the admiration and wonder of the world? Let

us emulate his example ; and if misfortune or disaster bear us down, let us draw inspiration, as he did, from the sublime faith and fortitude of Lee, in the darkest hour of his life, and "trust to work out."

At the close of the address, Colonel Richard L. Maury offered the following resolution :

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be tendered Governor Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama, for his able address on "The Last Days of the Army of Northern Virginia," and that a copy of same be requested for publication and the archives of the Association.

Adopted unanimously.

Major Thomas A. Brander moved that a committee of five be appointed to propose the names of the officers and the Executive Committee for the ensuing year. Adopted ; and the following gentlemen were appointed : Thomas A. Brander, E. C. Minor, William Kean, Charles E. Morgan and A. W. Garber.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

In response to calls, Captain W. Gordon McCabe responded in a brief but beautiful address.

By this time the committee returned, and reported the names of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year, and the report was unanimously agreed to :

President—Judge George L. Christian.

First Vice-President—Judge T. S. Garnett.

Second Vice-President—General Thomas L. Rosser.

Third Vice-President—Hon. R. T. Barton.

Secretary—Captain Thomas Ellett.

Treasurer—Private Robert J. Bosher.

Executive Committee—Colonel W. E. Cutshaw (chairman), Private J. T. Gray, Captain E. P. Reeve, Captain John Cussons, and Captain W. Gordon McCabe.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Star*, December 7, 1893.]

THE FIRST VIRGINIA INFANTRY IN THE PENINSULA CAMPAIGN.

Reminiscences of Sergeant Charles T. Loehr.

The following graphic paper was read before Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, Virginia, on the night of Monday, December 4, 1893 :

Comrades of Pickett Camp :

In referring to the campaign on the Peninsula a few preliminary remarks may not be amiss.

After the battle of Bull Run Johnston's army remained inactive in front of Washington. Instead of gaining in numbers and efficiency it was sadly depleted by details and discharges for the War Department. It cannot be denied that both Johnston and Beauregard urged the Confederate authorities to concentrate the whole Confederate force for an aggressive move, but the President and his advisers thought otherwise, and the army was condemned to inactivity when the chances for success were almost certain. Meanwhile, as the months passed away, the Federal authorities were not idle. A large army was placed in the field under the able management of General McClellan. More than 150,000 were ready to pounce down on the Confederate force at Centreville, which had been reduced to less than 40,000 by the policy of the Confederate Government.

In March, 1862, the Northern army was in readiness to move. Johnston, unable to oppose the overwhelming numbers, did the best he could under the circumstances, retreated to the Rappahannock. McClellan, instead of following the Confederates, concluded to transfer this army to Fortress Monroe and push "on to Richmond" from the Peninsula.

April 3d we left Orange Courthouse ; after a very fatiguing march through mud knee deep, during a continued rain, snow, and hail storm, we reached Louisa Courthouse on the 7th. The 12th found us encamped at Young's mill-pond, near this city ; that is, the

camp was there, but most of us spent our time in meeting and greeting our friends in Richmond.

On the 16th we marched through the city, embarked on the steamer Glen Cove, which landed us at King's Mill wharf early on the morning of the 17th.

During our halt near the wharf I saw General Joseph E. Johnston. He was talking to a wounded soldier lying on a stretcher. The remarks he made were about picket firing, which the General said he did not approve ; that the loss of life and comfort of the men did not compensate for damage inflicted to the enemy. In the evening we marched to the rear of the line near Wynn's Mill in a thick piece of woods. The next day we were placed in the trenches, where we stayed most of the time. These works we found were of great strength ; covered ways and ditches ran to them from all directions, and the men were kept busy to make them still stronger. Here we lay in the muddy ditches, in which some rude shelters or bomb-proofs had been erected. In these we huddled up during night and day, trying to keep out of the wet, as it rained most of the time. Water for washing purposes was not to be had, and therefore it was not long before vermin, generally known as graybacks, appeared to add to our discomfort.

A considerable amount of artillery ammunition was wasted between the lines, and further to the right the sharpshooters made things lively. On the 16th the enemy, some Vermont troops, charged the lines just to the right of our position, and on visiting this part of the line, which was somewhat dangerous from the enemy's sharpshooters, many of the dead left by the enemy in his retreat could still be seen in the swamp just in front of the works.

In the rear of our lines were the log cabins erected by Magruder's men during the winter. During a heavy rain our boys would make use of them as shelter. On one occasion a number of my company were making themselves comfortable when Colonel Williams ordered us out, saying it was dangerous, as the enemy would shell us. I and most of us had hardly gotten out when sure enough a shell penetrated the log just over the entrance of the cabin and burst, killing Corporal E. M. Ferneyhough and wounding private M. F. Wingfield, who was fortunate to come out with his eyes only blackened by splinters. Corporal Ferneyhough was one of our best and most daring comrades, and we sadly regretted his loss.

On the 26th of April there was a great time in camp. We were there in the rear—in reserve, as it was called. The reorganization and election of officers was the subject. Having enlisted for one year, our time expired on the 21st of that month, but there was little ceremony wasted by the Confederate Government as to our right of being discharged. We were permitted to reorganize. This appears to have been about the only favor extended. We, of course, realized that if we should pack our knapsacks and leave, the war would end then and there. Therefore there was nothing to be done but to hold on and follow the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the Confederacy.

The fears of General Johnston that this line could not be held now became more and more apparent. The enemy brought up his siege train. Over 100 heavy guns and mortars were ready to hurl destruction into our lines. This was more than we could stand, so, after everything had been carefully prepared by General McClellan, General Johnston concluded it best and safest to retire to the capital of the South, then concentrate the Confederate forces, and try to regain the lost ground, which he could not hold with any prospect of success.

On the evening of May 3d the evacuation of the Yorktown lines commenced, leaving the trenches during the early part of the night. We marched about four or five miles toward the rear near an old church, where a halt was made for a few hours, during which time the evacuation of Yorktown was completed. Ammunition and ordnance were blown up, and the guns which could not be removed were spiked. The noise could be heard for miles. Continuing our march, we reached Williamsburg and halted near the asylum on the morning of the 4th. The enemy, on finding out that his front was clear, followed close behind, catching up with our rear guard. It resulted in a heavy skirmish, in which the enemy was driven back with loss. The morning of the 5th opened wet and dreary. Our division (Longstreet's) was to hold the enemy in check while the rest of our army was on its way toward Richmond.

Early in the morning, skirmishing commenced east of Williamsburg. About 10 o'clock orders came for us to fall in, and the brigade commanded by General A. P. Hill, consisting of ours the First, about 195 muskets, the Seventh, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Virginia regiments, turned its face eastward towards the advancing Federal lines.

Marching through the old capital of Virginia, we left our baggage at one of the private residences, and halted in the rear, and to the right of Fort Magruder, which was occupied by the Richmond Fayette artillery and two guns of the Richmond Howitzers, who were subjected to hot fire from the enemy's guns, loosing a great many men, but holding on to their position, from which the enemy was unable to silence or drive them. After forming in line of battle and halting awhile we were ordered forward into the woods, to the right, where the battle was then raging. Soon after we reached the position, as the regiment became engaged, they got separated, and each regiment, so to say, fought on its own hook. We were ordered to support the Nineteenth Mississippi regiment, which was being forced back by the enemy. Before we could reach them some of the companies broke and ran through our ranks, closely pursued by the enemy, who, getting into the felled timber or abattis, was in turn charged by our regiment and driven off in great confusion. Following them through the felled timber, we came out right into a six-gun battery, which we captured, together with a large United States battle flag, also a small brigade guide flag. It was of blue silk with a golden 3 embroidered thereon. This we carried with us to Richmond. An aide of General Longstreet now came up and requested Colonel Williams to make a detail of 100 men to carry off the guns. This Colonel Williams was unable to do, as he could not spare that force. Subsequently a detail was made from the Nineteenth Virginia regiment, and the guns were safely carried off.

From the point where we struck the battery we charged across an open field into another piece of woods. While halting in the edge of the woods, we observed several lines of the enemy passing between us and our line which was in the felled timber. At first we thought they were some of our men until we were fired upon by them. We then fell back into the fallen timber a short distance in rear of where we captured the battery; but now, the enemy having been reinforced, they swarmed all around us. The bullets seem to come from all directions. We lost a good many men, Colonel L. B. Williams was badly wounded, and the command was turned over to Major W. H. Palmer. Most of our muskets had become useless from the continued rain, and our ammunition was nearly all expended, but by supplying ourselves with the enemy's muskets and ammunition, which was abundantly scattered about, the fight was continued

until dark, when the regiment, or what was left of it, retired from the field as stated. It had been raining all day, the woods were full of dead and wounded Federals and Confederates. We could have captured hundreds of the enemy who appeared to be lost in those woods, but we only gave them the direction to our rear.

Whether they went there or not, it mattered little to us, we were too much worn out to attend to this part of the programme. The regiment lost many good and true men. Among the killed we name: Corporal Charles D. Beale, Privates Jordan and P. Moss, of Company B; Private Pat. Keeting, Company C; Private George Logan, Company D; Sergeant C. C. Fowlks, Company G; Private Ro. D. Swords, Company H, and Private John G. Grammer, Company I.

Towards the close of the day I was ordered by Major Palmer to communicate our position to a North Carolina regiment, which was towards the right of our position. Just after reaching this regiment and delivering my instructions to the colonel, the enemy made a fierce attack on this regiment. The men were lying behind the trees, and as they commenced to fire their muskets some of the bullets would come out with a stream of fire, then fall to the ground, the powder having become soaked. However, the enemy was driven off and I started for my command. It was then getting quite dark. Seeing a line of men in my front I thought I could recognize some of my company, but after calling to them and getting closer I found myself within the enemy's line. To turn around and start off in another direction was the next thing. In doing so I was saluted by the Federals with a shower of balls, but I got away, continuing my solitary retreat among the dead and dying in the dark woods, not knowing where to go. I was aroused by hearing some one call out: "Here goes one; shoot him." I now gave myself up for lost. Not knowing what to do and being completely worn out, I shouted back toward the voice, "Don't shoot, I surrender." Then came the query, "What regiment is yours?" To my answer the First Virginia, I was informed that I had come into the line of the Second Mississippi battalion; that the First had passed through them for the rear some time previous. I then started towards the town, coming out in the open field in front of Fort Magruder. Our artillery was hard at work sending its iron messengers towards the Federal lines. I had to cross the field just in front of the batteries, and I tried to do it quickly, but the soft mud was too much for me; so as gun after gun was fired, I

had to lay flat down and let the shot pass over before I could get further. Finally I reached the road, and a short walk brought me to the town. Here every house was filled with wounded, and men who, like myself, were in quest of a dry spot. It was not till I reached the western end of the town that I found shelter. Hearing the voices of some of the members of my company who had taken possession of a vacant building, I was soon among them, and by a rousing fire we spent the night after the battle. When we got up in the morning we found the last of our army were leaving, while the enemy was charging Fort Magruder where not a man was left to oppose them. Gathering our baggage we also turned our faces toward the West, leaving behind us our colonel and several others too badly wounded to stand the march.

The roads were simply bottomless. Wagons, guns, horses, and even men got stuck in the mire, and it was only with great exertion that they could be liberated. Some of the guns and wagons, however, were left in the mud. That night we reached Burnt Ordinary, and the 7th of May found us near the Chickahominy river, where we formed a line of battle; got something to eat, which was the first food furnished us since leaving Williamsburg. On the 9th, we reached Long Bridge, which we crossed on the 15th. During the night we stopped on the side of the road, and a fearful rain-storm came up, nearly drowning us. The next day we again reached the neighborhood of Home, Sweet Home.

General A. P. Hill, in his report of the battle of Williamsburg, mentioned the capture of the battery and the flag having for its inscription: "To Hell or Richmond," saying that Colonel Williams fell severely wounded about 6 o'clock P. M., when the command devolved on Major W. H. Palmer, who, though slightly wounded himself, held every position they had taken until directed to fall back after dark. Captain James Mitchell received the swords of two officers. Cadet Thomas H. Mercer was commended for coolness and daring. Corporal Leigh M. Blanton, though wounded in the head, refused assistance, and himself captured General Patterson's carpet-sack, with his commission, and took two prisoners to the rear.

The list of casualties of A. P. Hill's is stated as follows:

First Virginia—Killed, 11; wounded, 29; missing, 1—total, 41.

Seventh Virginia—Killed, 12; wounded, 64; missing, 0—total, 76.

Eleventh Virginia—Killed, 25; wounded, 105; missing, 3—total, 133.

Seventeenth Virginia—Killed, 14; wounded, 47; missing, 10—total, 71.

Grand totals—Killed, 62; wounded, 245; missing, 14—total, 321.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

On the Life and Character of Lieut.-General D. H. Hill,

Before the Ladies' Memorial Association, at Raleigh, N. C., May 10, 1893,
by Hon. A. C. Avery, Associate Justice of the Supreme
Court of North Carolina.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Comrades, Gentlemen:

Measured by the average length of human life, almost a generation has passed away since the tocsin of war was sounded thirty years ago and aroused in conservative old North Carolina such a *furor* of excitement as no pen can portray and no tongue describe. As years have rolled by the reaper has gathered and the angels have garnered the ripened sheaves. One by one the spirits of our old heroes have passed over the river to again rally around their sainted leaders, Lee, Jackson and Hill, and join them in endless pæans to the Prince of Peace for achieving the most sublime of all great victories. Twenty years ago the space allotted to the soldiers at these annual gatherings was filled for the most part by comrades rejoicing in the exuberant vigor of young manhood. The eye of your orator searches in vain to-day among the silvered heads, that fill the space allotted to the old soldiers, for the manly forms of those friends of his boyhood and comrades of his young manhood, Basil Manly, Richard Badger, Phil. Sasser and James McKimmon, true and tried soldiers, who were as conspicuous for their courage in the hour of danger as for their loyalty to the sacred memories of the past when our banner had been forever furled.

These object lessons constrain those of us who are now distinctively known as old veterans, to remember that the mention of the stirring days of sixty-one reminds the majority of this audience of no such vivid scenes as pass in review before the imaginations of the old soldier and the wives, sisters and daughters, whose hands in all these years have trimmed the turf, and whose tears have moistened the immortelles that cover the resting places of our loved and honored dead.

Seven States South of us had solemnly asserted their right under the Constitution to sever their connection with the Federal Union, and had, through their representatives in convention, established the provisional government of the new Confederacy, with Montgomery, Alabama, as its capital city. But North Carolina, with characteristic conservatism, still clung to the federative union of States, which was conceived in the patriotic resolves of Mecklenburg, and ultimately established by the timely strategy and heroic valor of her volunteer troops at Kings Mountain and Guilford Courthouse. In 1789 she had awaited further assurance and guaranty that her rights as a sovereign State would be respected and protected before she would agree to enter into the more perfect union then formed. In 1861, she adhered to that union, and stood under the agis of the old flag till those in whose custody the political revolution of the previous year had placed it, had already broken the compact, and attempted the subjugation of her sister States.

The defiant answer of Governor Ellis to Lincoln's demand for North Carolina's quota of Federal soldiers, and his prompt call for volunteers to support our kindred and man our forts, went to the people on the wings of the wind. Telegrams, trains, single engines, pony express and runners were so effectually employed as to reach every precinct and every hamlet in three or four days. South Carolina had been invaded, and every voice demanded that the invader should be resisted to the death. The response of the clan to the bearer of Vich Alpine's bloody croslet was not more ready, nor supported by a more determined courage than was that of the brave sons of our grand old State to the call of her chosen chief. In a little while drums were beating, bands were playing, girls were singing, boys were shouting, flags were flying, orators were appealing, and stalwart men were weeping. But behind all this the firm resolve of the volunteer to do or die found an echo even in the heart of the

wife and mother. The widow, without a murmur, committed her only boy to the keeping of the orphan's God, as she proudly imprinted a parting kiss upon his brow, while the woe of the bride was tempered with that admiration which is the tribute of beauty to bravery, as she gave a last embrace to one to whom she had but yesterday plighted her faith. The stately Southern dames and the petted damsels, whose soft hands had seldom plied needle before, found their greatest pleasure then in deftly working upon caps, haversacks and knapsacks, as at a later day in cutting and stitching the coarse clothing intended for our brave boys.

The organized bodies of citizen soldiery from all parts of the State, such as the Rowland Rifles, the Wilmington Light Infantry and the Oak City Guards were sent hastily to the unoccupied forts on our coast. As the other companies thus hurriedly equipped, rushed to the capitol to tender their services, all eyes were turned to an adopted son of the State, whose education at West Point and brilliant career in Mexico, had placed him easily at the head of her citizen soldiery—and Daniel Harvey Hill was called to the command of her first camp of instruction.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

He was born in York District in the State of South Carolina on the 21st of July, 1821. He traced his descent neither from the Cavaliers of England nor from the Huguenots of France, but from the sturdy sons of liberty-loving Scotland, who migrated to the north of Ireland and ultimately planted colonies in Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, where they educated, elevated and dominated the people with whom they came in contact. His paternal grandfather, William Hill, a native of Ireland, had landed in Pennsylvania, and moving South with the stream of Scotch-Irish that populated the valley of Virginia and Western North Carolina, built, with Colonel Hayne as his partner, in 1770, an iron foundry in York District, which within the next decade was the only point south of Virginia where cannons were cast for the use of the colonial armies. He was colonel of a regiment in Sumpter's brigade, and fought gallantly under him in many engagements. While Colonel Hill was confined to his home by a wound received in battle, a detachment was sent from the British force at Charleston to destroy his foundry, and he barely escaped with his life by hiding under a large

log and covering himself with leaves. When the battle of King's Mountain was fought, Colonel Hill's command had been disbanded, but he went to the field as a volunteer, and was honored by being invited to the council held by Campbell, Sevier, McDowell, and other distinguished regimental commanders, to determine the plan of attack. He made a number of suggestions that were adopted and proved the value of his opinion as a soldier. For twenty years after the war Colonel Hill was the trusted representative of his district in the State Senate of South Carolina, and was the intimate friend of Patrick Calhoun, the father of the great statesman and orator, John C. Calhoun. General Hill's mother was Nancy Cabeen, the daughter of Thomas Cabeen, a native Scotchman, who was Sumpter's trusted scout and "the bravest man in his command," as the General himself often declared. Two uncles of General Hill were soldiers in the second war with England, and one of them was the adjutant of Colonel Arthur P. Hayne's regiment. Solomon Hill, his father, died when his son Harvey was but four years old, leaving him with four other children to be reared by a mother who was noted for her piety, culture, common sense and devotion to her children. Like all Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the old school, she exacted of her sons the most rigid observance of the Sabbath. Dr. John Hill, a somewhat wayward brother of General Hill, often declared, after he had reached middle age, that during his boyhood he always "took the blues on Thursday morning because Sunday was coming." The boys were required, each in his turn, to select and read a morning prayer when the family assembled for breakfast. Some of General Hill's heartiest laughs were provoked by the recollection of the ludicrous mistakes made by this little brother in his efforts to find and read the shortest petition in the book without regard to its fitness for the occasion.

Sprung from a race of soldiers by the paternal as well as the maternal line, it is not strange that the earliest ambition of D. H. Hill led him to seek for a place at West Point and to look forward to a military career. Under the rigid physical examination now prescribed for an applicant, he would have been rejected without hesitation. He entered the institution in 1838, and but for feeble health, would have pressed to the very front of a class of which Generals Longstreet, A. P. Stewart, G. W. Smith, R. H. Anderson and Van

Dorn of the Confederate, and Rosecranz, Pope, Sikes, Doubleday, Stone and Reynolds of the Federal army were members.

MEXICAN WAR.

Graduating in 1842, he was still a second lieutenant when he was ordered with his command into active service in Mexico in August, 1845. During the three succeeding years he participated in nearly every battle fought by our forces under the command of either Scott or Taylor, and always attracted the notice of his superior officers by his conspicuous courage. He soon rose to the rank of first lieutenant, and for gallant conduct at Contreras and Cherubusco, was breveted captain. At Chapultepec he volunteered with the storming party, and so distinguished himself among the scores of brave men who participated with him in that desperate assault as to win for himself a second brevet as major. He was one of the six officers in the whole force employed in Mexico who were twice breveted for meritorious service upon the field. Animosity, envy and a disposition to indulge in carping criticism have led to many unjust reflections upon General Hill, but the most unscrupulous of his detractors never questioned his courage or his integrity. When the legislature of his native State provided by law that three swords should be awarded to the three bravest of her soldiers who had survived the war with Mexico, many letters and testimonials from the officers of the old army were voluntarily sent to the Chief Executive, naming D. H. Hill as among the bravest soldiers in the army of the United States. Among the few of these testimonials still extant is the letter from the gallant Bee, who, in exclaiming a moment before he fell at Manassas, "There stands Jackson like a stonewall," gave to the great leader the pet name by which his soldiers called him and the world knows him, and thereby made himself immortal as its author. The letter, addressed to General Dunavant on the 26th of October, 1856, is as follows :

"It gives me great pleasure to add my mite of praise to that which has already been given to Mr. Hill by his military superiors. I had the pleasure of knowing him intimately and serving with him in the storming party detailed from Twigg's division for the attack on Chapultepec. I can bear full testimony to his gallantry and to his ardent desire to do his duty well. In addition, I can testify to his State

pride, evinced in his going up under a heavy fire to congratulate and praise a member of the Palmetto regiment, who was behaving under fire most gallantly. For his services on that day he received honorable mention from his immediate commanders and also from Colonel McGruder, commanding a light battery, which battery Lieutenant Hill offered to support when it was menaced by a body of Mexican lancers. He received the brevet appointment of major, and was considered a loss to the service when he resigned.

"Your obedient servant,

"BERNARD BEE,
"Captain U. S. Army."

From the scores of her surviving heroes of the Palmetto regiment and in the regular army the committee appointed by the State authorities selected Hill to receive one of the three swords awarded, and it is still preserved by his family.

After the close of the late war a Federal soldier wrote to General Joseph E. Johnston asking the name of a Confederate officer who, on the right of our army at Seven Pines, had made himself most conspicuous for his daring and indifference to danger. The only mark of distinction which he could give General Johnston was that he thought the officer rode a white horse. General Johnston replied that he supposed the officer referred to must have been General D. H. Hill. In writing to General Hill about the matter, General Johnston said: "I drew my conclusion that your horse might very well have been taken for white, and that no man was more likely to expose himself than you. Do you know that in Mexico the young officers called you the bravest man in the army?"

MARRIAGE AND LIFE AS TEACHER.

When the war with Mexico ended Major Hill resigned his place in the army to accept the professorship of mathematics in Washington College, at Lexington, Va. Before assuming the duties of that place he was happily married, November 2, 1852, to Isabella, oldest daughter of Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, and grand-daughter of General Joseph Graham, who was a distinguished soldier of the Revolution, and the father of Governor William A. Graham. Six years later he was invited to take the same professorship at Davidson College, where for five years he was looked upon as the leading spirit amongst a corps of able and learned professors.

D. H. Hill was not a politician in the sense of aspiring to office or attempting to mould public opinion; but when he saw that the leaders of the North had determined that no Southerner should be allowed to take his slaves to the territory wrested from Mexico by the blood and treasure of the South as well as the North, he believed that the irrepressible conflict which Seward declared at a later day was being waged had then begun, and would be settled only upon the bloody field of battle and after a prolonged, sanguinary and doubtful struggle.

Fully persuaded that the inevitable conflict was near at hand, and that it was his solemn duty to prepare the rising generation of his adopted State to meet it, he, in 1859, gave up his pleasant home and his congenial duties at Davidson College for those of commandant and manager of the Military Institute at Charlotte.

He harbored no unkind thought of the noble men and women of the North who held opinions different from his own. He respected even the honest fanatic, who fairly and openly contended for his convictions; but he hated cant and hypocrisy, despised duplicity and dishonesty, and leveled at them his most effective weapons—ridicule and sarcasm. For that portion of our Northern brethren who came to the South to drive hard bargains with our people and cheat them by false pretences, he felt and expressed the most sovereign contempt. For the men of the North who coveted the wealth of the Southern planter, and the women who envied their Southern sisters because of the ease and leisure incident to the ownership of slaves, he made no attempt to conceal his hatred and disgust.

Major Hill brought with him to Raleigh his three professors, Lee, Lane and McKinney, two of whom fell later at the head of North Carolina regiments, and one of whom was the successor of the noble Branch as the commander of one of our best and bravest brigades. He also brought with him almost the whole corps of cadets, whose services proved invaluable as drill-masters of the ten thousand volunteers then in the camp of instruction of which Hill took charge. For his services in the camp of instruction, General Hill was allowed to select twelve companies to compose the first regiment of volunteers. The officers of these companies were all leading and influential citizens, and the rank and file were among the first young men in the State in intelligence, wealth and social position. The service of six months proved a training-school for that splendid body of

volunteers, that ultimately placed them at the head of companies, regiments, brigades and divisions. Among its original officers were Major-General Hoke, Brigadier-Generals Lane and Lewis, Colonels Avery, Bridgers, Hardy, W. W. McDowell, J. C. S. McDowell, Starr, Pemberton, Fuller, and a score of others, while a number from the rank and file fell at the head of both companies and regiments at later stages of the struggle.

In the outset of this discussion of the career of D. H. Hill as a Confederate soldier, I lay down and propose to maintain the proposition that from the time when he fought the first fight of the war with North Carolina soldiers on Virginia soil till the day he led the last attacking column of Confederates east of the Mississippi and checked Sherman's advance at Bentonville, whatever may have been the general result of any engagement, the command of General D. H. Hill was never found when the firing ceased at night in the rear of the position it occupied when the signal of attack sounded in the morning. Apparently reckless in the exposure of his own person, no officer in our armies was more anxious about the health, happiness and safety of his soldiers. His theory was that spades were instruments of defensive, bayonets of offensive warfare, and whether the emergency demanded the use of the one or the other, it was to be done with "might and main." When his cadets had asked him whether they should join South Carolina regiments before their own State seceded, he had prophesied that the war would soon begin and would continue long enough to give every Southerner an opportunity to display his manhood. He rested his hope of success upon the belief that every son of the South would rush to the rescue; that our armies would be supplied by the labor of our slaves, and that we would thus be enabled to throw a force into the field sufficient to meet every Northern man who would tender his services to the Federal Government. Two important elements were wanting as a basis of his calculations—the Southern loyalist and the foreign substitute. When, therefore, General D. H. Hill reported to Colonel J. B. McGruder, then in charge of the Peninsula, and was assigned to the command of the defences of Yorktown, he realized, in a measure at least, the magnitude of the coming contest.

It has been said that a man who is himself born to command is quick to perceive in others the qualities that fit them for leadership. Colonel Hill seemed almost intuitively to descry in the ranks the

coolness, courage, judgment and power of prompt decision which others recognized in his favorites after they had led brigades and divisions to victory. On assuming command at Yorktown he soon discovered that the cavalry, which he looked upon as the "eye and the ear of the army," was inefficient, because the force was composed of a number of detached companies without a trained or efficient commander. In this emergency an officer of the old army, who had been commissioned lieutenant in the regular army of the Confederate States, reported for duty. Marking him as a man of promise, Colonel Hill at once caused an order to be issued placing "Major John B. Hood" in command of all the cavalry, and waited for the War Department to ratify the promotion and thus protect him in practicing a pardonable ruse on the volunteers. That officer ultimately succeeded Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill as the commander of a corps, and was still later placed in charge of the army of Tennessee. The Providence that has provided homes for his orphan children will in its own good time bring to light all the facts, and then John B. Hood will stand vindicated before the world as one of the best and bravest of all our leaders. It was this same gift that enabled General Hill to select from the lieutenants of his regiment Robert F. Hoke to be made major of his regiment over ten competent captains. It was this intuitive perception of persistent pluck, dash and coolness that prompted him to love and honor George B. Anderson, William R. Cox, Bryan Grimes, Stephen D. Ramseur and Robert D. Johnston, and led him later to urge the advancement of Gordon, Colquitt and Doles, of Georgia. In June, 1861 (a few days after the fight at Bethel), in a letter to his wife he said of Stonewall Jackson, then a colonel in command of a brigade, "I see that Jackson has had an engagement and taken many prisoners. I have predicted all along that Colonel Jackson would have a prominent place in the war."

BATTLE OF BETHEL.

On the 6th of June, 1861, Colonel Hill, then at Yorktown, was ordered to make a reconnoissance in force in the direction of Fortress Monroe, and moved down with his own regiment and four companies of Richmond Howitzers, under the command of Major G. W. Randolph (afterwards Secretary of War) to Little Bethel Church. Receiving information that Butler's forces were preparing to move up the Peninsula, Colonel Hill fell back to Big Bethel Church, where,

with a small branch of Black river on his front and right flank and an almost impenetrable forest on his left, he used twenty-five spades and several hundreds of bayonets during the night in making an enclosed work. Ben. Butler had started 5,000 men in three columns, with the confident expectation that two of the detachments would travel by roads passing north and south of the position at Little Bethel, and form a junction two or three miles in rear of it, where the roads traveled by the two came together, while Duryea's regiment of Zouaves would engage Hill in front till the other columns should unite, and then press him in the rear in his expected retreat. Two of the detachments mistook each other in the night, and engaged in a skirmish, in which two men were killed and eight wounded. The Zouaves, instead of "following immediately upon the heels" of the fugitive rebels, as contemplated by Butler, turned back, and fled precipitately on hearing the firing in front of their own reserve line.

On the next day they again moved forward and attacked the force at Big Bethel, Colonel McGruder having meantime arrived with Cary's battalion of infantry. The whole force engaged on the Confederate side was 800 North Carolinians and 400 Virginians; on the Federal, 3,500, with 1,500 to 2,500 in reserve. After preliminary skirmishing for about two hours, and an attack that lasted two and a half hours longer, the enemy retreated in great confusion, with a loss of probably 50 killed and 300 wounded, and were so hotly pursued by our cavalry that they scattered guns, haversacks and knapsacks till they crossed a bridge and stopped the pursuit by destroying it. The names of no soldiers of North Carolina should be inscribed in a more prominent place on the monument to be erected to her heroic dead than those of Henry L. Wyatt, the first offering of the South to the Lost Cause, and his three comrades, who rushed forward in a hail of shot and shell to destroy a house where the sharpshooters of the enemy had taken shelter. Judging of its importance by the numbers engaged and the losses on both sides, the battle of Bethel scarcely rose above the dignity of a skirmish; yet few events in the early history of the war had a more important influence upon the contests of the following year. The splendid bearing of our soldiers sent a thrill of pride to every Southern heart, and when the first battle of Manassas was fought, less than a month later, our soldiers moved forward in the confidence that Southern

pluck would again prevail over a foe that had shown so little dash and confidence in this encounter.

There was on the Federal side at least one stout leader, who displayed the spirit of a hero. When Major Theodore Winthrop fell within fifteen feet of our line, bravely leading a regiment in the charge, even a generous foe felt that he was worthy to bear the name of the two Winthrops by whose courage and judgment Americans had first gained a foothold in this country.

COMMITTED EVERYTHING TO GOD.

To know D. H. Hill as the soldier of iron nerve, who rode unmoved in showers of shot and shell, or rebuked in scathing terms a laggard or deserter, was to understand nothing of his true nature. When the battle of Bethel was over and others were feasting or carousing, Hill had fallen upon his knees and was returning thanks to Almighty God who, he believed, directed the course of every deadly missile hurled by the enemy with the same unerring certainty that ordered the movements of the multitudes of worlds in the universe, and into whose keeping he daily committed himself, his wife and little ones, his staff and his soldiers with the calm reliance of a child, that as a kind father he would provide what was best for him and them.

On the day after the fight at Bethel he wrote his wife: "I have to thank God for a great and decided victory and that I escaped with a slight contusion on the knee. * * It is a little singular that my first battle in this war should be at Bethel where I was baptized and worshipped till I was sixteen years old, the church of my mother. Was she not a guardian spirit in the battle, averting ball and shell? Oh God, give me gratitude to Thee, and may we never dishonor Thee by weak faith!" Still later he wrote his wife: "I look for a battle about the first of October. Pray for me that I may be well. (He was then in delicate health.) * * We are in the hands of God, and as safe on the battlefield as anywhere else. We will be exposed to a heavy fire, but the arm of God is mightier than the artillery of the enemy."

After the battle Governor Ellis issued a commission of Brigadier General to him, as Governor Letcher had done at an earlier date in the case of Jackson, but President Davis delayed giving him the appointment till September, 1861. The response to a letter from his

wife written during this interval, in which she complained of the delay, shows how little the outer world understood his character or his motives. "You must not be concerned about my commission (he wrote). I feel too distrustful of my own skill, coolness and judgment. I have never coveted and always avoided positions of trust and responsibility. The offices that I have held have not been of my seeking."

ASSIGNED TO COMMAND IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Upon receiving his commission as a brigadier in September, 1861, the first work assigned to him was the command of the coast of North Carolina with the duty, as far as possible, of constructing fortifications wherever necessary. Hopeless as was the task assigned General Hill, he brought all of his energies to bear upon it, and during the few months that he remained in North Carolina did so much to strengthen our forts and improve the discipline and spirit of the troops that the public men of the State asked for his return in every time of peril, until it became the custom of the General Commanding to send him to his department south of the James when all was quiet on the Potomac, and recall him to the command of his division in the field when active operations were resumed.

ORDERED TO NORTHERN VIRGINIA—FRIENDSHIP FOR GEN. STONE.

His first connection with the army of Northern Virginia was when, early in December, 1861, he was ordered to report to General Johnston at Manassas, and was assigned to command at Leesburg on the left of the line. While he was stationed there an incident occurred which evinced the strength and warmth of General Hill's affection for his early friends, even in the Federal army. General Stone was in charge of the force on the opposite side of the river, and after writing an official letter sent under flag of truce, General Hill appended a postscript to the effect that, if the fortunes of war should place his old academy chum in his custody, he should feel more inclined to take him into his own tent than to consign him to prison. This led to the interchange of several kind messages appended to similar communications. Unfortunately Stone was a pronounced Democrat, and, like McClellan, was unwilling to recant or repent. Seizing upon this excuse Stanton arrested him on a charge of disloyalty and gave him no opportunity to vindicate himself till the close

of the war, when he resigned and spent his last days in command of the army of the Khedive of Egypt.

On the night of the battle of Gaines' Mill, Major Clitz and General Reynolds, old army comrades of General Hill, were brought as prisoners to his quarters. He received both very kindly and sent for a surgeon to dress Major Clitz's wound, while he comforted Reynolds, who was mortified at being caught asleep, by reminding him that his gallant conduct in Mexico and on the border would protect his good name from a shade of suspicion. Both were placed in an ambulance, paroled to report to General Winder at Richmond, and furnished with the address of a friend of General Hill's who would honor their drafts for money. These incidents are reproduced because they bring to view traits of General Hill's character of which the world generally knows so little, his warm sympathy for suffering and his lasting and unswerving fidelity to his friends.

WILLIAMSBURG.

From the moment when Johnson placed Hill, then a Major-General, at the head of a division in March, 1862, till the last shock of arms at Bentonville, Hill's position on every march and in every battle, with scarcely a single exception, was the post of danger and honor. His was the first division of Johnston's army to enter Yorktown and the last to leave it and pass with his command through the reserve line. When the vanguard of the enemy, led by Hancock, rushed upon our rear at Williamsburg, it was Basil C. Manly, of Ramseur's Battery, who, seeing that a section of the enemy's light artillery might beat him in the race to occupy an earthwork midway between the two, unlimbered on the way and by a well directed shot disabled the enemy in transitu, and quick as thought limbered up again, and ran into the fortifications. It was the regiment of Duncan K. McRae, of D. H. Hill's division, that extorted from the generous and gallant Hancock that memorable declaration, "The Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia deserve to have the word *immortal* inscribed on their banners." It was this charge which Early describes as "an attack upon the vastly superior forces of the enemy, which, for its gallantry, is unsurpassed in the annals of warfare."

SEVEN PINES.

When McClellan moved his army over Bottom's bridge, threw a

heavy column across the Chickahominy and extended his line towards the north of Richmond, General R. E. Lee was then acting as advisory commander of all of the armies of the Confederacy. He concurred with Mr. Davis in the opinion that McClellan should be attacked on the other side of the Chickahominy before he matured his preparations for a siege of Richmond (1 Rise and Fall, p. 120). When General Lee communicated their views to General Johnston, he told General Lee that his plan was to send A. P. Hill to the right and rear of the enemy, and G. W. Smith to the left flank, with orders to make simultaneous attacks for the purpose of doubling up the army, and sending Longstreet to cross at Mechanicsville bridge and attack him in front. McClellan's line on his right was not then well fortified, and the general disposition of the Federal forces was more favorable for a Confederate advance than a month later, when General Lee concentrated a heavy force on the left and turned it. After McDowell's movement to Hanover Courthouse, when his vanguard was checked by Branch, the blows stricken by Jackson in such rapid succession in the Valley had excited apprehension so grave in the mind of Mr. Lincoln that despite McClellan's protest, he ordered the withdrawal of that command to Fredericksburg for the protection of Washington City. For reasons that were unsatisfactory to the President, General Johnston, after marching and counter-marching G. W. Smith's and Longstreet's divisions, abandoned his first plan of operations, and ordered the troops to assume substantially their original positions. President Davis, in his work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," takes the ground that, after waiting a week and giving McClellan the opportunity to fortify, operations should have been delayed another day till the Chickahominy had risen high enough to sweep away the bridges and till Huger had had time to move up his artillery from his position near Richmond.

The popular impression that the bridges across the Chickahominy had already been swept away when the fight at Seven Pines began on the 30th of May, 1861, is totally unfounded. The corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were then south, and that of Sumner north of the Chickahominy. The plan outlined by General Johnston was, briefly, that Huger should move from his camp, near Richmond, early on that morning down the Charles City road and vigorously attack the enemy's right, and Longstreet and Hill moving on the same road should attack the center and left of the force south of the bridge,

while G. W. Smith's corps should advance on the Nine Mile road, and turn the left of Heintzelman and Keyes *if Sumner should not have arrived*, or engage and prevent the junction of his with the other corps, if he should cross. Longstreet and Hill were in position to attack at an early hour, but waited till ten o'clock for the arrival of Huger, whose division, except two regiments of Rodes (which created a diversion by vigorous attack on the right), did not arrive in time to participate in the action. Our failure to destroy an enemy who, by a concerted movement in the forenoon, would have been utterly routed and driven from the field or captured, was, as is universally conceded, one of the most palpable blunders of the war, but the question, upon whose shoulders the blame rests, still confronts us. No engagement of the war has given rise to more acrimonious censure and crimination than Seven Pines. Mr. Davis, General Johnston, General Longstreet, General Smith, and General Huger have, each in turn, discussed the conduct of both the active and passive leaders of that memorable day.

The future historians who shall make up for posterity their verdict upon the controverted points as to the battle of Seven Pines, will find one fact admitted by all of the disputants: that D. H. Hill was the hero of the occasion, and with his own gallant division, aided by two of Longstreet's brigades, drove the enemy in confusion from the breastworks and turned their own guns upon them as they retreated. Longstreet, who was in command on the right, generously said in his report: "The conduct of the attack was left entirely to Major-General Hill. The success of the affair is sufficient evidence of his ability, courage and skill." Commenting upon the language of Longstreet, President Davis said: "This tribute to General Hill was no more than has been accorded to him by others who knew of his services on that day, and was in keeping with the determined courage, vigilance and daring exhibited by him on other fields."

General Johnston's language was not less unequivocal in according to Hill the credit of making a very gallant and the only successful attack upon the enemy's works, when he said in his report: "The principal attack was made by Major-General Longstreet with his own and Major-General D. H. Hill's division—the latter mostly in advance. Hill's brave troops, admirably commanded and most gallantly led, forced their way through the abattis which formed the enemy's external defences and stormed their entrenchments by a

most determined and irresistible rush. Such was the manner in which the enemy's first line was carried. The operation was repeated with the same gallantry and success as our troops pursued their victorious career through the enemy's successive camps and entrenchments. At each new position they encountered fresh troops and reinforcements brought from the rear. Thus they had to repel repeated efforts to retake works which they had carried, but their advance was never successfully resisted."

LEE ASSUMES COMMAND—SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE.

On the 31st of May, 1862, General R. E. Lee was assigned to the command of the army in place of General Johnston, who had been painfully wounded on the previous day, and immediately addressed himself to the arduous task of preparing for the decisive encounter, which could not be long delayed. His "exhibition of grand administrative talent and indomitable energy in bringing up that army in so short a time to that state of discipline which maintained aggregation during those terrible seven days' fight around Richmond" (says Colonel Chilton) was "his greatest achievement."

The order of battle in the memorable seven days' fight required A. P. Hill, when Jackson should pass down in rear of Mechanicsville, to cross at Meadow bridge and drive the enemy so as to enable D. H. Hill to pass over the bridge at that village.

MECHANICSVILLE.

In obedience to messages from General Lee and President Davis, General Hill, after crossing, went forward with the brigade of Brigadier-General Ripley to co-operate with the division of General A. P. Hill. At the request of Brigadier-General Pender, Hill directed Ripley just at dark to act in concert with that dashing officer in the effort to turn the enemy's position at Ellerson's Mill and drive him from it.

The desperate charge across an open field in the face of a murderous fire, in which that brave soldier and noble man, Colonel Montford S. Stokes, of the First North Carolina regiment, fell mortally wounded, was neither planned by General Hill nor executed under his directions. (Official Records, Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 623.) The suggestion that General Hill deliberately and unnecessarily rushed those gallant men into danger is unfounded and unjust.

The galling fire that had broken Pender's left called for immediate action, and in the hurry of the moment it became necessary to develop the strength of the enemy's position by assault instead of reconnoissance, but under the orders of General Lee and the President, not of General Hill.

GAINES' MILL.

When, on the second day, Jackson had effected a junction with Lee, Hill was selected to relieve his tired troops by passing rapidly to his left and turning the extreme right of the enemy. A. P. Hill, Longstreet, Whiting and Jackson had successively moved upon the double lines of infantry and artillery posted on a range of hills behind Powhite creek from the McGehee to the Gaines house. The approach of the attacking columns of A. P. Hill and Whiting was in part over a plain about 400 yards wide, and was embarrassed by abattis and ditches in front of the first line. The struggle along the front of these divisions and that of Longstreet had become doubtful, and almost desperate, when the troops of Jackson and Hill created a diversion by engaging the extreme right of the enemy. The first of the lines of entrenchments had been taken, and Longstreet, Hood, Laws and other brave leaders, were moving on the last stronghold in the enemy's center, when the victorious shouts of Garland's and G. B. Anderson's brigade of Hill's division were followed by the rapid retreat of the enemy, and the surrender first of the ridge at the McGehee house and then of their whole line. Thus did it fall to the lot of Hill once more to strike a decisive blow at a critical moment. But claiming for him this distinction among a host of heroic commanders, it is proper that I should rely on the evidence of the lamented Garland, who sealed his devotion to the cause with his heart's blood at South Mountain, and the corroborating accounts of Hill's superiors from Jackson to President Davis, not upon my own assertion.

“The effect of our appearance at this opportune moment upon the enemy's flank, cheering and charging (said Garland in his report), decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated, made a second stand, which induced my immediate command to halt under cover of the roadside and return the fire, when charging forward again we broke and scattered them in every direction.” This discomfiture uncovered the left of the fortified line, and left no obstacle

between Hill and the McGehee house. (Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 626 of Official Records.)

General Jackson's language is not less unmistakable: "Again pressing forward the Federals again fell back, but only to select a position for more obstinate defence, when at dark—under the pressure of our batteries, which had then begun to play with marked effect upon the left, of other concurring events of the field and *of the bold and dashing charge of General Hill's infantry*, in which the troops of General C. S. Winder joined—the enemy yielded the field and fled in confusion. Of the part taken by Hill, General Lee said in his report (Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 493, Official Records): "D. H. Hill charged across the open ground in his front, one of his regiments having first bravely carried a battery whose fire enfiladed his advance. *Gallantly supported by the troops on his right*, who pressed forward with unfaltering resolution, *he reached the crest of the ridge* (above the McGehee house), and after a sanguinary struggle *broke the enemy's line*, captured several of his batteries and *drove him in confusion towards the Chickahominy until darkness rendered further pursuit impossible.*" As Mr. Davis (2 Rise and Fall, C. G., page 138) adopts the exact language of General Lee, it is needless to reproduce it a second time. General McClellan refers to the report of Fitz John Porter, who was in command, for a detailed account of the affair at Gaines' Mill. Porter admits that the withdrawal of his line was caused by the retreat on his right, but insists that the demoralization was due entirely to the stampede of the Federal cavalry, who were mistaken, as they fell back on the infantry line, for rebels. More candid or better informed than General Porter, the French Princes, who served on his staff on that day, admit that the charge of Hill and the discomfiture of the enemy's right necessitated the abandonment of their line of entrenchments. If to double the right flank of an army suddenly back so as to expose to an enfilade the flank of his last and strongest line of entrenchments is to make his position untenable, then Hill's charge was indeed decisive of the struggle at Gaines' Mill.

Crossing the Chickahominy on the night of the 29th in the advance of Jackson's corps, D. H. Hill passed Savage Station where he took 1,000 prisoners, exclusive of 3,000 in and connected with the Federal hospital. The progress of Jackson was arrested by obstructions and the stubborn resistance at White Oak swamps, and he failed to effect a junction with Longstreet till after the fight at Frasier's farm.

MALVERN HILL.

D. H. Hill was again the first to reach and occupy the position which he was ordered to assume preparatory to a general advance on Malvern Hill. The other parts of the line were not formed till a much later hour in the day. General Lee says in his report of the battle (Series 1, Volume XI, Part 2, page 496 of Official Records): "Orders were issued for a general advance at a given signal, but the causes referred to prevented a proper concert of action among the troops. D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and numerous batteries of the enemy. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon a part of the ground he had gained after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy."

Prompt, vigilant and obedient, he was always at his post at the appointed hour, and with the true conception of soldierly duty moved upon order or signal of his superiors without waiting to count the cost. At Malvern Hill, as at Seven Pines, he charged the enemy under orders from the Commanding General. The persistent pluck of his brave men, developed to the highest degree by his own unequalled coolness and courage, enabled him again to take and hold much of the enemy's outer line till after the last gun was fired.

When Pope had twice been punished by Jackson and driven back upon the supposed stronghold at Manassas, the transfer of troops from the Federal army on the Peninsula made it necessary for General Lee to move with the bulk of his army to the support of his dashing lieutenant, who had already twice defeated an enemy much stronger numerically than himself. D. H. Hill, recalled from the command of his department south of the James, including his own State, and placed at the head of his old division, was ordered to watch and check the movements of McDowell's command, which was still occupying Fredericksburg, and consequently took no part in the second battle of Manassas.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Crossing over the Potomac with Longstreet to Fredericktown, Md., when our forces moved from that point south, General Hill was

ordered to occupy and hold a pass in the South Mountains, which, if gained by McClellan, would have enabled him to relieve Harper's Ferry and possibly to prevent the junction of our scattered army and destroy the divisions in detail, or drive them precipitately south of the Potomac with great loss of artillery and transportation.

General Lee's object in crossing the Potomac east of the Blue Ridge, afterwards avowed (Series 1, Vol. XIX, part 1, page 145), was to induce the enemy, by threatening Washington and Baltimore, to evacuate Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, to establish his own line of communication through the Valley, and then by advancing towards Pennsylvania to draw the enemy away from his own base of supplies. General Lee had not contemplated making a stand at South Mountain—probably not at Sharpsburg, or at any point north of the Potomac. But the continued occupation of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry made it necessary to move directly upon the former place and to invest the latter, where both garrisons ultimately united. In consequence of the delay in reducing the garrison it became essential to the safety of Lee's army that McClellan's entire force should be held in check for a whole day at the pass in the South Mountains by Hill's depleted division, now numbering only 4,000, as a glance at the map with a knowledge of the disposition of Lee's different divisions will show.

Longstreet with his whole force, estimated at 4,000, was at Hagerstown, while Jackson had disposed his own command, including McLaws' and A. P. Hill's divisions, either with a view to an attack on Harper's Ferry or to cutting off the retreat of the force occupying it. Three days later McClellan, according to his own report, advanced to the attack at Sharpsburg with 87,000 men. Of this vast army probably 33,000 were in the force actually engaged in the assault upon the little Spartan band of D. H. Hill for five hours without cessation before Longstreet's advance brigade arrived at 3:30, and was followed by others coming up from that time till dark. The late Justice Ruffin, the Colonel of the Thirteenth North Carolina, standing by the side of the gallant Garland when he was instantly killed, discovered a moment later that the other regiments of the brigade had retired, leaving his command surrounded by the enemy. Facing to the rear in an instant, he ordered his regiment to charge, and embarrassed by a painful wound, performed the desperate feat of cutting his way through the serried ranks of the enemy. A few moments

later that gallant officer was astonished to hear his intrepid commander express his delight at the discovery that McClellan's whole army was approaching his front. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 564.) The explanation afterwards given was one that could have been safely disclosed only to a kindred spirit, such as Ruffin had shown himself to be. Hill then said that he had at first feared the movement upon his front was a feint, and that the main body of the enemy had passed through another gap, and might be thrown between Jackson and Lee. The situation was still further embarrassed by the fact that General Stuart had at daylight in the morning withdrawn his command, except the single regiment of Rosser, which afterwards did its duty so nobly, under the impression that but a small force was in General Hill's front.

It was "with the stern joy" of an intrepid warrior waiting for the coming contest, that from an elevated pinnacle of the mountain he saw the four advance corps of the grand army of the Potomac, one of which was forming at the foot of the mountain. The hour and the man had met when Lee entrusted to Hill the duty of holding the approach against that army with his little band of 4,000. From Seven Pines to Malvern Hill they had never turned their backs upon the foe. They believed that their leader would require them to endure no sacrifice or face no danger that was not demanded by the inevitable exigencies of the situation. With God's help, Hill determined to save the army, as his chief ordered him to do at any sacrifice, and, if the emergency had demanded his own life, he would have met death, not as the degree of fate, but as the Providence of God, who had brought him face to face with a desperate duty. Captain Seaton Gales, the gallant Adjutant-General of George B. Anderson, on that memorable day, has summarized the important results of this battle so clearly that I prefer to reproduce his language rather than use an extract from report of history, or to make a vain attempt to improve upon it myself.

Of this battle "it may be safely said that in its consequences, in the accomplishments of pre-determined objects, and in the skilful disposition of small numbers to oppose overwhelming odds, it is without a parallel in the war. The division, unaided until a late hour in the afternoon, held in check the greater portion of McClellan's vast army, endeavoring with battering-ram impetus to force its way through the narrow gap, and thereby afforded time for the concen-

tration of our various corps dispersed in strategic directions in season for the bloody issue at Sharpsburg."

THE LOST ORDER.

Imbued with an earnest devotion to the cause, which rose on occasion to the height of enthusiasm, Hill did not hesitate to denounce, in unmeasured terms, those who evaded duty in our armies, when the conditions were such as to plainly demand the active service of every able-bodied son of the South. One of his random shots at the bomb-proofs of the Confederacy wounded a gentleman who, having done nothing in the war worthy to be written, determined to write something in the vain hope that it would be read by future generations. Prompted by petty revenge, he recklessly asserted that General D. H. Hill had thrown a copy of a general order upon the ground in his camp at Frederick City, which, being afterwards picked up and handed to McClellan, gave him an idea of the movements and location of the different portions of Lee's army.

If this order had been literally carried out, it will appear, from an inspection of its contents, that on the day when McClellan attacked Hill, at South Mountain, he had reason to believe, and must have thought that Longstreet was occupying the mountains, supported by Hill. But we are not left to conjecture on that subject. McClellan wrote General Franklin from Frederick City on the 14th, just after he had read the "Lost Order" (Series 1, Volume XIX, part 1, page 45, of Official Records), that Longstreet was to move to Boonsborough and there halt with D. H. Hill, and directed Franklin to make his dispositions with an eye both to the relief of the garrison at Harper's Ferry and the capture of Longstreet and Hill. The plan outlined in the letter is predicated upon the supposition that Longstreet and Hill were together, and constituted the main body of an army, which he estimated in another report to General Halleck at 120,000. If it were not manifest from this letter that McClellan was misled by the order, and his opinion corroborated by the skilful disposition of Hill's troops (see 2 Battles and Leaders of Civil War, pages 559 to 581), his report proves, beyond all question, that he thought the force in his front was 30,000 strong, composed of Hill's division, 15,000, with Longstreet's and a portion of Jackson's command. (Report of McClellan, Series 1, Volume XIX, part 1, page 55, of Official Records.) The skill of Hill, then, and the order com-

bined to mislead McClellan by causing him to overestimate our strength, and the cautious and dilatory movement, which gave Longstreet time to come up in the afternoon, enabled Hill to escape with his little band, leaving the whole army of the Potomac deployed before him.

The order issued by Lee and sent out from army headquarters was as follows (Series 1, Volume XIX, part 2, page 603):

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9, 1862.

Special Orders, No. 191.

I. The citizens of Fredericktown being unwilling, while overrun by members of this army, to open their stores, in order to give them confidence, and to secure to officers and men purchasing supplies for benefit of this command, all officers and men of this army are strictly prohibited from visiting Fredericktown, except on business, in which case they will bear evidence of this in writing from division commanders. The Provost Marshal in Fredericktown will see that his guard rigidly enforces this order.

II. Major Taylor will proceed to Leesburg, Virginia, and arrange for transportation of the sick and those unable to walk to Winchester, securing the transportation of the country for this purpose. The route between this and Culpeper Courthouse east of the mountains being unsafe will no longer be traversed. Those on the way to this army already across the river will move up promptly, all others will proceed to Winchester collectively and under command of officers, at which point, being the general depot of the army, its movements will be known and instructions given by commanding officers regulating further movements.

III. The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route to Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday morning take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, capture such of them as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

IV. General Longstreet's command will pursue the main road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt, with reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

V. General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow General Longstreet. On reaching Middletown will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

VI. General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of the Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and Jackson, and intercept retreat of the enemy.

VII. General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

VIII. General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army, bringing up all the stragglers that may have been left behind.

IX. The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

X. Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant General.

On page 42, Part 1, Volume XIX, Series 1 of Official Records, McClellan says: "The following is a copy of the order referred to":

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
September 9, 1862.

Special Orders No. 191.

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point, and by Friday night, take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt with reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

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General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, etc.

By command of General R. E. Lee.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

If Pollard's malignant charge, made to detract from the honor and glory of an achievement so brilliantly executed and so fruitful of benefit to the cause, were not shown by the most direct proof from the most honorable men to be false and unfounded, the marked dis-

crepancy between the order published in the Official Records as No. 191, copied from General Lee's book of general orders, and that which McClellan declared in his report to be a *copy* of the order sent by him to Washington, suggests to a legal mind a solution of the dispute which corroborates in the strongest possible manner the sworn testimony of Major James W. Ratchford, Adjutant-General of Hills's division, that the custody of such papers was a part of his exclusive duty at that time, and that no such order was delivered to him with the solemn statement of General Hill that he never saw or read a copy of the order in question, except one purporting to have been sent through General Jackson, to whose corps he was attached when it was issued, and which he still preserved among his private papers in 1886. It will be observed that the first of the two paragraphs, omitted in what purports to be the copy of the order that fell into the possession of the enemy, forbade the troops stationed around Frederick City from entering that town without permission, and the second directed that the sick and disabled of the army should be removed to Winchester. Halleck's correspondence with McClellan on the same day, September 13, 1862 (Official Records, Series 1, Volume XIX, Part 1, page 41), evinces the greatest apprehension that the movement of the army was aimed at Washington city, and the demonstrations higher up the Potomac were intended to distract attention from the real design. Was it not more important that the chief officer of all the armies should know that Lee's sick and disabled soldiers were to be moved to Winchester as the "general depot of the army," and that all recruits returning, or coming for the first time to the army were to rendezvous at Winchester, than to learn from the last paragraph of the copy sent him that Lee's troops were to habitually carry in their regimental wagons axes to cut wood, &c.? The second paragraph seemed plainly to indicate that Lee's purpose was what he afterwards declared in his report to have been his plan—to establish his base of operations by way of the valley of Virginia and invade or threaten Pennsylvania, not Washington, after taking Harper's Ferry. (Official Records, Series 1, Volume XIX, Part 1, page 145.) This was McClellan's own idea of Lee's design, and if he could have convinced Halleck of the correctness of his views, there would have been no reason for further hesitation about weakening the garrison of the Capital City to swell the effective force in the field. McClellan did not get the whole order and omit a portion of

it in his correspondence at the time because it tended to sustain his view against Halleck. He did not send his chief the full copy of his order, and omit his report, written after his removal from command, a section which proved that he (not Halleck) had divined Lee's purpose from the beginning. The two paragraphs would not have been omitted in a copy intended for Hill, because it was Hill's troops that at the time were stationed nearest to Frederick City, and were prohibited from entering it. It is evident that General Lee must have sent the whole order to Hill, therefore, and it is equally manifest that McClellan had every reason for inserting a full copy in his report if he received it.

The explanation which readily suggests itself, therefore, is that the original draft of the order contained only the portion beginning with the third section, and was signed in that shape by Colonel Chilton, but was afterwards modified so as to prefix the two first paragraphs before it was issued. "*The lost order*" was found by an Indiana soldier wrapped around three cigars. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 603.) The first paper drawn would have become useless after the material additions made to it, and might well have been wrapped around cigars by some one at General Lee's headquarters with the purpose of using it to light them, and then lost before cigars or paper were disposed of as intended. It will be more readily believed that a clerk or assistant in the office at army headquarters might have been guilty of carelessness than that Ratchford swore, and Hill told, a falsehood. If their positive statements are believed, but the one order addressed as though sent through General Jackson's headquarters was received by General Hill. When Lee and Hill were encamped in sight of each other near Fredericktown, and General Lee was then and afterwards (as at South Mountain) habitually sending orders direct to General Hill, it does not seem probable that Lee, whose forte was the power of readily mobilizing his army, would have tolerated such circumlocution as making one courier ride across the Potomac to Jackson with an order, which was to be sent back by another messenger to a camp in sight of its starting point on the next day. It would have been a fair compromise between extreme official courtesy and that common sense which always characterized the conduct of our great leaders, if he had recognized General Jackson's authority by addressing the order as though transmitted through him, while conforming his conduct to the con-

ditions which demanded that Hill should know at the earliest possible moment of his proposed plan of operation, and of the prohibition applying to his own and Longstreet's divisions only against entering the neighboring town without a permit from division headquarters, by ordering its delivery direct to him.

The direct testimony bearing upon the dispute in reference to the lost order was the sworn statement of Major James W. Ratchford, Adjutant-General, that but the single copy of the order reached him, which was preserved by General Hill till his death, and the solemn statement of Hill that he himself received no other copy. Leaving out of view the difference between the original paper recorded in Lee's book and the supposed copy delivered to McClellan, there is nothing to contradict the testimony of one of the bravest and truest officers in the army of Virginia and the word of D. H. Hill. The attention of these two officers had been called to the loss of the paper within a few months after it passed into McClellan's hands, when all that had occurred in Maryland was still fresh in their memories, and they then made the same statement that the one reiterates to-day and the other published in 1886. Lee himself charged no particular person with the loss of the dispatch. While he possibly magnified (says Longstreet in his article in the *Century Magazine*) its effect upon the Maryland campaign, he was inclined to attribute its loss to the fault of a courier. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 674.) In his report of the operations in Maryland, he said (Official Records, Series I, Vol. XIX, part 1, page 145): "The small command of General Hill repelled repeated assaults of the Federal army and held it in check for five hours." The only contradicting testimony comes from Major Taylor, of General Lee's staff, and being negative in its character, is not entitled to the weight that should be attached to the positive evidence of gentlemen of equal reputation for veracity. The substance of his statement is, that it was his habit during that campaign to send such orders directly to the headquarters of Hill's division as well as through Jackson to Hill. But he neither recalls the fact of sending the particular paper in question, nor names any officer or courier who attests its actual delivery. Admitting the high character of Taylor, as well as Ratchford, the verdict of history, under the most familiar rules of evidence, must unquestionably acquit Hill of negligence, and accord to him the high honor of saving the army of Lee by his strategy, coolness and courage.

SHARPSBURG.

At Sharpsburg, the last, as in every previous engagement, in which D. H. Hill participated with that army, no figure was more conspicuous and no line firmer than his. As usual he was the first to open and the last to quit the fight. General Lee said in his report (Series I, Vol. XIX, part I, pages 249, 250): "The attack on our left was speedily followed by one in heavy force on the centre. This was met by part of Walker's division and the brigades of G. B. Anderson and Rodes, of D. H. Hill's command, assisted by a few pieces of artillery. The enemy were repulsed and retired behind the crest of a hill, from which they kept up a desultory fire. At this time, by a mistake of orders, General Rodes' brigade was withdrawn from its position during the temporary absence of that officer at another part of the field. The enemy immediately passed through the gap thus created, and G. B. Anderson's brigade was broken and retired, General Anderson himself being mortally wounded. * * * The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed by only four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundred men belonging to different brigades, rallied by General D. H. Hill and other officers, and parts of Walker's and R. H. Anderson's commands, Colonel Cooke, of the Twenty-seventh North Carolina regiment, of Walker's brigade, standing boldly in line without a cartridge." At this critical moment, when the enemy was advancing on Cooke, says General Longstreet, "A shot came across the Federal front plowing the ground in a parallel line, then another and another, each nearer and nearer their line. This enfilade fire was from a battery on D. H. Hill's line, and it soon beat back the attacking column." (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 670.)

On the right General Lee was stationed in person, and with Toombs' brigade (says General Longstreet) held the enemy in check till A. P. Hill's division rushed to the rescue with Pender on the right and Branch on the left of his line, and aided by well-directed shots from a battery planted by D. H. Hill on his front, drove them back in confusion. (2 Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 670.) Generals Lee, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill concluded during a short suspension of musketry fire to reconnoiter the position of the enemy from the crest of a ridge in front of the Confederate line, which was formed behind a fence. Lee and Longstreet, giving Gen-

eral Hill a sufficiently wide berth, went out on foot, while Hill rode. In a few moments, says Longstreet, he was making vain and rather ludicrous efforts to dismount from the third horse killed under him in that engagement, the legs of the animal having been cut off at the knees by a cannon ball. When Major Ratchford, who himself was never known to quail in the face of the foe, but whose affection for his friend was unbounded, said to him on this occasion: "General, why do you expose yourself so recklessly? Do you never feel the sensation of fear?" General Hill replied that he would never require his men to go where he did not know the ground or would not go himself, and that he had no fear of death, if he met it in the line of duty. His friend then inquired if he would not rather live than die. "Oh, yes," said General Hill, "when I think of my wife and babies I would; but God will take care of them if he allows anything to happen to me."

When, in November, 1862, Hill's division was ordered to take the lead in the march to Fredericksburg to meet Hooper, a large number of his men had been barefooted since the return of the army from Maryland, yet he accomplished the unusual feat of marching two hundred miles in twenty days without leaving on the way a single straggler. One of the remarkable features of the battle of December 13, 1862, near Fredericksburg, which followed this sudden transfer of the seat of war, was the fact that D. H. Hill's division, Jubal A. Early's and most of John B. Hood's, were in the reserve line. It was evidence of an easy victory, that the services of three such fighting men were not needed in front.

ADVANCE ON WASHINGTON, N. C., AND DEFENCE OF RICHMOND.

In February, 1863, Hill bade a final adieu to his old division, when he was ordered to assume command in the state of North Carolina. Before the campaign opened in the following spring, Hill had made a demonstration against Newbern, followed by an advance upon Washington in this state, which would have resulted in the capture of the latter place, but for Lee's order to send a portion of his command to Virginia.

Later in the spring of 1863 Hill was ordered to remove his headquarters to Petersburg, and placed in command of the department extending from the James to the Cape Fear. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the citizens of Richmond and the heads of the various

departments became greatly alarmed for the safety of the place. The officers in charge of the defences of the city and of the Peninsula had failed to inspire confidence in their vigilance, efficiency or capacity. When the troops of Dix began to move up the Peninsula from Yorktown and West Point, General Hill was ordered by the President to transfer all available troops from the south of the James and assume command of the forces gathered for the defence of the capital city. With the brigades of Cooke and M. W. Ransom, and a few other regiments, General Hill met the army of Dix near Bottom's Bridge, drove them back without serious difficulty in the direction of West Point, and in two or three days restored perfect confidence on the part of the panic-stricken people of the city.

JOINS THE WESTERN ARMY—CHICKAMAUGA.

About the 10th of July, 1863, President Davis called at General Hill's quarters three miles east of Richmond, and after many kind and complimentary comments upon his conduct as an officer during the preceding year, informed him that he was appointed a Lieutenant-General, and would be ordered to report forthwith to General Joseph E. Johnston, near Vicksburg, Mississippi. Orders having been issued accordingly, on the 13th of July General Hill with his staff set out immediately for his new field. When he reached his home in Charlotte he was notified that his destination had been changed, and he would report for duty to General Braxton Bragg at Chattanooga.

Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill found the army of Bragg encamped along the Tennessee river in and around the small town which has since assumed the proportions of a city. Colonel Archer Anderson, chief of Hill's staff, in his able address upon the battle of Chickamauga, says: "The corps of Hardee had lately gained as a commander a stern and dauntless soldier from the Army of Northern Virginia in D. H. Hill, whose vigor, coolness and unconquerable pertinacity in fight had already stamped him as a leader of heroic temper. Of the religious school of Stonewall Jackson, his earnest convictions never chilled his ardor for battle, and, in another age, he would have been worthy to charge with Cromwell at Dunbar with the cry, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered.'"

Hill received from Bragg the warm welcome of a comrade who had seen his metal tried on the hard-fought fields of Mexico. Not less cordial was the greeting of his old class-mate, A. P. Stewart, and

of the plucky Pat. Cleburne, who seemed from the first to feel that he had found a soldier-affinity in the congenial spirit of Hill. When at last the scattered hosts had concentrated and confronted each other on the Chickamauga, it was not till after the night of the first day that Bragg made public his purpose to give the entire management of the right wing to Polk and the control of the left to Longstreet. If the enemy's left under the stalwart Thomas could be driven from the Lafayette road, the communication with Chattanooga would be cut off and the retreat and ruin of the enemy inevitable. To accomplish this end Bragg seemed more intent on hurried, than concentrated effort. That grand man, officer and statesman, John C. Breckinridge, at his own request was allowed to take the extreme right, flanked by Forrest and supported in this forward movement by Cleburne on the left. Stewart, having been transferred to Buckner, these two divisions constituted Hill's corps. In rear of the line from which Breckinridge and Cleburne moved to the attack, at nine in the morning, on the last decisive day, was the corps of the old veteran known as "Fighting Bill" Walker, and as eager for the fray as a school-boy for frolic. His command was composed of his own and Liddell's divisions, embracing six brigades led by such dashing soldiers as Ector, Gist and Walthall. But the first lesson learned by a staff officer, who went from the east to the west, was that even an old war-horse like Walker dared not to fire a gun or move an inch, acting upon his own best judgment, without an order brought with due formality through all of the regular channels. The Virginia Brigadier struck his blows where opportunity offered, and reported to his superior that he was striking. The western Brigadier lost his opportunity to strike, waiting for permission to do so. Still, behind Walker stood Frank Cheatham with his splendid division, like their leader, chafing under restraint.

Such were the dispositions in Hill's rear when the impetuous charge of Breckinridge's two right brigades broke the left of Thomas and crossed the fateful road. With 2,000 infantry and a battery of artillery Breckinridge swung his line around at a right angle to that of the enemy and started to sweep down upon their flank; but the left of Breckinridge had encountered an earthwork, as had Cleburne's whole line, and their western foe standing firm, one or two brigades gave way. Another advancing line to fill the gap and the day would be won before noon, and the enemy driven across the Tennessee or

captured before night. In vain might Hill plead or Walker swear, when no orders came and no chief could be found to give them. Chafed and disappointed the grand Kentuckian found himself for want of support at last exposed to destruction or capture, and slowly and stubbornly both he and Cleburne fell back and reformed, but much nearer to the enemy than the line from which they advanced. Scarcely had the decimated forces of Hill reformed, when, all too late, Walker went forward with another single line, to be hurled back by the fresh troops that the enemy was rapidly massing on his left to meet the design now developed by our ill-managed movement. Cheatham, meanwhile, was not allowed to budge an inch or fire a gun. Thus was the plan frustrated and the attacking force driven back and cut to pieces in detail for want of a present, active-moving head to strike with the two arms of the right wing at one time. The fierce onslaught of Hill failed, as did the no-less impetuous charge of Walker, because as a chain is no stronger than its most defective link, so, a single advancing line is no stouter than its weakest point.

The splendid conduct of our troops on our right and the dread inspired by Breckinridge's bold charge of the morning, bore fruit, however, in a way entirely unexpected, when it led the enemy to mass so much of his force behind Thomas. This was the occupation of the enemy while Hill and Forrest were riding up and down in front of our line and drawing the fire of the enemy upon the young troop who followed at their heels, and when there was a temporary lull in front of Longstreet on the left and left center.

At last the thunder of artillery and the roar of musketry again burst upon us from along the whole front of the Virginia Lieutenant, while Hill in vain sent messenger after messenger to beg that three lines be formed and a general advance ordered on the right as well as on the left. Just before night General Polk permitted Hill to take charge of the forward movement of the three lines, Walker in front, his own corps composing the second and Cheatham the third. The advance of our attacking column on the left, before that time steady, now became impetuous, and with a momentary wavering of a brigade on the right, we rushed over the breastworks of Thomas and caught 5,000 prisoners in the angle, where Longstreet and Hill met, as they had on many hard-fought fields before, to discuss the events of that day and prepare, as they had hoped, for a still more eventful one that was to follow. But a short time had elapsed when they were

joined by Forrest, impatient for orders to pursue the flying foe. When some hours had been passed in the vain effort to learn where the headquarters of the commanding general were located, Longstreet and Hill agreed to divide the responsibility of ordering the immediate pursuit by Forrest, with an assurance that they would ask the privilege of pushing forward to his support at early dawn.

Unable by the most diligent inquiry to open communication with Bragg till the next afternoon, they failed to secure for Forrest the infantry support that would have swept the single division of Thomas out of the gap on Missionary Ridge, or flanked and captured it, without another obstruction in the road to Chattanooga and on to Nashville. Such might have been the fruits of our victory, which, being lost by delay, the last hope of the tottering Confederacy to regain the prestige and restore the confidence lost at Gettysburg and Vicksburg was gone forever.

THE PETITION FOR BRAGG'S REMOVAL.

Scattered along the face of Missionary Ridge, waiting for the enemy to make Chattanooga impregnable, and then uniting the forces of Grant and Sherman with the reorganized army of Thomas to overwhelm them, were the disheartened Confederates, daily growing weaker from the desertion of men whose homes were exposed to devastation by the Federals.

It was at this juncture that Buckner drew, and Polk, Longstreet, Hill, Buckner, Cleburne, Cheatham, Brown and other Generals signed and sent to the President a petition stating that the Commanding-General had lost the confidence of the army, and asking that he be transferred to another command and replaced by a more acceptable leader. Hill was the last of the Lieutenant-Generals consulted, but, unfortunately for his future, his headquarters were located at a central point on the line, and the paper was left there to be signed. Cheatham and Cleburne met at that point and put their names to the paper at the same time. After the battle of Murfreesboro, Bragg had addressed letters to the chiefs of divisions in his army, asking whether he retained the confidence of the troops, and intimating a willingness to resign if he had lost it. Breckinridge, Cleburne and one or two others promptly answered that they thought he could no longer be useful in the position he occupied. The correspondence led to an open breach between Bragg and Breckin-

ridge and a newspaper controversy, in which each charged upon the other the responsibility of our failure at Murfreesboro. General Breckinridge, in a conversation with the speaker, stated that his reason for declining to sign the paper was that his opinion of the Commanding-General was known, and, as their relations were already unfriendly, his motives might be misconstrued.

No better illustration of the prevailing opinion among the higher officers, as well as the rank and file of the army, in reference to the efficiency of the Commanding General can be given than the substance of a conversation between Cheatham and Cleburne as they joined in a social glass after signing the petition. "Here are my congratulations upon your recovery from your bad cold," said Cleburne. "I have had no bad cold," said Cheatham. "Let me tell you an old fable," replied Cleburne. "The report had been circulated among the beasts of the forest that the lion had a bad breath, whereupon, as king, the lion summoned all to appear, and admitted them to his presence one by one. As each would answer upon smelling his breath that it was bad, the lion would devour him. When at length the fox was brought in, he replied to the question that he had a bad cold, and escaped. You had a bad cold when you wrote Bragg, after the battle of Murfreesboro, that you didn't know whether he still retained the confidence of the army. You have at last recovered."

Hill cherished no unkind feeling toward Bragg, and at the time reluctantly reached the conclusion that it was his duty to join his comrades in urging his removal, hoping that it might still be within the range of possibility to find a leader like Jackson, who could overcome superior numbers by vigilance, celerity and strategy.

Mr. Davis was induced to believe that Hill was the originator and most active promoter of the plan to get rid of Bragg as a chief, and both the President and General Bragg determined to visit the whole sin of the insubordination of inferior officers of that army on him. His name was not sent to the Senate for confirmation as Lieutenant-General, and the repeated efforts of Johnston, backed by many of his subordinates, to have Hill returned to the command of a corps, were refused up to the last campaign of Johnston in North Carolina. In response to repeated demands made upon Bragg and the Adjutant for a court of inquiry to report upon any charge or criticism that

the latter might make, Hill at last received the answer that there were no charges to be investigated.

But it is due to the memory of General Hill that the world should know how thoroughly he retained the confidence, respect and admiration of the officers and men of the army, which Bragg left after the next fight, never to rejoin till he found Hill on the soil of his own State, leading its reduced regiments in their last forlorn charge against their old foe.

The following letters, for which he did not ask, but which he treasured as testimonials of his relations to his troops to the day of his death, are submitted for the first time for the vindication of his memory against the suspicion of negligence, inefficiency, incompetency or infidelity to his trust as commander of a corps:

HEADQUARTERS CLEBURNE'S DIVISION,
MISSION RIDGE, October 9, 1863.

General,—In your departure from the army of Tennessee, allow me to offer you my grateful acknowledgments for the uniform kindness that has characterized all your official intercourse with my division. Allow me also to express to you the sincere regard and high confidence with which, in so short a time, you succeeded in inspiring both myself and, I believe, every officer and man in my command.

It gives me pleasure to add that now, though your connection with this army has ended, you still retain undiminished the love, respect and confidence of Cleburne's division.

Respectfully your friend,

P. R. CLEBURNE,
Major-General.

Dear General,—I have just learned officially that you have been relieved from command in this army, and ordered to report to Richmond.

I cannot see you go away without sending you, in an unofficial and friendly note, the expression of my sincere regret at our separation. It has the merit of at least being disinterested. I saw you for the first time on my way to this army from Mississippi, when my division became a part of your corps, and I have had more than one

occasion to express my admiration for your fidelity to duty, your soldierly qualities and your extraordinary courage on the field.

It may gratify you to know the opinion of one of your subordinates, and to be assured that, in his opinion, they are shared by his division. I am, General,

Very truly your friend,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
October 15, 1863.

My Dear General,—Your note of to-day is received. I am surprised and grieved to learn that you have been relieved from duty with this army. We have stood side by side in so many severely contested battle-fields that I have learned to lean upon you with great confidence.

I hope and trust that you may find some other position where your services may be as useful as they can be here. * * *

Very truly and sincerely yours,

J. LONGSTREET.

HEADQUARTERS CLAYTON'S BRIGADE,
NEAR CHATTANOOGA, November 3, 1863.

Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill,—Returning to my command a few days ago, I regretted to learn that you had left the command of our corps, and that I had not the opportunity of telling you farewell.

I have been in the military service since the 6th of February, 1861, and I have never been under a commander to whom I and my command formed so strong an attachment in so short a space of time. In the camp *we* were not afraid to approach you, and on the field *you* were not afraid to approach us and even go beyond us. This feeling was universal among privates as well as officers, and to a greater degree than I have ever known towards anyone, except, perhaps, General Stuart. Those who have been in the military service and been *frozen to death* by a different class of officers alone, know how fully to appreciate this.

Your friend and obedient servant,

[Signed] H. D. CLAYTON.

HEADQUARTERS POLK'S BRIGADE,
October 16, 1863.

General,—In behalf of myself and brigade, allow me to express to you our high appreciation of your uniform kindness in all of your official intercourse with us, and to say to you that although you have not been long with us, you have gained our love, confidence and respect. And that it was with great regret that we heard of your being taken away from us. And in being so taken away, our confidence in you as a soldier, gentleman and patriot has not been in the least diminished. We part with you, General, with the greatest regret, and hope some new field may be given you for the display of that generalship that led us to victory at Chickamauga.

Respectfully your friend,

[Signed]

L. E. POLK, *Brigadier-General*.

HEADQUARTERS LOWRY'S BRIGADE,
MISSION RIDGE, October 16, 1863.

Dear General,—Paragraph 2, Special Order No. 33, from Army Headquarters, relieving you from duty in this department, has just been received by me. I take this opportunity to express to you my deep regret at this change. So far as I have heard an expression from the officers and men of this corps, your service with us has been *most satisfactory*. In the camp and on the march your orders were received and obeyed with the most cordial approval and with the greatest pleasure. The warm devotion that has been created in so short a time will not die while memory lives. In behalf of my brigade, permit me to express our regret on account of your separation from us, and the kindest wishes for your prosperity and happiness. For myself, the memories of our short acquaintance will be warmly cherished in a devoted heart of friendship, and the guidance and protection of the unseen hand invoked on you wherever your lot may be cast.

May the glory of victorious fields form a wreath around your name in all time to come, and the memory of your deeds of gallantry and patriotism be cherished in the hearts of a grateful and free people.

Respectfully, General, your obedient servant,

[Signed,]

M. P. LOWRY,
Brigadier General.

(Since Governor of Mississippi.)

Long after the war General J. E. Johnston addressed the following letter to General Hill, from which it will appear that the influence of Bragg, who was at the elbow of the President as his military adviser, was still omnipotent after he was transferred from the West to Richmond :

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 22, 1887.

General D. H. Hill :

Dear General,—Your conduct at Yorktown and at Seven Pines gave me an opinion (of you) which made me wish for your assistance in every subsequent command that I had during the war. When commanding the Army of Tennessee I applied for your assignment to a vacancy. * *

Yours very truly,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

It is but just to President Davis, as well as to General Hill, to state that there was good reason to believe that the former, in his last days, became convinced that General Hill was not the author of the petition, or the principal promoter of the plan for Bragg's removal, and that it dawned upon the great chieftain that the retention of Bragg was the one mistake of his own marvellous administration of the government of the Confederacy. When Johnston and others criticised the President, General Hill, then editing a magazine that was read by every Confederate, indignantly refused to utter one reproachful word, even in his own vindication, because, as he said, the time-servers who had turned their backs on the Lost Cause were making him the scapegoat to bear the supposed sin of a nation.

RETREAT BEFORE SHERMAN—LAST CHARGE AT BENTONSVILLE.

Misjudged, deprived of command and made to stand inactive in the midst of the stirring scenes of the last days of the Confederacy, Hill was not a man to sulk in his tent. Volunteering successively on the staff of his old friends, Beauregard and Hoke, who appreciated his advice and assistance, he showed himself ever ready to serve the cause in any capacity.

The repeated and urgent requests of both Johnston and Beauregard that Hill should be restored to command, resulted at last in his assignment to duty at Charleston, from which place he fell back with our forces to Augusta.

When the remnant of the grand army of Tennessee reached Augusta in charge of General Stevenson, Johnston ordered Hill to assume command and move in front of the vast and victorious hosts of Sherman. The greeting given him by the little bands of the old legions of Cleburne and Breckinridge now left, was a fitting tribute to an old commander whom they loved and admired. Hoping against hope, Hill was the leader above all others to infuse new spirit into the forlorn band devoted to this desperate duty. At every stream and on every eminence in his native State he disputed the ground with Sherman's vanguard till he developed a force that made it madness to contend further. Hill's reputation as a soldier depends in nowise upon successful running. This final retreat was the first and last in which he took a leading part. When once more his foot was planted upon the soil of North Carolina, it was eminently fitting that he who heard the first victorious shouts of her first regiment in the first fight in Virginia, should lead her brave sons in the last charge of the grand army of the great west within her own borders. Again, as in the last onset of Cox at Appomattox, North Carolina soldiers stood the highest test of the hero by facing danger in a gallant charge when they knew that all hope of success was gone forever.

LAST YEARS—TRUE CHARACTER.

The last years of General Hill's life were devoted to journalism and to teaching. As the editor of *The Land We Love*, and subsequently of *The Southern Home*, he wielded a trenchant pen, and was a potent factor in putting down the *post-bellum* statesmen who proposed to relegate to the shades of private life the heroes and leaders of the Lost Cause. As a teacher, he soon placed himself in touch with his pupils and won their love and confidence, as he did that of the soldiers led by him to battle.

His opinions, whether upon political, religious or scientific subjects, were always the result of thought and study, and were expressed in terse and clear language. As a Christian he constantly recurred to the cardinal doctrines of Christ's divinity and His complete atonement. He wrote two religious works, which evince at once his grace and force as a writer, and his unbounded trust in these fundamental truths. The subject of the one was "The Sermon on the Mount;" of the other, "The Crucifixion."

Unmoved in the presence of danger, schooled to hide his emotion for suffering in the critical time of battle, and forced by a sense of duty to show his bitter scorn for cowardice and treachery, it was the exclusive privilege of his family, his staff and his closest friends to fathom the depths of his true nature. The soldiers who saw him on camp or field could as little conceive of the humble Christian who, in the long hours of the night, plead with his God to spare their lives and save their souls, as they could of the affectionate father, the loving husband, the sympathizing friend and the bountiful benefactor of the poor and helpless, known only to the favored few. A writer who, in his last days, was admitted to the inner circle of his friends, has so beautifully expressed his idea of his true character that I cannot do better than reproduce it as not an overdrawn picture from the standpoint of one who served on his staff, had free access to his home circle, and observed and studied his motives and conduct:

“Fancy a man in whom the grim determination of a veteran warrior is united to a gentle tenderness of manner which would not be inappropriate to the most womanly of women; * * * affix a pair of eyes that possess the most indisputably honest and kindly expression; animate him with a mind clear, deep and comprehensive, and imbued with a humor as rich as it is deep and effective; infuse man and mind with a soul which in its lofty views compels subordination of the material to the spiritual, and holds a supreme trust in the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty—is zealous in the discharge of duty, and looks with scorn on all that is mean and sinful. Add to all these a carriage that is indomitable, and a love of truth and honor which is sublime, and you have the earthly embodiment of D. H. Hill.”

[From the Montgomery, Ala., *Daily Advertiser*, April 15, 1893.]

WILLIAM LOWNDES YANCEY,

The Sincere and Unflinching Advocate of Southern Rights.

His Eventful Career as Sketched by Hon. Anthony W. Dillard.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, April 12, 1893.

Editor Advertiser:

No man in the South contributed so much as did William L. Yancey towards working up the people of the South to the determination to secede from the Union, in order to withdraw slavery from the possible unfriendly action of the United States. Mr. Yancey, during this time, enjoyed none of the prestige of official position—he was the editor of a newspaper, and, therefore, able to scatter his opinions on the wings of the wind; he was a private citizen, a lawyer engaged in practicing his profession, and was in quite moderate circumstances in regard to fortune. Nor was his location in Montgomery of a character to draw to him the leading men of the South, nor to afford peculiar facilities for the propagation of his opinions. Montgomery was not at all a political centre, to which politicians flocked for consultation and comparison of opinions. Nor was it a Pharos, whence political light was flashed out over the South, with electric speed.

Mr. Yancey had held few public offices, having served two sessions in the State Legislature and one term in Congress, in the forties, and he had never afterwards seemed solicitous to hold public offices—certainly, he took no open and active steps to obtain a nomination for any position, nor gave his friends encouragement to press his name. But it must not be inferred from what has been stated, that he was, in the smallest degree, a disappointed and soured office-seeker.

Nor was Mr. Yancey politically strong and popular in Alabama. The nullification battle in 1832 had divided the Alabama Democracy into Jackson Democrats and Calhoun Democrats. The former being

the strongest, numerically, had not only dominated the party, but had ostracised the adherents of Calhoun, without resorting to a public excommunication of them. In 1832, Mr. Yancey, scarcely more than adolescent, had edited a Jackson newspaper in South Carolina and manfully opposed the nullification doctrines of Calhoun and Hayne, although he never wavered in his adherence to the right of a State to secede from the Union. When he removed to Alabama, he became identified in his new home with the Calhoun wing of the Democracy, many of the members of which were originally from South Carolina, and had been there personally known to him.

In 1848, Mr. Yancey was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and strongly denounced the sentiments and views of General Cass's "Nicholson letter," as well as the platform adopted by the Convention, and endeavored to substitute therefor some resolutions draughted by him, and adopted by the State Democratic Convention of Alabama in the January previous to the meeting of the Baltimore Convention. He refused to support General Cass for the Presidency, and gave his support to George M. Troup, of Georgia, and John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, who had been nominated by the more ultra Southern Democrats. This line of conduct on the part of Mr. Yancey, naturally gave great offence to the Jackson Democrats, and led to his abstaining from all participation in Democratic primaries and conventions for a considerable time, though he declined to unite with the Whig party. In 1856, he warmly supported Mr. Buchanan as Democratic elector for the State at large, canvassed the State, making a speech in every county, in consequence of which he regained his standing in the Democratic party.

In 1858, Mr. Yancey commenced, with insistence, the war on the territorial views avowed by Judge Stephen A. Douglass, and demanded that so long as a territory remained in a state of pupilage, Congress should itself pass all laws necessary for the protection of slavery in such territory, in case the territorial legislature failed to do so. He contended that non-action on the part of the territorial legislature, on the subject of slavery would amount to leaving it in an unprotected condition, which would, practically, exclude it from the new territories then opening up. Mr. Yancey proclaimed himself to be in favor of re-opening the African slave trade, with the view of so cheapening the price of slaves as that every white man in the South could purchase one or more slaves, at an insignificant cost,

and thereby be relieved from having to perform manual labor himself. It was also in the year 1858, that Mr. Yancey unfolded in his "Slaughter letter," the program of operations, which being subsequently pursued, "precipitated the Cotton States into revolution" in the early part of the year 1861. The legislatures in over half the slave States, were induced in 1858-'9 to pass a solemn resolution to the effect, that the election of a Republican to the presidency would amount to a virtual dissolution of the Union, and would be a declaration of a war of extermination against slavery, which would warrant and render necessary the withdrawal of such State from the Union. These resolutions made it the duty of the Governor, within a specified time after the election of a Republican to the presidency, to issue his proclamation for the election of delegates to a State convention, to make arrangement for the secession of the State from the Union. Observe, all these matters were arranged and resolved upon long before Mr. Lincoln was even nominated—the train was laid with great care, before a Republican was chosen president, and after Mr. Lincoln was elected, nothing was required but to fire this train—a comparatively easy matter, as the event showed.

But for John Brown's insane attack upon Harper's Ferry, it is very questionable whether any of the Southern States could have been screwed up and egged on to seceding, purely because of the election of Mr. Lincoln. They would have waited for some overt attack to be made on slavery, which would not have happened during Mr. Lincoln's term, as he would have conformed to and respected the platform upon which he had been elected, which exactly coincided with his individual opinions quoad the constitutional competency of the general government to interfere with slavery in the States where it already existed. The Chicago platform expressly denied the existence of any such right under the Constitution.

But the raid of John Brown on Virginia soil, with the avowed intent and purpose of exciting the slaves to insurrection, made a profound impression on the Southern people. They interpreted it as an indication of the feeling and temper of the Republican party towards slavery, and as a foreshadowing of what would occur, whenever the Federal government should pass into the charge of the Republican party.

The Southern people can only be judged fairly, by looking at matters as they appeared, when viewed from their standpoint; their

apprehensions and forebodings, whether well or ill grounded, were sincerely felt and entertained. There was no hostility, or disloyalty entertained to the Union *per se*, by the Southern people—this fact ought never to be lost sight of.

In all of the Gulf States, with the exception of Louisiana, the State Democratic conventions had instructed their delegates to withdraw from the Charleston Convention in default of the insertion of a clause in the platform pledging Federal protection to slavery in the territories by appropriate legislation. The battle was thus transferred to the floor of the Charleston convention. Mr. Yancey was himself a delegate, and opened the campaign two days in advance of the day fixed for the meeting of the National Convention. The plan was to induce the delegates from all the Southern States, and failing in that, to get as many as possible, to secede from the convention, and in pursuance of this plan meetings of Southern delegates, exclusively, were held on the Friday and Saturday nights preceding the National Convention. This writer was present at these meetings, not from sympathy, however, but as a spectator of the play. Mr. Yancey declined to speak, declaring he desired to hear the other delegates express their sentiments. A delegate from Virginia observed that the absence of even a single delegate from the North at these meetings had an ominous look to him; it seemed to prefigure the disruption both of the Democracy and the Union. The National Convention of the party would convene within forty-eight hours—it was intended for friendly conference—for consultation, for a comparison of opinions, in the spirit of brotherhood, with the view of harmonizing differences. He had no doubt an adjustment could be reached by mutual concessions—at any rate, it ought to be tried. He declined to take any part in these meetings of Southern delegates exclusively, or to be bound by its action.

The speeches made in these meetings were violent and inflammatory, abounding in denunciations of the Northern Democrats as time-servers and shufflers, and representing the Republicans as being determined to wipe out slavery, even if they had to resort to servile insurrection. I remember that John Milton, a delegate from Florida (he was chosen Governor in 1862, but died in 1864), said, “His plan was for Southern men to take the Constitution in one hand and a musket in the other, and to march to Faneuil Hall in Boston, demand their constitutional rights, and if they were not granted, to go to

work at once with their muskets and never stop till their constitutional rights were granted to them." His speech was applauded to the echo.

When the National Convention met on the following Monday the delegates from Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina had come to an agreement to withdraw if the platform did not embrace the clause respecting slavery demanded by the South.

There was a most bitter opposition to the nomination of Judge Douglass. President Buchanan encouraged and supported this opposition by personal and official influence. John Slidell was not a delegate to the convention, still, he was personally present in Charleston for the purpose of working the wires to defeat Douglass, an art in which natural cunning and long practice had made him very proficient. The selection of Caleb Cushing for president of the convention was a serious blow to Douglass. There was a bitter fight between the rival delegations from New York—one headed by Fernando Wood the other by Dean Richmond, but the latter were admitted to seats. Ultra Southern delegates supported Wood.

When the Committee on Resolutions made their report, there was a majority and a minority report, and this was the signal for battle. George E. Pugh, ex-Governor Paine of Ohio, C. L. Vallandigham and Congressman Richardson of Illinois, were the leading speakers for the majority report. The speeches of Pugh and Vallandigham were able, eloquent and impressive. W. L. Yancey was, practically, the only speaker for the minority report. He was listened to by an audience of 5,000 with undivided and breathless attention—literally speaking, one could have heard a pin fall, so profound was the stillness. He indulged in no invectives against the Northern Democrats; not the faintest expression that could be tortured into hostility to the Union fell from his lips—but his speech was impassioned, eloquent and impressive. No man was freer from bombast, sophomoric declamation and pompous rhetoric than Mr. Yancey. He never was at a loss for a word, and the proper word always came. Mr. Yancey was a born orator, and had no equal in the South before a popular audience. His voice was sweet and round, his articulation very clear and distinct—every word could be heard—and both his looks and manner were impressive and captivating. It was a treat to hear him relate an anecdote in his speeches.

When the platform was finally disposed of by the adoption of the majority report, the scene that ensued was mournfully dramatic. The chairman of the delegation from Alabama arose read his protest against the platform and announced the withdrawal of the delegation. As it retired there was applause from the delegates who were soon to withdraw. The Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas and South Carolina delegations read protests and withdrew in succession from the convention. Then scattering delegates from other Southern States withdrew, sometimes leaving only one or two delegates in their seats.

The scene was a sad and portentous one to me. To my mind it was the prelude to the "bloody sweat and agony" of the war that followed not many months afterward. The writer had determined to disobey instructions and to retain his seat in the convention and vote for Douglass, but when he mentioned the matter to his particular friend, ex-Governor Winston, older and more experienced than this writer, he insisted I should also retire in order not to injure his political prospects, to which I consented against my own judgment.

The breach was never closed. Two Presidential tickets were placed in the field—Douglass and Johnson, and Breckinridge and Lane. The Whigs also nominated a ticket.

It was perfectly clear that, with the opposition to Mr. Lincoln divided among three candidates, he was certain to carry nearly every non-slaveholding State, and to be elected, and this state of things drew to him the floating vote composed of men whose only aim is to vote for the winning ticket.

Mr. Yancey supported Breckinridge and Lane with enthusiasm, speaking in most of the Northern cities, and in nearly every Southern State. The election of Mr. Lincoln was followed by the putting into execution in the Southern States of the pre-arranged programs. State conventions were called, and elections ordered for delegates. Alabama passed the ordinance of secession January 11th, 1861—just a few days after South Carolina had led off. Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas pretty soon followed. They agreed to form a provisional government with Montgomery as the capital. The forts and arms were seized in these seceded States wherever they were able to get possession of them. They apprehended no resistance or coercion from President Buchanan, and were anxious to get possession of the forts and arsenals with their contents, and to

organize a government prior to the induction of Mr. Lincoln into office. Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia seceded in the spring of 1861.

Mr. Yancey never believed secession would be followed by war. Peaceable secession was the cuckoo song. It was the universal belief in the South that there would be no war. Here and there, Southern men were encountered, who predicted war, but they were branded as "submissionists," and suspected of disloyalty to the South. This disbelief as to war was shared by Jefferson Davis and his cabinet, and the result was, hardly any preparations for war was made before the inauguration of Lincoln in the purchase of cannon, muskets, lead, powder, ships, etc. A large proportion of the cotton crop grown in 1860, was still on hand in the South, which could have been shipped to Europe, and used in the purchase of arms and ammunitions. But none apprehended war, and so preparations were scant.

While Mr. Yancey contributed more than any other individual to launch secession, he cut no great figure afterward. In the Alabama State convention, he was defeated as a delegate to the provisional congress, through a combination of the friends of other aspirants. There was a great jealousy of Mr. Yancey, on account of his superior eloquence and his influence in bringing about secession, and this ignoble feeling manifested itself in attempts to retire him to private life. Jefferson Davis appointed him one of the commissioners to England to negotiate a treaty recognizing the Confederate States, but seeing this could not be accomplished, he returned by way of Mexico, and made his way overland to Montgomery. On his return, he was much disheartened by the aspect of affairs. In the winter of 1862-'3, he was elected a senator in the Confederate Senate, and took his seat. My impression is he somewhat antagonized Jefferson Davis' administration—he thought militaryism was too much over-slaughting the civil authority in the South—at least he expressed himself in that way in a letter written to this writer in the spring of 1864, from Richmond. In the then situation of the South, the military authority needed to be strengthened. A Danton was needed to procure a decree for a levy en masse in the South—for placing negroes in the army, and for converting the South into a camp. A cold, stern, unyielding dictatorship was required, but Jefferson Davis was not the man for such a dictator. Clearly, Mr. Yancey was

wrong in deprecating the predominance of militaryism over the civil authority. The South should have been converted into a camp.

Mr. Yancey died prior to the close of the war, and it was thought, from the effects of a blow on the head from an ink stand hurled at him by Ben Hill, of Georgia, in the Confederate Senate chamber in retaliation for something Yancey had uttered in a speech. He lived long enough to realize that secession was a failure, and this was gall and wormwood to him.

I have remarked the prevalent belief among the Southern people, that secession would not be followed by war, and that Mr. Yancey shared such belief. But for the Confederates firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, the probability is there would never have been a war, and but for the war, the Southern people would have sickened of secession, undone all the secession work, and returned to the Union, as the prodigal returned to his father's house. As to the firing on Fort Sumter, ex-United States Senator Jere Clemens stated in a public letter, that he was in the office of the Secretary of War, in Montgomery, two days before fire was opened on Fort Sumter, when Mr. Gilchrist, of Lowndes county, Alabama, a very hot-headed secessionist, came into the office and censured General L. P. Walker, the Secretary of War, for not having precipitated a war, declaring the people were already beginning to repent of secession, and would be back in the Union at the end of a year, unless the breach was made wider by an act of war, and urged him to order fire to be opened on Fort Sumter without delay. Whether this statement be true or false, the firing on Fort Sumter appeared at the time to have been without any adequate provocation, and to have been the outcome of a hasty and ill-advised resolution. It opened the war. It fired the heart of the North, as it never was fired before, enthusiastic patriotism flashed forth with amazing spontaneity—men, who had opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln—men, who were opposed to the coercion of the seceding States were indignant at the firing on the flag of the United States and eager for putting down the rebellion by force of arms. The South begun the war by opening fire on Fort Sumter at a time when she should have used every effort within her power to postpone the appeal to the sword. That was the deliberate and matured opinion of Mr. Yancey, notwithstanding he was regarded as a hot-spur, void of rationality and prudence. The late Colonel A. G. Horn, who was secretary of the Alabama State Convention which

passed the ordinance of secession, and of which Mr. Yancey was a member, informed me that towards the close of its session Mr. Yancey delivered a speech in secret session, of two hours' duration, in which he contrasted the available resources of the United States and the Confederate States for war, and insisted that the latter should avoid war as long as possible, since war would be disastrous to them, in their then unprepared condition. Should the United States march an invading army into the South, with the intention of conquering the South, that step would have the effect of completely harmonizing and uniting the Southern people in every Southern State into a compact mass, and it would likewise sow fatal divisions in the people of the United States, inasmuch as the Democrats and Whigs of the North, reinforced by a large proportion of capitalists and merchants, would boldly denounce such a step. The final success of the Confederacy depended on the studious avoidance of war with the United States, and in leaving the United States to become the aggressor by invading Southern homes and firesides, in case she must have a war.

Of the purity and unselfishness of Mr. Yancey's motives, there can be but one opinion by such as knew him. No thought of self-aggrandizement ever entered into his thoughts. He never was an office-seeker. He led the secession movement. Many others advocated it in order to win popularity; others espoused it from a craven fear of popular wrath. Yancey in 1858 regarded secession not only as inevitable, but felt it was his duty to prepare the Southern people for taking the plunge. The result attests the truth of the saying that "Man proposes, but God disposes," since the very step taken to perpetuate slavery led to its extinction.

Out of the 600 delegates in the Charleston Convention of 1860, thirty-one years ago, not more than a dozen are left on the stage of life.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, February 19, 1893.]

THE BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM,

June 29th, 1892. The Part Taken Therein by Louisiana Troops.

A Paper Read Before the Louisiana Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, February 18, 1893, by Captain John W. T. Leech,
Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, Louisiana
Infantry, Confederate States Army.

Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia:

In writing of the thrilling events which took place around the city of Richmond in 1862, you will bear in mind that thirty-one years have rolled by and that a man's memory, however good, must necessarily have forgotten many things which would prove very interesting if they could be recalled.

But the truth of the matter is, I am growing old, and those scenes are rapidly fading away. I wore the gray then, and as the battle of life progresses I am wearing more gray, and this will continue on until that arch enemy of mankind will flank me out of every position and compel a final surrender.

Comrades, in commencing this narration it is proper to inform you what command I belonged to. I had the honor to command company C, Fourteenth Louisiana regiment. This regiment belonged to General Roger A. Pryor's brigade, composed of the Fourteenth Alabama, Second Florida, Fourteenth Louisiana, St. Paul's Battalion and Louisiana Zouaves, consolidated, Third Virginia and the Donaldsonville Artillery.

We belonged to Major-General James Longstreet's division, which was composed of the following brigades: Kemper's, Anderson's, Pickett's, Wilcox's, Pryor's and Featherston's.

On the morning of the 28th of June, just after the battle of Gaines' Mill, I was standing on one of the hills near by, with a group of men,

and, looking southward, we could plainly see a large balloon which the enemy had sent up for the purpose of reconnoitering, and I heard General Pryor remark, "I am afraid those devils will get into Richmond in spite of all we can do."

In a little while troops were pressed forward to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, and it was soon discovered that he had retreated across the Chickahominy and destroyed the bridges, but as he might yet give battle to preserve his communication, some cavalry and Ewell's division was sent to seize the York River railroad.

During the afternoon clouds of dust showed plainly that the Yankee army was in motion, and, judging by the roads he had taken, it was soon discovered that McClellan was making his way to the James.

Our divisions followed on down the Chickahominy, and on Sunday morning it was ascertained that the enemy had abandoned his fortifications and was in full retreat toward his gunboats on the James river.

To Generals Magruder and Huger had been assigned the important duty of watching the enemy, and to cut off or press his retreat.

The result of the battle of Gaines' Mill was to force McClellan out of all his strong positions north of the Chickahominy, and, with his communications cut off on the Pamunkey river and confronted by our forces on the south side of the Chickahominy, it was supposed that he would be forced into a capitulation.

But the enemy had been imperfectly matched at a conjuncture the most critical in all the seven days' battles around Richmond, when liberty hovered o'er us and seemed ready to perch upon the Confederate banners, these generals signally failed to perform the duty assigned them.

On the morning of the 29th of June, Magruder and Huger were attacked, but they drove the enemy down the roads and through the woods, passed their breastworks, and found them deserted, and, instead of profiting by this discovery and commencing the pursuit, these generals allowed the foe to pass across their front, instead of piercing his line of retreat by advancing down the Nine-mile road and the Williamsburg road, which would have cut the forces of the enemy into so many fragments.

On the same day, June 29, our division and that of A. P. Hill's were ordered to recross the Chickahominy at New Bridge and move by the Darbytown and Longbridge roads to intercept the retreat.

Huger was sent down the Charles City road and Magruder down the Williamsburg road.

The scenes in McClellan's army at this time must have been such as would have appalled the stoutest hearts.

The historian says McClellan's advance column had already been swallowed in the maw of the dreary forest. It swept on fast and furious. Pioneer bands rushed along in front, clearing and repairing the single road; reconnoissance officers were seeking new routes for a haven of rest and safety. The Confederates were in the rear, pressing on with fearful power; and there was yet an expectation that Jackson's flank movement might cut off the retreat. Moments seemed hours. Back and forth dashed hot riders. Caravans of wagons, artillery, horsemen, soldiers, camp-followers, pressed through the narrow road, and at intervals swept onward like an avalanche.

The trace of agony was on the face of the commander, and the soldiers who carried muskets in their hands could perceive it.

Presently the dull boom of a cannon and its echoing shell fell grimly upon the ear, and an ominous roar behind told the enemy that his rear was attacked.

Magruder had struck the enemy's rear, but Jackson was so delayed in reconstructing the Grapevine bridge that he was unable to get up in time to participate.

On the march down the Darbytown road our division was joined by President Davis and staff, and, together with our general officers, made a body of such fine-looking men that I will never forget the picture.

I ought to describe some of the scenes on these marches, but it would detain you too long; in almost any direction you might look you could see large columns of smoke, showing that the enemy was destroying his quartermaster and commissary stores, and, not satisfied with that, burning up farm-houses, barns, haystacks, fences—everything that would burn, all through pure spite.

The fields over which we passed were strewn with all sorts of military accoutrements, guns and swords thrown away, abandoned wagons, ambulances, and all sorts of things that belong to an army.

On the evening of the 29th, just before sundown, we were allowed to go into camp to get a little rest. In a short time the whole field was covered with camp-fires, men frying meat, baking bread, making coffee—sure enough coffee, for we had captured it from the enemy.

Presently I heard some one call me, and turning to see who it was, I beheld the new moon over my left shoulder and no silver in my left pocket. I remarked to Lieutenant Scott, for it was he who had called me, "That is a very bad sign."

"Oh, look here, Captain, you don't tell me that you believe in signs?"

"Yes, I do, Scott, and what's more, I believe in destiny; if a man's born to be hanged, he will never be drowned."

"Well," said he, "come over here, I want to read the articles of war to you."

"Read what?" said I, "you had better be reading your Bible."

"Well," said he, "come around here," meaning around a big tree.

I saw him point something black at the moon and, handing it to me, he said: "Take this telescope and see if there are any spots on the moon; let us know what the augurs have to say."

I took it and, after taking a good look, I told him that I did not see any spots, but I certainly saw bubbles. After this I felt considerably better.

Alas, poor Scott, at the next roll-call one of my lieutenants stepped to the front, saluted and answered for him, "Dead on the field of honor."

The night in this camp was spent in little cat naps, for I was a very feverish man. I knew that on the morrow there would be bloody work to do, so I was glad when reveille sounded.

In a little while the troops were on the march again, winding around the hills, crossing over the fields, maneuvering for good positions.

About noon our advance troops came upon the enemy at Frazier's farm. They had mustered their troops here determined to make a stand, so the balance of the flying army could get away. They occupied all the surrounding hills, and had them bristling with artillery—in fact had every advantage.

About 3 o'clock the battle opened with artillery. Whilst this was going on our brigade was lying down in the woods, bordering an old field. Skirmishers had been sent out, and I had gone a short distance out in front, when presently General Pryor and two of his staff rode up, and dismounting, said they would go out to the skirmish line. Just at this time George Zerr, of Company C, was up in a cherry tree enjoying himself. In a few moments I heard the boom of a gun, the scream of a shell, and off went the top of the cherry tree, and down came George on the run.

In a moment there was another shell, and this one burst in the midst of Company C, Fourteenth Louisiana regiment, killing two men, James Kelly and James Baker, and wounding two or three others. Presently another, and off goes a leg of General Pryor's mare; at the same moment he came up and one of his staff remarked: "You may as well shoot her." "Oh, no," said General Pryor, "I can't do that, you must do it." In a moment more he put a ball between her eyes, and stopped the pain.

It was now four o'clock, and General Pryor received orders to advance his brigade into the fight.

As we advanced we discovered that the brigade on our right had been repulsed, and the enemy was making it very warm for us in our front and on our flanks. Nevertheless, we were ordered to charge the enemy, and our regiment moved boldly forward through an open field.

The enemy now opened upon us with renewed vigor, and as we further advanced our left became more exposed to an enfilading fire that compelled us to fall back again to the edge of the woods.

In this charge several officers and men were killed and wounded, and our color-bearer, James McCann, was killed.

We held this line until nightfall, momentarily expecting the forces of Magruder to make their appearance on our left, when we expected to outflank the enemy and drive him into the Chickahominy.

Whilst we were holding this line there was music in the air; the boom of artillery, the bursting of shell and the roar of musketry made music, the kind a soldier likes to hear when he is fighting in a just cause.

At a critical moment in the battle the Donaldsonville Artillery came up on our right, and in a few moments made things very lively in the enemy's lines.

Late in the evening our brigade was relieved by General Gregg, but just before his arrival I received a severe wound which put me out of the fight.

Our troops held the line, and during the night the enemy retreated.

At the close of the struggle the field was covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. Many prisoners, including a general of division, were captured, several batteries and thousands of small arms. If the other commands could have co-operated the enemy would have been completely routed.

• Guns and caissons captured at Frazier's Farm: Seven 12-pounder

Napoleon guns, one 12-pounder field howitzer, six 10-pounder rifle Parrots, two 20-pounder rifle Parrots, one 10-pounder rifle Parrot, one 24-pounder field howitzer, one 12-pounder caisson, one 10-pounder caisson, one 6-pounder caisson, one 10-pounder Parrot caisson, one 12-pounder Parrot caisson, one 24-pounder Parrot caisson, one 10-pounder Parrot caisson, one 12-pounder Parrot caisson, and thousands of small arms.

This is a pretty good showing, and it looks as if there had been some desperate fighting on that battlefield.

General Longstreet in his report says: "The odds against us on this field were probably greater than on any other."

Comrades, a few words more and I will close. I am proud of the old Fourteenth, and justly so; it was as good a regiment as ever struck a blow for Dixie.

Comrades, I will name six regiments that met with the greatest number of casualties in the seven days' battles around Richmond:

Killed, wounded and missing: The Twentieth North Carolina, Garland's Brigade, 380; Forty-fourth Georgia, Ripley's Brigade, 335; Fourteenth Alabama, Pryor's Brigade, 335; Nineteenth Mississippi, Featherston's Brigade, 325; Fourth Texas, Hood's Brigade, 253; Fourteenth Louisiana, Pryor's Brigade, 243.

After thanking Comrade Leech for his interesting paper, the meeting adjourned.

[From the *Atlanta Constitution*, November, 1893.]

THE SHENANDOAH.

**Her Exploits in the Pacific Ocean, After the Struggle of 1861-'5
Had Closed.**

Dr. F. J. McNulty, of 706 Huntington avenue, Boston, was one of the officers of the Confederate warship *Shenandoah*, which, on the 5th of November, 1865, flung to the breeze for the last time the Stars and Bars.

Asked by the writer of this article to relate the story of the cruise of the *Shenandoah* and of the last wave of the Southern flag a few days since, the Doctor told this thrilling tale of the last terror of the

seas, whose track was marked by a line of fire around the earth, from the tropics to the Arctic, while she gave the whaling marine of the United States its fatal blow :

“On the evening of the 8th day of October, 1864,” said he, “there met on Princesses dock, Liverpool, twenty-seven men. They were nearly unacquainted with each other, and knew nothing of their destination. All were officers of the Confederate navy, by commission or warrant, and each had his distinct order to report to this place at the same hour. My commission was that of assistant surgeon. A tug was waiting, and we were hurried upon its deck with great haste. In the stream lay the steam blockade-runner *Laurel*. In the shortest time imaginable we were hustled on board this craft, and were steaming down the stream. At the same hour, casting off her lines from her London dock, and moving down the Thames, with her grim dogs of war concealed between her decks, ostensibly a merchantman, and bound for Bombay, sailed the English ship *Sea King*. One week later the ships met in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira. But the captain of the port ordering us out of his waters in the name of his Sovereign of Portugal, we raised anchor and found an offing beside the three great Desertas, massive rocks that rise out of the blue bosom of the Atlantic. Here the ships were lashed together, and the *Sea King* received from the *Laurel*, which was loaded deep, arms, ordnance, and coal sufficient for an extended voyage of a man-of-war.

“This done the crews of both vessels were ordered on board the *Sea King*, when James I. Waddell, going down into her cabin, soon reappeared on deck clad in full uniform and bearing the side arms of a Confederate naval captain. Holding his commission for such office in his hand he read it to the assembled crews, and closed in a brief address, declaring that this ship, late the *Sea King*, of England, should now and forever be known as the Confederate States warship *Shenandoah* ; that her object should be to prey upon and destroy the commerce of the United States, and that all of either crew, the *Laurel*’s or the *Sea King*’s, who wished to enlist their lives and services in the defence of the Confederate cause on board this ship might now do so.

“Jack shifted his quid, put his hands deeper than ever in his pockets, and thought long at this sudden turn in events. He finally shook his head. Some few asked what about bounty? Not being

satisfactorily answered, but very few responded. It was too hazardous an undertaking, with no inducement of gain. Besides, too, the Alabama had gone down before the guns of the Kearsage, and this Shenandoah would now be the only bird left upon the water for the Federals to wing.

SALUTES FIRED.

"Immediately after this the lashings were cast off and guns of salute in parting fired by the two vessels. The Laurel turned her prow to England and we to the south seas. Never before was a ship beset by difficulties apparently so insurmountable. Demanding a complement of 160 men, we bore away that day a ship-of-war with forty-seven men all told. Although liable at any hour to meet the challenge shot of the enemy, we entered upon our duties without fear. There was work for every man to do, and every man put his heart in his task. Boxes, trunks, casks of beef and bread, coal and ordnance, lay promiscuous about deck and below. Then, when after days of toil and with blistered hands all was stored properly below, and while the carpenter and his mates cut port holes for the guns, the captain took his trick at the wheels, and the officers and men, regardless of rank, barefooted and with trousers roiled up, scrubbed and holystoned decks. Yet in that strangely gathered body of men were some of the best blood of the South. Historic names were there. Lieutenant Lee, son of Admiral Lee, commandant of the Philadelphia navy-yard at the opening of the war, and nephew of General Robert E. Lee, was our third lieutenant, and had seen service on the Georgia and Florida. Our chief engineer and paymaster were from the Alabama, and every commissioned officer was a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and had seen previous service. But all felt the necessity of the hour, and lieutenant, assistant surgeon, boatswain, and foremost hands, of whom there were but seven in all, kept watch and watch. But at length everything was put in shipshape, halyards coiled, and decks made shining. We were then all called aft, officers and men, to 'splice the main brace,' a nautical proceeding much inveighed against by John B. Gough, Neal Dow, and other reformers.

"The Shenandoah was built of teak, an Indian wood. She had quarter-inch iron plating, as well as iron knees and stanchions. Of 1,160 tons, English register, 320 feet in length, and 32 in breadth, her average speed was thirteen knots, though, when entirely under sail,

with propeller unshipped and sails up, she often outdid this. At one time sailing down the Indian ocean, she made for four consecutive hours the high average rate of eighteen knots.

FIRST VISITORS.

"The morning of October 29th was clear and bright, and was made memorable by our first visitors on board. The stranger showed chase, but quickly changed his mind when a hustling shot across his bows said, 'Do come and see us,' the first of fifty pressing invitations. Of this vessel's complement of ten men, eight joined our crew. I will not stop to enumerate in detail," said Dr. McNulty, who was here interrupted by the writer, "but rise to indignantly deny as a base lie that Captain Waddell ever put a man in irons because he would not join our ship! James I. Waddell was a gentleman, and would never stoop to such conduct. Certainly there must be discipline on board ship, and at times when there were too many prisoners we had to see that they did not rise and take possession of the vessel."

He then resumed his narrative: "After our first capture, sailing steadily to the south seas, and destroying a ship nearly every other day, on the evening of November 15th we were on the equator. Here his most saline and anciently-enthroned majesty came on board and brought with him his numerous retinue, and the ceremony of becoming naturalized citizens of the deep had to be submitted to, many of the officers, including the assistant surgeon, undergoing the tonsorial brushing up of old Neptune. In those warm southern waters, with a clear sky and little to do, our quota of men was now nearly made up—the hours seemed like links of sunshine. In the enchantment of the bright dream one would forget at times that our occupation was less than peace. Then suddenly a sail would be descried, and all would be bustle; top sails would be shaken out, and, forging ahead, our guns would ring out the iron voice of war. The lowering of a flag and transferring of a crew would follow, and then in a sacrificial flame would go up to the blue sky one more of the enemy's ships, leaving a blot in the memory of an otherwise cloudless tropical day.

"One day we overhauled a New Bedford whaler attached to a whale. It was the case of the big fish eating up the little one, and we were the largest in that pond just then. So the whaling barque

Edward, of New Bedford, went up in flame and smoke. Christmas-day saw us flying before a twelve-knot breeze under a cloudless sky.

“Surprising latitudes these to a landsman, who, when from days to days, finds himself going before a sweeping gale without one cloud to be seen, naturally asks: Where does the wind come from? On the 27th of December we came in the harbor of the Island of Tristan de Acunha, the principal of a group of islands in the South Atlantic. In its seventeen families nearly all the principal nations are represented. Here we landed our prisoners, and left them a three-months’ supply of provisions. Fortunately for us, we made a short stop at this island, for afterwards, when in Europe, we were told that just twelve hours after we had left the harbor the United States man-of-war Iroquoise steamed in, and hurriedly taking on board the prisoners, weighed anchor and stood for Cape Town, a favorite rendezvous of the Alabama. Happily, we were bound for Melbourne, and did not stand near the Cape in doubling it. Two days later the little island of St. Paul, about four miles in extent, and rising in beautiful plateaus, swelled up before us, and the weather being calm, we laid-to outside its harbor. Entering its basin in a yawl, we found that the waters must be over an extinct crater, as they were hot enough to boil penguin eggs. These birds rose like clouds before us. Here we found, to our surprise, three Frenchmen. They were employed curing fish, while their vessel was off for another catch. Besides their rude quarters, we were taken to visit the residence of the owner of the island, who lived in France, and were astonished to find here, afar from all the world, apartments displaying all that luxury, wealth and culture suggested, including a library of nearly 1,000 volumes. No bolt held or key unlocked this; it was all as open as the Garden of Eden to our first parents. On our departure the hospitable Frenchmen presented us with a supply of cured fish and half a barrel of penguin eggs.

THE RUSE FAILED.

“Two days later we fell in with and gave chase to the bark Delphine, of Searsport, Me. The captain, a plucky fellow, showed high heels for some time, and not until the third solid shot almost cut away his fore rigging did he come to. He told the boarding officer that his wife was ill, and could not be removed. This necessitated a visit from the ship’s assistant surgeon, who found as plump and

healthy a specimen of the sex as the Pine-Tree State ever produced. Laughing heartily, when asked if she were ill, she said 'No.' She was a brave, cultivated woman, and I was real sorry that the ruse failed, as I wanted to see the ship spared. She was now ordered to gather her effects, which, excepting her piano, were taken to the Shenandoah, where Captain Waddell gave up one of his cabins to Captain and Mrs. Nichols, late of the bark *Delphine*.

"We were now nearing the coast of Australia, and on the 25th day January, 1865, entered the port of Melbourne. Never was conquering flag at peak hailed with such honors as were given us upon that bright, tropical morning. Steamer, tug-boat, yacht—all Melbourne, in fact, with its 180,000 souls, seemed to have outdone itself in welcome to the Confederates. Flags dipped, cannon boomed, and men in long thousands cheered as we moved slowly up the channel and dropped anchor. The telegraph had told of our coming from down the coast, where we had been sighted with Confederate flag flying, and the English papers had said that the great Semmes was on board. Evidently the heart of colonial Britain was in our cause.

"An official note sent to Sir Charles Darling, governor of the colony, asking leave to take coal and make repairs, brought a letter granting the privilege, with the wish, however, that we do so as quickly as possible. But upon examination it was found that four weeks would be required for the repairs, and that the ship must be dry-docked, and to do this the government slip must be used. Here was a dilemma for the Governor. The United States consul was demanding of him that we be ordered out of the harbor, and we, as recognized belligerents, were demanding to stay. He 'darst' and he 'darsn't,' as the gamins say. At length he reluctantly yielded leave for full repairs. Now another trouble arose. Two questionable men were thought to be on board the Shenandoah, and were wanted by the Governor. His police came with a search warrant, but were indignantly refused permission to come on board by Captain Waddell, who declared in a note to the Governor that a ship-of-war was, as a nation's own territory, inviolable. The Governor replied by placing a battalion of militia on the wharf, when Captain Waddell gave four hours to the Governor to take away the troops, or he and his crew would leave the ship and call for the vengeance of his Government. In less than the given time the troops were removed.

“Excepting this unpleasantness, our stay in Melbourne was one round of pleasure and honors. We were given free rides on the railroads to any point. From commander down to grayback, all had their free passes. The wealthiest club in Melbourne elected us honorary members. Barry Sullivan, then playing Othello, gave us an especial night, when, with true British gusto, the flaring bills read: ‘Under the distinguished patronage of the officers of the Confederate Steamship Shenandoah.’ There we looked down upon an auditorium packed to suffocation as we sat in the royal box. One hundred miles away, at Ballarat, a red-letter day was set apart for our reception. Only seven of us could attend. The entire town came out to greet us, and across the main street on a triumphal arch of flowers were the letters in garland: ‘Welcome to Ballarat.’

VISITORS.

“At length the ship came off the ways, and two days were given to receive visitors, during which time thousands availed themselves of the opportunity. At length, on the 28th of February, we put to sea, with our full complement of men, and on the 1st of April, entered the harbor of Ascension Island. Here, in this little, almost landlocked harbor, were four whalers, and after the bare-legged king of the island had condescended to say where he wished them sunk, so as not to destroy good anchorage in his harbor, we set fire and scuttled the fleet. Great events were going on then at home, but we were oblivious of their occurrence. After staying at Ascension Island eleven days, we hove our anchor, and started for the coast of Japan. As we neared the coast, thousands of robins came on deck, and, falling exhausted from the rigging, were picked up in buckets full, and proved a great change for salt horse.

OFF KAMTCHATKA.

“With prow to the north, we found ourselves on the 27th of May in the Okhotsk sea, off the coast of Kamtchatka. Here we destroyed the ship Abigail, of New Bedford. We found ourselves one day after a fog had cleared in a field of ice. As far as the eye could range on every side extended the ice floe. It was five feet thick on our port side, while on our starboard, it rose up on a level with our sails, that, frozen from the drizzling of the night before, laid like boards across the masts. The floe was moving, and we were moved

in its vise-like clasp. It grated against the frail timbers that now only stood between us and death, as if envious that its realms had been invaded, and wanting to reach with its cold grasp the intruder. Lips unused to prayer, now sent up a supplication. Added to all, as if to mock our miseries, a group of walruses climbed clumsily out of the sea, and began disporting themselves so near that we could almost touch them. Gradually, as hope began to sink, the sun slowly came upon the scene. Though low in the north, it brought hope and warmth. The long, cold northern day that knows no sunset was upon us with its low, mocking noon. The sails began to lose their rigged bend, the ice loosened, and we forged ahead. Then, lowering our propeller in the wake thus made, we pushed sternwise out of the terrible ice floe.

FOLLOWING THE WHALER.

"We had now enough of floe ice; our errand was not that of a Franklin or a Kane, but to follow wherever the hardy whaler went. We sailed into Behring Sea and chasing a bark which proved to be the Robert Downs, an Englishman with a Russian flag flying, he answered to the call that he was the Prince Petropoliski bound for a cruise. Our boatswain, a broad Milesian, with a touch of Sclay upon his tongue, was our spokesman, therefore it was easy to imagine how this unpronounceable name must have sounded through the trumpet from such an anti-Russian source.

"On the 18th of June we made St. Lawrence Island, and its Esquimaux inhabitants came out to trade with us. They brought out walrus tusks and fur, which we declined to barter for. The cook, however, brought from the galley a slush bucket of odds and ends of grease and food, and our little stunted friends squatted upon the deck in silence, and dug deeply with their hands into the mixed viands. A pound of tallow candles to each served as dessert, and when the king's meal to an Esquimaux was at an end they departed with full hearts and stomachs.

On the 27th June, after destroying much shipping in Behring Sea, we captured the Susan Abigail, twenty-eight days from San Francisco. Then, for the first time, we heard that the war was over. But as the captain could show no proof, not even a newspaper, we set it down as a smart Yankee trick, thought of to save his ship.

"On the 5th of July occurred our greatest day's work—perhaps

the greatest destruction ever served upon an enemy in a single day by one ship. The morning came heavy and thick with fog. Suddenly across our bows swept something; in the fog we thought we could outline a ship. A gun brought to a bark. Soon her flaming form broke upon the fog and told her fate. She had nearly run us down in the thickness of the weather. The fog now rising disclosed a wide bay or roadstead in which were anchored with their sails half furled a large fleet of whaling vessels of every rig. They were mostly from New Bedford. Before entering upon our work we counted them; there were eleven. Soon the work of demand, surrender, debarkation, and conflagration began. Two were saved and bonded to take home the other crews. Then followed the torch and auger. Never before had these far latitudes beheld such a dread scene of devastation as this, as ship after ship went up in flame. We had been ordered to wipe out the whaling marine of the enemy; and now, after the government that had so ordered had been itself destroyed, we, unwittingly, were dealing the enemy our hardest blows—not our enemy, if we knew the facts, and we were making of ourselves the enemy of mankind.

GOING SOUTH.

Re-entering the Arctic seas, we cruised some days without success. Then turning back to Behring Sea, we pointed our prow to the South. The 2d day of August was clear and bright, and the sea smooth. The cry of "a sail!" brought all minds to attention. But, alas! it was not to revive the old scenes. The *Shenandoah* had done her last work, and the now oncoming craft was to bring to us tidings of consternation and despair. She showed the English flag, but this to us was a small matter. Half our prizes had done this. Her double top-sail yards (a Yankee rig) were thought sufficient identity. She proved, however, to be the English ship *Barracoutta*, two days out from San Francisco. Her captain informed our boarding officer that the war was over, and produced New York and San Francisco papers, telling us for the first time of the great and closing scenes of the fearful drama; the surrender of Lee; the capture of Richmond; the assassination of Lincoln, and the final collapse of the Confederacy. Quick as thought, Captain Waddell now swung his guns between decks, closed the port holes, and the *Shenandoah* was again a craft of peace. A council of officers was now held to decide what

course to pursue. The opinion of each was asked and given. Some were in favor of sailing to Melbourne; others for Valparaiso, or New Zealand. Captain Waddell, although in the minority, decided in favor of Liverpool. We had no flag and no country, but we had sailed from England, and to England we would now return. We were not aware that from one of the bonded ships which we had sent to San Francisco with the crews of herself and others had gone the word by telegraph to Washington of our depredations, and that President Johnson had issued a proclamation of outlawry against us.

ALTERED CONDITION.

The crew of the *Shenandoah* were now all called aft, and Captain Waddell, in a brief address, told them of our altered condition, and of his decision to sail to Liverpool. The men gave three cheers to their commander, and pressed forward to their duties with a will, while the ship's prow was pointed to Cape Horn. On our way we sighted many ships; some nearing us would send up signals, but would receive no answer. We had lost our voice and manners with our occupation, and all we thought of now was to get to the other side of this terrestrial globe as soon as possible. We had but seven days' coal supply, and must husband this for an emergency. It came in rounding Cape Horn, when we were obliged by stress of weather to fall upon its use. We now laid our course for our destination, and every day was closing in the miles that separated us from our fate. How far the world had gone in the last few months we did not know. We had been beyond its pale. And now, wanderers without a home, we had not even that which usually follows successful privateering—money, for we had sailed against the flag of the United States, not to plunder its citizens, but to destroy its commerce. We were imbued with no grasping thoughts of wealth. The success of our cause was what we had sailed for, and now that we had no cause, we were poor indeed. What we had done was all under the open mandate of honorable warfare, recognized as such by the oldest and most powerful of the maritime and naval nations, when she declared we were belligerents, thus recognizing that the flag we bore was a national flag. But, on the other hand, we knew the United States had never recognized the Southern States to be in secession, and, inasmuch as we were unsuccessful, we could hardly know what to expect. But the vastness of the movement, greater in extent and completion of

design than anything in history, embodying within itself millions of men who had sprung full armed and as in one step to war, was beyond the pale of international or of national precedent.

THE LOST CAUSE.

“Then, too, we felt something must be expected of the great nation that had allowed its people to enter heart and soul into our cause. Would she stand by us now in our day of trial? These were our varying thoughts and hopes against the uncertain future, when on the 5th of November land was descried. Up from the water rose the Welsh hills. Distance lending her charm to their purpling heather, smoothed down their rough exterior as they rose from the water, bright in the autumn sunlight. Now the clear headlands of the Anglesey, rising high out of St. George’s channel, stood more near, and a pilot swept alongside. He asked us to show our flag. We say we have no flag. Then answers the servant of the nations, ‘Cannot go on board your ship.’ A hurried consultation—an anxious exchange of inquiring looks—what shall we do now—we have but one flag—shall we raise it? It was the flag to which we had sworn allegiance. Shall we lift it once more to the breeze, in defiance of the world—if needs be—and, defying all, be constant to that cause which we had sworn to maintain until we knew there was no Confederacy, and that ours, in truth, was a lost cause? ‘We will,’ say all hearts with one ‘acclaim.’ ‘And let this pilot, or any other refuse to recognize us if they will.’ Then, for the last time, was brought up from its treasured place below, the sacred banner of the fair South, to wave its last defiant wave, and flap its last ensanguined flap against the winds of fate, before going forever upon the page of history. Out upon the free day it flashed, and the far shores of England seemed to answer its brave appeal—that the banner that had led 1,000,000 men to many victorious battles should now have one more and final recognition, should once more be recognized a flag among the flags of nations. The grim old sea-dog, tossing his boat at stern, beholds go up the outlawed banner! He sees it floating in the wild, free air, and anticipates his England’s decision that it shall be recognized for this one last time. He calls for a line, swings himself over the old war-ship’s side, and up the noble Mersey, thirteen months after the departure from the Thames, and just six months,

lacking four days, after the war ended, sailed the Confederate ship-of-war, *Shenandoah*."

TURNED OVER.

"Half way up the river a fleet of English men-of-war lay anchored in the channel. The pilot was directed to bring his vessel alongside the flagship—Her Majesty's frigate *Donegal*, Captain Painter. Surrendering to that officer, Captain Waddell immediately dispatched a note to Earl Russell, at that time Premier, stating his situation; that at the close of the hostilities he was engaged in open war far away from any means of communication with the world, and that as soon as he was informed of the tide of events he had headed his ship for England; that it would have been imprudent for him to have sailed for a United States port, having only a newspaper report of the close of hostilities. Uncertain what to do, he had sailed for England. He did not feel that he could destroy his ship, or give her over to any nation but to the United States, into whose hands, by the fortune of war, all property of the late Confederacy had fallen. He had sought for light in the books at his command, but could find none. History, he thought, left him no precedent. Three days of intense suspense followed, when we were informed that all who answered to the question, 'What nationality?' and should answer 'Southerner,' should be entitled to leave the ship. Of course, all answered, as they were instructed, and officers and crew parted as they had met on that Liverpool dock thirteen months before.

"The ship was turned over to the United States Consul, at Liverpool, who tried to send her to America, but she refused. Three days out she encountered a heavy storm, and returned in a battered condition. After some months lying elephant-like on the hands of the American Government, she was sold at auction to the Sultan of Zanzibar, who used her as a pleasure craft. But some years later, as if disgusted with a life of such ignoble ease, she suddenly foundered with all on board.

"Such is the history of the *Shenandoah* and her historic cruise. She had in her short career circumnavigated the globe, had printed the memory of the Stars and Bars upon every sea, and, from sunland never changing tropic skies to the fair Arctic zone, the boom of her gun had commanded the marine of her enemy to surrender.

JAMES RILEY.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, January 2, 1894.]

A DESPERATE DASH.

Capture and Reoccupation of the Howlett House in 1864.

**The Gallant Achievement of Colonel Morrison* and Captain Hudgin and
Their Commands Without Any Orders.**

On the 16th day of June, 1864, when Grant's flank movement across the James river threatened Petersburg, and it was found necessary to send forces to defend that city, which was in imminent peril from an attack on the east, Confederate troops were withdrawn from General Butler's front, on the Bermuda Hundreds line, and hurried across the Appomattox to foil the Federal forces. The exigencies of the occasion were so urgent and unexpected, that no troops could be mustered immediately to replace those sent from the north of the Appomattox river to defend Petersburg, and for a short time the entire line of defence—reaching from Howlett's house, on the James river, to the Appomattox—was left exposed and defenceless. To fill this gap and reoccupy the deserted works, as above described, Pickett's Division, in General R. H. Anderson's Corps, was hastened to the south side of James river, and advanced down the turnpike towards Chester station and Petersburg, with orders to push back the enemy when found, so as to occupy and hold the line in Butler's front, if possible, without bringing on an engagement.

When Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, had reached a point on the pike between Chester station and Bermuda Hundreds, and nearly opposite to the Howlett House, on James river, a halt was made, and an order given for a skirmish line to be thrown out on the east of the pike, and to advance almost at right angles with it towards the river. The Fifteenth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel E. M. Morrison, was detailed for that service, but his regiment being a small one, at that time depleted from long and active service, Company F, of the Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, commanded by Captain

* "R. H.," in the *Dispatch* of Jan. 14, 1894, whilst admitting that the account is "full and accurate in the main," claims that "Captain J. D. Waid of the Hanover Grays commanded the skirmish line 'on that occasion,' and not Colonel Morrison who was absent and did not take command until the following morning."—ED.

J. M. Hudgin (sharpshooters), was ordered to report to Colonel Morrison, who, though not actually present when the order was given to his regiment, rode up in time to assume command as it, with Company F on the left, was being deployed preparatory to an advance. The instructions given to Colonel Morrison were to move forward and locate the enemy, who were reported as coming in heavy forces from the Bermuda Hundreds line of fortifications towards the Richmond and Petersburg pike and railroad.

PROMPT AND CAUTIOUS.

The orders given to Colonel Morrison and Captain Hudgin were to move cautiously but promptly in the direction of the enemy, veering towards the river flank, so as to prevent a surprise in that direction, and when the enemy were found to halt and report back to General Corse without engaging them, if it could be avoided.

This precaution was thought necessary, no doubt, because the enemy were known to be in heavy force at the Bermuda Hundreds, and a severe battle at that time and place might seriously interfere with the movements of Confederate troops that were hurrying to the defence of Petersburg along the pike and railroad.

The space between the pike and James river over which Morrison's men had to advance was broken surface, and heavily wooded most of the way.

To prevent surprise and disaster, therefore, it was thought best to move as quickly as possible (though slow at best), and at the same time to be very cautious and guarded. To locate the enemy, but not to attack them, was the object of this movement, and as soon as their position was definitely ascertained Colonel Morrison was to report back to General Corse in the rear.

Under these directions Colonel Morrison's little command was ordered to advance, and after he and Captain Hudgin had carefully instructed the officers and men what was the object of the movement, for each and all had to know and understand how important it was to be very vigilant and wily in the execution of the manœuvre, the movement commenced. As well as I can remember now, the sun was between one and two hours high when the command started. At intervals it was so rolling and broken that the whole line was frequently retarded by tangled brush, undergrowth, and briars that

stood in the way, and particularly was this the case in the centre and on the left of the line as it neared the river.

Under such hindrances and embarrassments the little band of skirmishers moved forward to hunt the enemy, far in advance of the main army, that lay back towards the turnpike, awaiting information as to where the Federal forces were to be found.

THE ENEMY IN FORCE.

Just before sunset, as the skirmish line approached the river and Howlett House line of entrenchments, that had been recently evacuated by General Beauregard's forces, the enemy were found in force. They had advanced some little distance over the Confederate works, and had located themselves a few hundred yards in front of them, and most of the troops had stacked arms, and many were in a reclining and careless position—not expecting an attack.

The Confederate reconnoissance had up to this time been so successfully executed that no discovery had been made by the Federals that the Confederates were upon them. When this was accomplished and a halt made, Colonel Morrison passed to the left of the line and interviewed Captain Hudgin, whose line rested on the river, to know if his left flank was safe from surprise. It was then near sunset. The main line of Corse's brigade was nearly if not quite a mile away in the rear. Before communication could be had with General Corse it would be dark, and the Federal forces could in all probability discover the Confederate position and attack it. Our force was weak and far from support. The other force was strong and close to breast-works.

While Colonel Morrison and Captain Hudgin were in conference as to what should be done, many of the officers and men importuned them to make an immediate attack. The sun was dropping behind the hills. It was too late to get support from the rear; besides, it would take a strong force a long time to move in line of battle through the woods over broken ground to the point of attack. There was no time for long deliberation. Any moment the Confederate position might be discovered and preparations made not only to repel an assault, but to completely overwhelm and gobble up the little "army of observation."

A DESPERATE DASH.

Under all the circumstances it was thought best by Colonel Morri-

son and Captain Hudgin to go forward and make a bold and aggressive movement before discovery was made of Morrison's position, and to take the chances of success despite existing orders. It was a desperate dash against desperate odds; it was a rush for victory against orders; it was a crash for country regardless of censure or consequences.

Quickly the word went down the line, "Prepare for fight." A moment more the rebel yell rang out on the evening air, followed by the rattling roll of musketry. Morrison, Hudgin, and the brave officers of the Fifteenth regiment led the charge, and for fifteen or twenty minutes the battle raged.

Thin woods and open fields lay between the assailants and the breastworks a distance of some 500 or 600 yards, so that if the Federals sheltered behind the fortifications in their rear almost certain destruction awaited the thin and slender line of Confederates that ventured to attack a full line of battle, though the former, it is true, were unprepared for attack.

As the men rushed forward to the assault it was indeed a moment of intense and awful anxiety.

Will the Federals flee behind their own breastworks about half a mile away, or will they rally behind the Confederate works in their immediate rear and stay the skirmish-line as it advances? The latter seemed most reasonable and rational, because they had numbers and arms and position to secure success. Cool courage on the part of the Federals would have enabled them to kill and capture every man in Morrison's command.

There was no time for timid men to think. It was short, sharp and decisive work. The enemy was surprised and demoralized at such a desperate venture.

FLED IN CONFUSION.

They fired a volley as a parting shot, but they fled in confusion. The boys in gray rushed after them like demons and drove them over the works, across the fields, and back into the Butler fortifications at Bermuda Hundreds.

By twilight Morrison and Hudgin walked the heavy earthworks in apparent serenity, but with profoundly anxious hearts and apprehensions. They knew they had only a thin line of skirmishers to guard this important strategic position on the James.

The men were posted at long intervals in the trenches, and a few pickets placed in front of and on top of the works to prevent surprise and disaster.

Men and officers saw and appreciated at a glance the great advantage gained by opportune movement, and they resolved instinctively to defend and hold the Howlett-House fortifications to the death, if necessary, until reinforcements came.

All kept guard that night because the force was too weak and scattered for any to sleep.

Word was sent back to General Corse that his "disobedient boys" were in the Howlett-House entrenchments. He was slow to believe it, and only when he came in person with his command next morning could he realize what a clever swoop had been made by a handful of bold, dashing fellows of rebel proclivities.

General Corse didn't reprimand the boys at all for flagrant violation of orders. Perhaps he forgot to do so.

By the way, there were not many better men or braver officers in the Army of Northern Virginia than M. D. Corse, of Alexandria, and his soldiers admired and loved him with a sort of filial affection. They had several nick-names for him.

IMPORTANT ADVANTAGE.

Now, that achievement has never been properly noticed in print, in my judgment, so far as the men and officers engaged in it were concerned, because it secured without much bloodshed a most important advantage to Lee's army on the James. It established the Confederate line at Howlett's House where elaborate earthworks for infantry, artillery, and heavy siege-guns were erected for the defence of Richmond. It was one of the strongest positions on the river to guard against naval approaches, and it was afterwards constructed into a fort (Howlett House battery), with heavy guns to keep the enemy's iron-clads at bay.

I cannot recall all of the officers of the Fifteenth Regiment that took part in this adventure, but I do remember Major Hammett Clarke, Captains Allen M. Lyon, M. W. Hazlewood, J. M. Gunn, G. H. Charters, J. C. Govers, John Vannerson; Lieutenants A. L. Phillips, J. K. Fussell, A. L. Lumsden, E. M. Dunnavant, W. L. Smith, Peter Bowles, B. B. Bumpass, P. H. Hall, John Dansie, —

Parsley, and others, all of whom were from Richmond and its vicinity.

SECURED THE KEY.

The next day the Confederate troops extended the line to the Apomattox river, but not without sharp fighting and some severe losses of men and officers. The lodgment at Howlett's, however, as heretofore described, had secured the key to the situation, and this enabled the Confederates to force back Butler into his entrenchment all along the line, where he was kept closely shut up until the lines were finally evacuated in 1865.

Failure on the part of the Fifteenth Regiment to drive back the enemy at Howlett's and hold that position, as it did, on the evening of the 16th of June, might have worked disastrous consequences to the Confederates the next day, for the position was a strong one, and well fortified. It was flanked by the river, with precipitous banks, and could be guarded by Federal gun-boats, so that it would have been well nigh impregnable if properly defended by brave and adequate forces. Butler could have placed these there in a few hours. McCabe's history and the orders issued by General Lee at the time will throw interesting light on this important transaction.

BEAUREGARD'S RESPONSIBILITY.

McCabe's History of Lee and His Campaigns, page 508, says "General Lee had ordered General Beauregard not to evacuate his line until Anderson's Corps, then moving from Richmond, should relieve him," but as the demand for troops at Petersburg was so urgent, and there was no prospect that Anderson would get up in time, General Beauregard assumed the responsibility of withdrawing his command into Petersburg. Butler then taking advantage of this withdrawal, occupied the Confederate works.

* * * * *

"General Lee did not wish to bring on an engagement at this point, and sent word to Pickett to halt. These orders were transmitted to the troops, but were of no avail. Pickett's men dashed on in spite of the efforts of their officers to stop them, and in a fierce, impetuous charge, drove Butler back into his own works, and re-established Beauregard's line."

These achievements drew out two complimentary orders from Gen-

eral Lee, of the 17th of June, 1864, that go very far to explain this transaction, and these orders reflect imperishable honor on the dash and gallantry of Pickett's Division. (See McCabe's History, pages 508 and 509.

A HOWLETT-HOUSE SURVIVOR.

[From the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal-Advance*, April 27, 1893.]

THE DEFENDERS OF VICKSBURG.

A Monument to Their Memory Unveiled at Vicksburg,
Mississippi, April 25, 1893.

Exercises on the Occasion, With Addresses by Lieut.-General Stephen D.
Lee, and Ex-Governor M. F. Lowry.

While the South was still bleeding and impoverished, and at a time when the horrors of war were still fresh in the memories of all, the patriotic women of Vicksburg organized the Confederate Cemetery Association, and securing a large and beautiful plat in the city cemetery, northeast of the city, began removing the remains of such of their gallant defenders as had fallen during the siege to this hallowed place of interment. This work was continued for years, in fact, is still in progress, for whenever the relics of a departed soldier are found they are taken from the place where they were hastily interred and laid to rest among the thousands of comrades already sleeping there.

At the same time this noble sisterhood formed the design of erecting a fitting monument to the dead, a design which was cherished for many years, money was slowly accumulated, as could be spared from more pressing necessities, and last spring the association let the contract. This was secured by the Hill City Marble Works, whose design for the structure was also accepted. A few months later the corner-stone was laid by the Masonic order of the State in the presence of a great assemblage.

The execution of the association's order was a work of some magnitude, and progressed slowly. It was necessary to have the statue carved in Italy, which caused some delay, and, moreover, the designer, Mr. A. A. Menezes, regarded the work as his masterpiece, and was desirous of having it as perfect as possible. The new year, therefore, was well advanced before the work was done and the finished monument placed on the site, a tribute to the Southern men who defended the city through those terrible days of siege, erected by the women who saw their heroism, and who had fed them when hungry, nursed them in sickness and when wounded, and, in many instances, closed their eyes when death had claimed them. Together they had borne the horrors of the siege, even more horrible, perhaps, to the non-combatant than to the soldier; for both shared the same privations, and neither age nor sex was safe from the iron shower that poured down, night and day, into the beleaguered city. Having done what they could to comfort them while living, and having mourned them dead, the latest care of these devoted women was to adorn the last resting place of those who wore the gray.

Preparations for the event had long been in progress. Major-General S. D. Lee, by request, issued a general order inviting all Confederate veterans to attend. Special rates were obtained from railroads and steamboats. Distinguished speakers were secured to address the audience, and numerous committees gave their attention for weeks to the details that make success.

The result abundantly justified these patriotic efforts, the attendance being gratifyingly large and the enthusiasm displayed immeasurable. The program was singularly appropriate, and no ceremonies could have been more impressive. A large and brilliant assemblage, able and popular speakers, a considerable military display, one of the finest bands of music in the South and a large and thoroughly trained choir—all lent their aid to render the event a memorable one.

At noon, by special invitation of the ladies, the veterans and the visiting military assembled in the rotunda of the Vicksburg Hotel, where a collation, spread for a thousand guests, awaited them. This was a very happy feature of the program, and was served by the ladies, who were assiduous in attention to their guests.

It was fully 3 P. M. before the procession was formed, and the march to the cemetery, a mile and a half distant, was commenced.

THE MONUMENT.

Description of the Shaft that Commemorates Southern Valor.

The body of the monument is of white Italian marble, adorned with four reversed cannon, and as many piles of balls of Tennessee marble. The statue of a Confederate soldier which crowns its summit was carved at Carrara, Italy, and is singularly life-like in pose and feature. The hands rest on the old familiar rifle; the head is bent forward; the feet are placed somewhat apart, as if firmly planted on rugged surface. It is a typical figure, and such a one as might have been seen on a thousand battle-fields during the war. The statue faces the South.

On the disc of the monument appears the following inscription:

Front—In memory of the men from all States of the South who fell in defence of Vicksburg during a siege of forty-seven days—May 18 to July 3, 1863—a defence unsurpassed in the annals of war for heroism, endurance of hardships and patriotic devotion.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay,
Whether unknown or known to fame,
They died, and they wore the gray.

Right—

Here rest some few of those who, vainly brave,
Died for the land they loved, but could not save.

Left—

Our dead are mourned forever!
Through all the future ages, in history and in story,
Their fame shall shine, their name shall twine; they need no greater glory.
Tenderly fall our tears over their lifeless clay:
Here lie the dead who fought and bled and fell in garbs of gray.
Ours the fate of the vanished, whose heartaches never cease.
Ours regrets and tears; theirs the eternal peace.

BEFORE THE UNVEILING.

Assembled Veterans Entertained—March to the Monument.

The morning dawned cloudy and threatening, A heavy shower fell, but the storm center soon passed away. Visitors had arrived in large numbers during the previous night, among them General S. D.

Lee and S. W. Ferguson, with several delegations of veterans. The Jeff Davis Volunteers also arrived from Fayette and met a hearty welcome. To-day two trains from Jackson and Meridian brought large accessions to the gathering, which was additionally recruited by large arrivals by steamers from Natchez, Greenville and points along the river. The day having been declared a holiday, the entire population of the city was out to receive the visitors, and the streets were thronged.

Ex-Governor Lowry, State Treasurer Evans and Auditor Stone, arrived by the early train from Jackson, and were received with a salute by the artillery, and with unbounded enthusiasm, both being very popular here.

During the morning the survivors of the First Mississippi Artillery held an interesting meeting, and there were many other events of a similar nature.

At noon the visiting veterans assembled at the Vicksburg Hotel for luncheon. The beautiful rotunda had been draped with flags and bunting, and adorned with a wealth of flowers. Tables were spread over its entire extent, and 600 persons were provided for simultaneously.

THE GENEROUS LADIES.

Nothing more creditable to the hospitality of Vicksburg ladies was ever seen than this spontaneous offering to the heroes of the war. Fifty lovely girls, the daughters of veterans, served the veterans, and besides many matrons officiated. In the center of the rotunda a cross-shaped table was surrounded by the more distinguished guests.

It was 2 P. M., and the feast was over when the signal was given to form the procession, and the marshal and his aides began their arduous duties. Finally, the procession was formed and took up its march to the cemetery, a mile and a half away. It was the largest and most impressive scene witnessed here in many years. Some of the veteran organizations carried their old battle-flags, conspicuous among them being that of Swett's battery, which only yesterday draped the casket of the gallant Pegram. In the procession, on a float draped with flags and bunting, rode fifteen beautiful girls, representing the Southern States. After a tedious march the Confederate Cemetery was reached, and breaking ranks, the procession gathered around the monument. The assemblage was immense, and there were few vacant spots to be seen anywhere.

THE EXERCISES BEGIN.

Rev. Father Picherit, a Veteran, Delivers the Prayer.

Suddenly the hum of voices ceased, and mounting the rostrum, the Rev Father H. A. Picherit, himself a veteran and chaplain of a Confederate regiment throughout the war, delivered the following prayer :

Almighty God, master of life and death. I thank thee that, in thy mercy, thou hast permitted me to live long enough to see this day! And here, on the banks of the mighty Mississippi, above which bold Vicksburg lifts her haughty brow to catch the sun's first rays or the shower's first kiss; a city consecrated by the blood of the martyred dead whose ashes make sacred our country to the God of Liberty; for so many weary months the battlefield of the fiercest conflicts; ennobled by her historical recollections, and so often red-dened by the blood of our brothers who fought for her freedom and died for her glory; I bless thee, O Lord, that I can once more meet my comrades and pay a last tribute of honor and gratitude to the Confederate soldiers who lie buried in this holy spot!

May my right hand lose its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if ever I forget thee, Historic City, that hast gathered into thy motherly bosom the sacred bones of my brothers and guardest the precious dust of my people! City of martyrs and heroes, land of chivalry, be thou ever happy and prosperous!

I praise thee, O, God of might, and I thank thee for the exalted patriotism which thou didst infuse into the hearts and souls of our gallant soldiers, the bravest of the brave, who threw themselves fearlessly between the enemy and our women and children, determined not to surrender nor retreat! Dear departed comrades, well did you redeem your pledge with the forfeit of your lives, falling, the chosen sacrifice of Vicksburg's freedom!

I pray thee, O God, grant that our children may never lose the memory of these our city's defenders, a nobler band than the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae. For us they shed their blood, for our constitutional rights they poured out their lives! Noble band of martyrs, your souls went out in the cause of our city and of our country! You may be without a name in the world, but each of you has a place from which no one can ever dislodge you: the heart of a grateful Vicksburg!

I pray thee, O God, to bless the declining years of the old Con-

federate soldiers, many of them still bearing the scars of hard-fought battles, who, holding with the majority of American people the doctrine of State sovereignty, committed no treason, being guilty of no rebellion, who yielded only to superior numbers and resources, beaten but not disgraced, proving themselves in war and defeat what they are—real Americans! May their deeds of valor be ever held as the most precious inheritance of our reunited country!

I thank thee, O God, who teaches mercy and forgiveness, that thou hast given us, the survivors of a just though lost cause, greatness of mind and generosity of heart—such as to enable us to fold tenderly in the bosom of our consecrated soil the mortal remains of our conquerors, who now lie side by side with our conquered fathers and sons, the Mississippi river chanting a peaceful though solemn requiem over both.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel the blue,
Under the willow the gray.

I thank thee, O God of might, that thou hast also given us the grace and the strength, if not to forget, at least to forgive the wrongs done to us! I bless the God of peace for that boon, that in brotherly love we now clasp each other's hands across the dark chasm of an unfortunate past, and the same dear old flag floats over our heads, Confederates and Federals paying a common homage to its sacred folds! I thank the God of mercy that his holy angels have stolen the bitterness of defeat from the vanquished and the memory of victory from the conquerors!

I pray thee, O Almighty God, who, through Jesus Christ, hast revealed thy glory to all nations to preserve forever the unity of our country! I pray thee, O God of wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered and laws enacted, assist, with thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude, our beloved President Cleveland, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to the people over whom he presides. May the light of thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, and may perpetuate the blessings of equal liberty!

Finally, I pray thee, O God of goodness, bless, oh bless with a bountiful hand the patriotic and devoted women of Vicksburg, who,

with fearless courage, braved the dangers and sufferings of our immortal siege, shared their crumb of bread with the starving soldiers, with imploring looks and cheerful words strengthened their enfeebled arms and nerved them to deeds of heroism unparalleled in history; and who, now at last, after years of perseverance and toil, have succeeded in erecting this beautiful monument to the memory of our comrades who laid down their lives in defense of their honor and of their liberty!

To the God of the fearless and free I dedicate this monument. May its marble statue of a private soldier speak, to endless generations, of the patriotism of Vicksburg women, and the heroism of the men who died for us that we might be free! Amen.

GENERAL S. D. LEE'S ADDRESS.

A Splendid Tribute Paid to the Defenders of Vicksburg.

An involuntary burst of applause followed Father Picherit's impassioned deliverance and had scarcely subsided when General S. D. Lee, the hero of Chickasaw Bayou, was presented to the audience, amid cheers which made the hills ring again. His address, which was frequently interrupted by cheering, occupied about half an hour, and was as follows:

My Friends: It is with pride and pleasure we meet to-day in your city!

Already there are two Vicksburgs—the busy commercial center of the present—and the “heroic city” of the past.

Charleston! Vicksburg! Richmond! These three are the immortal cities of the South. The deeds of daring, of heroism and disaster, that were such every day occurrences in the “sixties,” are crystalized into history, and even we, the survivors, can see the halo of glory that environs them.

There is many a veteran here to-day that wore a gray jacket and carried a musket in the trenches, and can point out just where this comrade fell or where that assault was made. I was here myself, and can recall with the feeling of an eye witness all that occurred in those days. It seems almost a dream, in this calm sunlight, that once these hills were covered with trenches and campfires; that the air resounded with the call of the bugle and the roll of the drum;

of the sharpshooter. Where is the dark cloud of blue uniforms that that night and day we heard the boom of the cannon and the crack fringed the horizon like a cloud of ill omen—75,000 men encircling the city? And where are the 20,000 gray uniforms that resisted? The gunboats that thundered by the batteries—the mortars that lit up the darkness with fiery meteors? Seventeen thousand Federals rest in yonder National Cemetery. Who can find the unknown graves where the Confederates rest in the trenches? This is holy ground—every hero laid down his life conscientiously as a sacred duty. We, the survivors, and this glorious assembly, meet to-day to unveil a monument in their honor, to commemorate the invincible courage with which they endured hardships into danger and death. Nobler men never drew breath than those whom the green grass covers from sight. Memory recalls those stirring scenes to the survivors of those bloody days. Many here recollect Baker's Creek, Port Gibson, and Chickasaw Bayou. And how the circle narrowed around us, until the entire force was entrenched in the city of Vicksburg. Then began the siege that gave her hills a world-wide fame, which will go ringing down the ages. For forty-seven days and nights the Confederates lay in the trenches, slowly starving on scanty rations that diminished with no hope of replenishing; when shot and shell were poured into the doomed city, and our ammunition was giving out, and no more to be had; when the slain were buried where they fell, and no reinforcements to take their places.

WAR TIMES RECALLED.

July 4th, 1863—nearly thirty years ago. Can you realize it? We, their comrades, were then young, ambitious, anxious for glory and promotion. Now gray hairs crown our heads, and we scan these scenes with calmer pulses. All we recall is gone—vanished utterly! We stand again upon the soil of Vicksburg, glorious in her past and present. Once she was a wealthy commercial centre—noted for refinement and cultivation, wealth and hospitality—a queen enthroned upon the hills. Now, ennobled by her misfortunes, almost destroyed by shot and shell, scarred by battle, she stands the “heroic city” of the South. Shattered almost to extinction, see how she has revived. Energy and brains have more than restored her former glory. She gave herself a willing sacrifice on the altar of her country. She has risen from her ruins again a queen. Suppose we

refresh our memories by glancing over the records of those days; let us look back to May 1, 1862.

The Confederacy was appalled to hear that the great fleet under Farragut and the large army under Butler had entered the Mississippi river at the mouth; had reduced Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and had arrived at New Orleans, and taken possession of the defenseless city. The Mississippi, which split the Confederacy in twain, was open to them as far up as Memphis and Fort Pillow—the only two points left held by the Confederates. Vicksburg on the hills at once loomed up as the only defensible point between Memphis and New Orleans, but no garrison was there, no forts, but few defenses of any kind, save the high bluffs and hills. A few regiments were hurried there on receiving news of the fall of New Orleans, as also heavy guns and ammunition. They had scarce arrived there, and had not exceeding six batteries mounted, when the Federal fleet and transports made their appearance, on the 18th day of May.

Three mighty efforts were made by the United States government to capture Vicksburg. This was the beginning of the first attempt. The fleet and flotilla consisted of the sloops of war, gunboats and mortar-boats, which had captured the strong forts at the mouth of the river, and numbered thirty-five vessels, including eighteen or nineteen mortar-boats for throwing shells, and transports bearing an army of 3,000 men. And, as if to add to the calamities of the Confederates, Fort Pillow and Memphis also fell soon after their arrival below Vicksburg, and the entire Mississippi gunboat squadron from the upper river began to arrive, consisting of ironclads, wooden gunboats, mortar-boats, rams and other vessels, making in the aggregate, above and below the city, near 200 heavy guns on the water. The few regiments and batteries at Vicksburg were not reinforced until about June 28th, when General Van Dorn arrived with General Breckinridge's division.

CRITICAL PERIOD.

Previous to his arrival, which was the most critical period in the history of the city, General M. L. Smith, the accomplished soldier and engineer, did all that mortal man could do with the means at his disposal, but he had little with which to do anything. From the 18th of May to the 18th of July, two months, these two grand naval squadrons almost uninterruptedly bombarded and shelled the apparently doomed city. On June 28th, a supreme effort was made to take the city. The

sloops of war and other vessels steamed up near the city, and, in its front, delivering broadside after broadside in quick succession of shot, shell and grape, depending upon their distance; Farragut passing above the city with eight vessels, the few Confederate batteries replying, and the sharp-shooters along the banks keeping up an incessant fusillade. The scene on this occasion was grand beyond description, lasting two hours; the roar of cannon was continuous and deafening. Loud explosions shook the city to its foundation. Shot and shell went hissing and tearing through the trees and walls, scattering fragments far and wide in their terrible flight. Men, women and children rushed into the streets; and amid the crash of falling houses, left the city for the country for safety.

Again, on July 15th occurred one of the most brilliant naval feats recorded in the annals of naval warfare. The Confederate iron-clad gunboat Arkansas, commanded by Capt. Isaac N. Brown, ran out of the mouth of the Yazoo river and single-handed attacked the whole Federal fleet, including Farragut's squadron of eight vessels and Admiral Davies' gunboat fleet of twelve vessels, nearly every one of which carried heavier metal. The very audacity of the exploit confounded the fleet. The Arkansas fought and butted its way through all the vessels under one of the most concentrated cannonades ever centered on a single vessel, and drew up at the wharf at Vicksburg under protection of its batteries, having lost one-half its crew. This brilliant act capped the climax, and necessitated immediate action on the part of the two fleets, above and below the city. At dark on the same day the vessels of Farragut's fleet, eight vessels, which had passed up the river on the 28th of June, began their descent to strengthen the fleet south of the city. Again the cannonade was deafening and continuous, and these vessels in a passing of one hour poured broadside after broadside into the city and into the single Confederate gunboat at the wharf. This time, however, the broadside of the Arkansas supplemented the land batteries. On July 18th two of the Federal vessels steamed down the river to the Arkansas in front of the city and tried to cut her out or destroy her. It was a most gallant attempt, but failed, one of the attacking vessels being sunk.

This closed the first attempt to take Vicksburg, and the fleets disappeared July 26th for some time. Singular to say, only seven Confederates were killed and fifteen wounded, and one lady killed (Mrs. Gamble), during the whole attack.

TO THE GLORY OF VICKSBURG.

Let it now be recorded, to the glory of the citizens of Vicksburg, that when the Federal vessels hove in sight on the 18th day of May, 1862, that without exception, men and women, old and young, rich and poor, with one voice said: "The city must be defended, even if all our houses and property are destroyed." This decision and this spirit lasted to the end, July 4, 1863, when the city fell. The ladies and their families who remained in the city during this terrible ordeal lived most of the times in holes or openings dug in the hills, known as rat holes, near their houses, and never was a murmur heard from one of them or a complaint of a hardship.

The second attempt was a more formidable one, and began in November, 1862. This time an army of 35,000 men, accompanied by the Mississippi gunboat squadron, attempted to take the city unprepared, and by a dash down the river from Memphis, while General Grant, at Oxford, Miss., with 50,000 men, confronted the Confederate army of only 21,000 effective men at Grenada. He caused General Sherman to organize his army at Memphis and move down the Mississippi river to Vicksburg, leaving Memphis about the 18th of December, 1862. These two large armies were to act in conjunction, Grant moving down what is known as the Illinois Central railroad, and attacking the Confederate army in his immediate presence, so no reinforcements could be sent to the relief of Vicksburg, while Sherman was to go in boats with his army, and land and take the city before its small garrison could be reinforced. The gunboat fleet which accompanied the transports bearing Sherman's army, and including them, made up the large number of about 120 river boats.

It looked as if the city could not escape this time, as these two large armies moved from different directions, co-operating with each other, and toward Vicksburg as the objective point. But the campaign was a short and decisive one, and both movements were defeated. Before Sherman started the Confederate cavalry, under General Forest, about December 11th, destroyed sixty miles of railroad between Jackson, Tenn., and Columbus, Ky., and soon after Sherman left Memphis the Confederate cavalry, under General Van Dorn, dashed around the flank of Grant's army, attacked and seized his depot of supplies for his army at Holly Springs, burned them up or utterly

destroyed them (December 20th), necessitating the falling back of Grant's army to Memphis for supplies.

SHERMAN APPEARS.

Sherman appeared in the Yazoo river on Christmas day, his transports, guarded front, flank and rear by Porter's gunboat fleet, disembarked his army on the banks of the Yazoo at the mouth of Chickasaw Bayou, eight miles from Vicksburg. When he landed General Smith did not have 5,000 effective men in the city, including the troops manning the heavy batteries. The infantry brigade, 2,500 men, protecting the batteries, was at once pushed out of the city to confront Sherman's army of 33,000 men and sixty guns, covering a line of thirteen miles, between the city and Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo river, where not a spade full of dirt had been thrown, nor were there fortifications of any kind, except at Snyder's Bluff.

By the morning of the 27th, three infantry brigades had arrived to assist in defending the city, and were moved out to cover the ground from the race course to Chickasaw Bayou. No others arrived till December 29th. The bayous and low lands where Sherman was operating presented great obstacles to his progress, but on December 29th he attacked the Confederates, the main attack being delivered at Chickasaw Bayou, six miles from Vicksburg, by two of his divisions numbering 20,000 men. This attack was signally repulsed by one Confederate brigade and eight light guns, with a loss to Sherman of 1,439 killed, wounded and missing, and seven stands of colors. This single trial decided the second attempt, as Sherman imagined he saw the bluff's fortifications, where none existed, but really only a few rifle pits hurriedly thrown up by the troops after arrival on the ground.

He re-embarked his army on his transports, and disappeared from before Vicksburg about the 3d of January, 1863. His loss in the several days' fighting was 2,200 men killed, wounded and missing, and a loss to the Confederates of less than 200.

The third and successful attempt to take the city was at once inaugurated by General Grant himself, who, early in January, 1863, moved part of his army which had been in the vicinity of Oxford (but had fallen back from Oxford to Memphis), down the Mississippi river, and uniting with Sherman's army, landed at Young's Point on the Louisiana side, not far above Vicksburg. These two united armies numbered 50,491 effective men, as shown by the returns, and

at the surrender of the city was about 75,669 men. Co-operating with Grant's army was the Mississippi river gunboat fleet under Admiral Porter, which with the transports and supply boats must have numbered 200 vessels—one of the grandest armies and flotillas combined that the world had ever seen. To this powerful military and naval force the Confederate Government could only oppose about 22,000 effective men at and in the vicinity of Vicksburg, with about thirty-seven siege guns in position on the river front. This is all the Confederates had till after Grant landed in the vicinity of Port Gibson on the Mississippi side.

GRANT GROPED TO SUCCESS.

Grant with his great army and flotilla groped to success through many failures. He realized that Vicksburg could not be taken by gunboats or any armament on water. He attempted for several months to reach the high lands above the city with boats through Steele's Bayou, Deer Creek, Yazoo Pass, Coldwater and Tallahatchie rivers, and other bayous in the Yazoo Delta, and failed. He then tried cutting a canal opposite and below Vicksburg on the Louisiana side, so as to reach the high lands below Vicksburg with his boats. He failed in this also. He then adopted the bold plan of running gunboats and transports by the batteries of Vicksburg April 16th and 22d, and moved his great army down the river on the Louisiana side, and rapidly crossed it over opposite Port Gibson with the boats which had run by the batteries. After doing this he displayed good and bold generalship. General Pemberton was not prepared for this movement, and Grant soon ran over a small division of Confederate troops near Bayou Pierre under General Bowan, and marched a compact army of 50,000 men to Jackson, fifty miles east of Vicksburg, defeated and drove off about 6,000 men collected there to reinforce General Pemberton, under General Johnston, destroyed the railroads, and then turned and marched directly towards Vicksburg. General Pemberton only had the garrison of Vicksburg to operate against Grant after he crossed. He could only take 20,000 effectives out of the city to fight a battle, and the alternative was presented to him of either giving up the city, or taking the chances of fighting a battle with the greatest odds against him in the open field. He determined to take those chances, but the rapid and bold movements of Grant, after landing, really prevented a union of Pember-

ton's forces and the small reinforcements being collected by General Johnson, distant about fifty miles, with Grant's army virtually between them. Grant's movements were more rapid and decisive than those of the Confederate generals.

Pemberton marched his army to Edwards Depot, with his total effective force of 17,000 men, after leaving two small divisions in the city for its protection against a force operating on the Yazoo river. Pemberton was embarrassed by having no cavalry to observe and report movements of Grant's army. During all this time the rest of Grant's army continued to cross the river and join him from the Louisiana side. He came upon Pemberton unexpectedly near Baker's Creek, on May 16th, where his army had started to attack a column of Grant's at Dillon's, and at once overwhelmed and defeated him, and drove him into Vicksburg, inflicting considerable loss of men and material, appearing before the entrenchments of the city May 18th. He attempted to take the city by assaulting the entrenchments on two occasions immediately after his arrival, the most formidable assault being on May 22d; Admiral Porter's fleet on the river and Grant's field batteries preceded the assault by a cannonade of several hours. He was signally repulsed on both occasions with a loss of 4,000 men.

THE MEMORABLE SIEGE.

Then began the memorable siege of Vicksburg, lasting forty-seven days and nights, and which terminated by the surrender of the city July 4th, Grant's army being gradually reinforced by the arrival of four full divisions, from 50,000 to 75,000 men, and encircling the city on land side with about 220 guns in position. On the river front was Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats and mortar-boats, virtually surrounding the city with a sheet of bayonets and fire.

In the doomed city were 17,000 effective Confederate troops, every man being in the trenches and at the guns, with one small reserve brigade to move from one endangered point to the other. General Johnston was at Jackson, fifty miles off, slowly collecting a small army of 25,000 men from Confederate armies pressed elsewhere, with which he hoped to relieve Pemberton, but which he knew he could not do. His force and Pemberton's, could they have been united just before the surrender, would not have exceeded 40,000 men, but Grant, with 75,000 was between them.

During the long siege Porter's fleet showered into the city day and night the largest shot known in modern warfare. Small rifle guns were in deep pits opposite the city, firing down the streets from the Louisiana side upon every one who was visible. The entrenched army on the land side, exposed to the continuous fire day and night of Grant's besieging infantry and artillery, their ranks being constantly thinned by shot and shell, not a man to spare from his place in the trenches, exposed to the burning sun and drenching rains and heavy dews, without shelter and rations—first reduced to one-half and then to one-quarter, and lastly to eating mule meat, growing less and less every day. Not even the size of a hand could be exposed without drawing the fire of many sharpshooters on either side.

As the siege advanced, sickness began to make its inroads, and finally, July 4th, the men being utterly worn out and exhausted, and sick from improper food and cramped position in the trenches, 8,000 men being on the sick report, the city surrendered. Twenty-nine thousand men were paroled, but of this number those in the trenches were scarcely fit for duty. Large numbers were quartermaster, commissary and hospital employees and attaches of the army.

The losses in this campaign, from General Grant's landing on the Mississippi side to the day before surrender, were 9,362 Federals, killed, wounded and missing, (Federals killed 1,514), and 9,059 Confederates, (killed 1,260).

VANQUISHED BY STARVATION.

Vanquished by starvation and overwhelming odds, both on land and water, reduced to a handful of men for duty, with scarce a supply of ammunition, the city was surrendered. No men ever failed more nobly. The press of England, prejudiced as it was against slave owners, loudly applauded the endurance and heroism of the defence, placing it equal to any siege in history, and never surpassed in the heroism of its defenders.

My friends, the Confederates not only fought the people of the Northern States, but the Federals had the world to back them. The sentiment of Europe was against slavery, and as a consequence "hands off" was the motto of the great powers, who might have recognized the Confederacy. The blockade of our coast by nearly 600 armed vessels, and the gunboats in every river, had an untold power of deprivation; withheld everything—food, clothes, ammuni-

tion, arms, and medical supplies. The Confederates had an army in front and rear, and an exhaustion of all supplies to contend with, and odds in proportion of 2,778,404 enlisted men as against our 600,000 enlisted men, as admitted by the record. No human mind can tell what additional supplement was given in favor of the odds against the Confederacy by the blockading of vessels along the coast from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and the gunboat fleets in the rivers, running into the heart of the seceded States, for only a few vessels and gunboats (a drop in the bucket), could oppose the Union armament afloat.

A patriotism and heroism that could stand for years against such odds, that could stand cold and hunger, and was always ragged and shoeless, was hard to conquer. We dared the experiment of making a nation. Do you wonder that the Confederacy failed? Read for yourselves the war records now being honestly and fairly published by our government. Read for yourselves the statistics of the pension bureau.

The "private soldier" needs no other monument than his record. The Confederate armies failed, but they accomplished incredible results. With such tremendous odds on land and water, they kept back for four long years the invading armies, and disputed, almost foot by foot, territory as it was yielded, fighting on over 2,000 battle-fields, and losing in the mighty struggle 325,000 men, over half of those they had enlisted against their opponents. They left ten per cent. actually engaged in battle slain on the field, as against five per cent. of the Federals, slain in battle opposing them; and when the final collapse came, the Federals gave terms, "of men willing to quit," and conceding an admiration for valor, of which they, as brothers, were proud.

THE SOUTH'S HONOR UNTARNISHED.

We are here to-day to unveil a monument erected by our lovely women of Vicksburg to those worthy of commemoration. It is a loyalty to our past that welds us together. A knowledge of having passed through a "fiery furnace," with honor untarnished, makes us uncover our heads with a reverence to a people who sacrificed so much to create a nation that perished in its infancy. How can the South forget, when her destruction and her ruins are ever before her eyes? When on the hillsides rest the cemeteries filled with loved

ones from every hearthstone? Is there a single family that did not lose one member? How few there are that lost only one.

"The gray blends not with the blue,
Graves sever them in twain."

A grateful government has collected the bones of her soldiers, and placed them in splendid national cemeteries; 275,000 of 359,528 men who died for it, lie buried beneath the sod of the South. I honor a people who have thus honored those who died for them. But while this is the case, the comrades and descendants of those who fell on the Confederate side of the "War between the States," would be cravens if they forgot the tender memories of the dead and buried past. Who can forget that?

"The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright.
No blot is on thy record found, no treason soils thy fame."

Macaulay, the historian, says: "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestry, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

My friends, it is a duty to preserve the record and honor of such sacrifices, such privations, such patriotism, such endurance of hardship. This is why we raise monuments to our honored dead. While we live, nothing is needed to keep alive the memories of our comrades who fell on the field of battle, but we wish to make our lost cause consecrated forever to the hearts of our descendants. We wish to hand down to our posterity a feeling of reverence for their heroic forefathers, who risked their lives and lost their fortunes for their country. Defeat and poverty cannot check our homage to their memory. And we unveil a monument this day which commemorates their valor. But this is not all. If I had my way, on the corner-stone would be an inscription to remind all who see it, that its erection was due to the energy and devotion of the lovely women of Vicksburg. They, and all of our Southern women, cannot be too highly honored; the greatest patriots of the war were those who carried on the silent struggle at home; their endurance, their endeavors was the vital spirit of the Confederacy. Great as were the privations of the soldiers in the field, theirs were greater at home. They had none of the excitement, all of the anxiety.

THE NOBLE WOMEN.

Wives, with their husbands and sons in the army, girls with their lovers, suffered all the agonies of apprehension, the calmer waiting for calamity, which might come at any moment, of which the soldiers knew nothing.

Who was it that ran the plantations and farms to make bread and meat for the soldiers in the field? Who nursed the wounded! Who denied themselves gladly to help the cause? Every gray jacket was a hero in their eyes; it was a passport into every house, and the best was his by right. Hands unused to toil were put to knitting socks and weaving cloth "for the soldiers." Everything was the "soldiers"—for once the men ruled the roost.

They were the inspiration of valor; the soldiers were fighting for them. To be worthy of such women was enough to inspire the most sluggish to deeds of heroism. In truth, a coward would have had a hard time with the Yankees before him and the women behind him.

The noble women were the genius of the cause, of its consecration to liberty.

And since the war they have borne defeat and humiliation nobly. They have encouraged and helped with unflinched courage; but for them the South might have sunk under depressing disasters. With such women to live for, even poverty and reconstruction could be endured.

All honor to the women of the South, past and present—our mothers, our wives, our daughters—God bless them. God bless those here to-day, for it is mainly to their efforts that the shaft before us has been erected. Too much cannot be said in their praise. Where so many deserve it, it is invidious to call the names of any. Let me make an exception of one so advanced in age and honors as Mrs. Eggleston. She was one of the Mothers of the Confederacy, who had sons and grandsons in the army. She was one of the first presidents of this association. Much is due to the lamented Mrs. Wright, who cared for the neglected state of the graves, and had headboards put up. And to the present president, Mrs. Stevens, who has carried on the work to completion. All honor to the ladies of Vicksburg! Those who have nobly contributed their united efforts. We unveil it before them, and leave it in their hands, to keep for posterity.

THE UNVEILING.

*Grandchildren of Mrs. Wright, Draw the Drapery from the
Monument.*

When General Lee closed, Master Allen Wright and little Elmira Wright, the beautiful grandchildren of the deceased president of the association, Mrs. E. D. Wright, unveiled the monument, which was immediately saluted by the guns of the Warren Light Artillery and by repeated cheers, hardly less loud.

Major W. T. Walthall, as proxy for Miss Sallie M. Adams, daughter of the late General Wirt Adams, who was unavoidably absent, then read the following poem, written for the ceremony by J. E. Battaile:

Shades of our heroes dead,
Sleeping in glory,
Here, where your blood was shed,
Carve we your story!
Marble must sink in dust,
Fame lives forever.
Though your true blades be rust,
Forget we? Never!

Yon sculptured sentinel
Watches your sleeping.
Tells how you fought and fell,
Loyally keeping
Life's trust. You met death's hour
Stern and undaunted.
Ours 'tis to nurse the flower
Your valor planted.

Here, 'neath the giant hills,
Rest warriors, rest ye!
Lulled by the murm'ring rills,
None shall molest ye!
Fanned by our south wind's breath,
Sleep, soldiers weary!
Yours was no fameless death,
Darksome and dreary.

Sleep well! The strife is past;
No war-drum's rattle
Breaks forth, nor bugle's blast.
Hushed is the battle.
Wrapt in your native earth,
Sweet be your slumber!
When shall we match your worth?
When your deeds number?

Strewn be this sacred sod,
Soldier's fit pillow.
Whence your souls sprang to God,
With sorrow's willow!
Many a youth shall bring
Many a maiden,
Tribute of balmy spring
Here, flower-laden.

Sleep on, but not for aye!
Should war's red chalice
Dash out its gory spray
Over our valleys,
Come! In the battle's crest
Flash your proud lances,
Lead where our bravest, best
Column advances!

The beautiful memorial service of Vicksburg Camp, Confederate Veterans, preluded by music by the band, was then read by the camp's chaplain, Rev. Nowell Logan, the responses being recited at the same time by the veterans with grand effect. A chorus of fifty singers rendered the hymn used in this service. At its close thirty lovely little flower girls led the way to decorate the graves. "The Bivouac of the Dead" was then recited by Mr. John McQuade, with dramatic fervor and eloquence. The band played another national air, and the Weaver Light Artillery fired a second salute.

At this point in the proceedings indications of a storm became so threatening that the conclusion of the program was adjourned until 8 o'clock at the Opera House.

EX-GOVERNOR LOWRY'S ADDRESS.

Touchingly He Dwells Upon the Cause for Which the South Fought.

Here another large audience assembled, and ex-Governor Lowry delivered the oration of the day, with one of the finest efforts that has distinguished his career as a public speaker. He spoke in part as follows :

Comrades, Ladies and Fellow Citizens.—I accept the invitation to address you to-day, for Vicksburg could make no request of me to which I would not endeavor to respond, and for the further reason that I desired to be present on this interesting occasion, as it affords the opportunity of meeting old and valued comrades, and participate in paying a deserved tribute to our fallen heroes, who gave up their lives in defense of the Southern cause in this heroic and historic city. I cannot imagine anything more gratifying, more in keeping with the fitness of things, a truer index to the human heart than for Southern soldiers to meet together annually, grasp hands, and talk over scenes that have a green place in the heart of every veteran.

GRANT'S TRIBUTE TO THE CONFEDERATES.

True it is that we failed to establish a separate nationality, but the greatness of our effort drew from the great military captain of the Union forces this merited tribute: "Hope for perpetual peace and harmony with the enemy from whom, however mistaken, the cause drew forth such herculean deeds of valor." Well, could General Grant have voiced this truth? At Columbus, Shiloh, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, and on these historic hills, he witnessed the high bearing and valor of Southern soldiers. It was so in the contest for the nation's birth. Washington commanded the forces of the struggling colonies against Great Britain, and, although the conflict was protracted, the great Master of the Universe blessed the gifted Virginian and his decimated army, and enabled them to usher into existence a new-born nation, the United States. Fresh from the fields of victory, inspired with lofty patriotism, they sought to organize and put into operation what was destined to become a powerful nation. The struggle between the States was gigantic, the devotion to the cause, the marshal powers of its followers, the uncomplaining sacri-

fices made by men and women, stand unsurpassed in the world's history, and, to add to the grandeur, the Confederate soldier, after the restoration of peace and during the transition state, maintained his self-respect, and is honored by every civilized nation under the sun, and by none more than by his gallant adversary who met him on the field of strife.

The memorable siege of Vicksburg will be read by generations to come, and the memories of those who fell in defense and who for forty-seven days held at bay many times their number, and again and again repulsed them, will be perpetuated, and neither blind partisanship nor sectional prejudice can cloud the grandeur of the heroic defence.

A TRIBUTE TO DAVIS.

Nearly sixty years have passed since a young man had served his country on its Western frontier, and for eight years was a student and recluse. These years were devoted to the study of history and the science of government, and after careful preparation for a life of action, he leaped into the arena, "Like Pallas, from the brain of Jove full armed." He succeeded to the National House of Representatives, resigned to accept the command of a Mississippi regiment in a foreign land, which added new honors and greener laurels to a Mexican soldier. He was afterward commissioned to the Senate, and later as chief of the War Department of the nation, and again to the Senate, where he was the peer of the oldest and proudest, where he remained until 1861, when, in a speech worthy of its author, he bade the Senate of the United States a final adieu, and in the following autumn was, with great unanimity, chosen President of the Confederate States. Thus your neighbor, countryman and fellow citizen, Jefferson Davis, became the chief of the Confederate cause, and for four weary years, with less than 600,000 men, battled against 3,000,000, and Vicksburg against like odds made a defence worthy of the cause and its principles—principles that underlie governments, that proclaim the doctrine that freemen have a right to choose their own form of government, and be sustained in their choice by the fundamental law. The forms that sleep in the little mounds upon which our fair countrywomen to-day scatter rare and fragrant flowers, lived when dark clouds overshadowed the Confederate sky, and they stood firmly and unflinchingly by their colors, and died with arms in their hands, facing the enemy, exhibiting a love of liberty, devotion to the cause and a

dauntless courage unsurpassed in the annals of war, either in ancient or modern times.

PASSING OF THE VETERANS.

Comrades: The years that remain to us are fast fleeting away, and the curtain of time descends upon the participants in that tremendous and unequal struggle. The last great leader has but lately answered to the final roll call. Like the leaves of autumn, the old veterans are silently dropping by the wayside, but as the buds of spring are put forth in new vigor, so the memory of their valor will be transmitted to posterity. We have assembled in the performance of a sad but sweet duty.

In conclusion, I might be allowed to say that if it were possible that the heroes, whose memories we honor to-day, and who fell in defence of this city, could be resurrected and brought to life, they would look with amazement at its restoration from the ordeal through which it passed, with its now enterprising, intelligent and progressive population, its bright hopes and possibilities.

THE CLOSING EXERCISES.

A Beautiful Poem by Mrs. Montgomery is Recited.

More music was followed by a beautiful poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Montgomery, and recited with perfect modulation by Miss Lillie Hicks. The poem was as follows :

This stone shall be a witness,
As Joshua said of old,
Lest ye deny your faith! It stands
A monument 'fore all the lands,
A hallowed one, and bold.

Not trait'rous hands have raised it,
But loyal hearts and true
To those who fought a val'rous fight
For us and native home and right,
The gray against the blue.

The conflict's o'er, the grass has greened
Above the battle scars,
And bravest victors help to lay
Above the vanquished flowers to-day,
Under the stripes and stars.

They loved us and laid down their lives,
 What greater can men do?
 This sentiment marble, reared with tears,
 Shall tell to all the future years
 They died for me and you.

Vibrating with the morning's beams
 'Twill speak, in plaintive tone,
 As Memnon's statue thrilled of old,
 A witness if our hearts are cold,
 Or we've unthankful grown.

A symbol 'tis of love to wreath
 With blossoms ev'ry spring.
 An inspiration, for all high
 And noble aims, to live and die
 This monument shall bring.

A grand anthem by the chorus closed the ceremonies, and was followed by the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Nowell Logan.

It was a glorious day for Vicksburg, one unmarred by any unpleasant incidents. Many of the visitors have already departed, and most of them will leave by the trains to-night.

[From the *Philadelphia Times*, February 11, 1893.]

A RIDE FOR STONEWALL.

A Confederate Officer's Wonderful Record in Bank's Year.

Over the Blue Ridge by Night—How the Order by Which Jackson and Ewell
 Concentrated in the Campaign of 1862 was Carried Through
 Night and Rain by a Boy Lieutenant.

The battle of Kernstown was fought on March 23, 1862, and for the only time in his military career General Jackson was beaten. True, he contended against heavy odds, accomplished his purpose of retaining Banks and his army in the Valley, and was thanked by a resolution of the Confederate Congress, but the fact remains, his marvelous record contains this one defeat.

The army returned to its former camp, south of Mount Jackson, and near Rude's Hill. I was a young and still younger looking second lieutenant in the Second Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. One raw, cold day near the middle of April, I was ordered to report at once at headquarters for special duty.

At army headquarters I was introduced to General Jackson, who received me with his characteristic politeness, and few words. After dinner he withdrew to his room, and I saw no more of him that day.

For several days I was engaged with Colonel Baylor, arranging the conscripted militia and assigning them to old regiments.

On April 17th, General Banks advanced, and General Jackson broke camp, and moved further up the Valley. I was left behind with the cavalry.

A MESSAGE FOR GENERAL EWELL.

The next day we reached Harrisonburg, and about the time of setting sun, General Jackson called for me. The heavens were covered with black clouds, and the rain was descending in torrents. The General handed me a paper from under his rubber cape, and requested me to take it to General Ewell. Surprised to hear that Ewell was in the vicinity, I innocently asked where I would find him? He quietly replied that he was on the other side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, somewhere near Culpeper Courthouse, and while my heart stood still with amazement, he told me the contents of the paper, and added that as it was very important, he did not care to send it by a courier, and wanted it delivered by daylight in the morning.

For a moment I was stampeded, paralyzed. I had never been over a foot of the intervening country, had only a vague idea that Culpeper was somewhere beyond the mountains, but how to get there I could not imagine. And then night was upon us, it was raining like the deluge, and I had already ridden to and fro that day about twenty-five miles. But a young man soon rallies, and I quickly pulled myself together. I was being weighed in the balance, right there, and I determined to throw all my weight in the scales.

"General, I will start at once if I can get a horse."

"Take my mare," said generous Kidder Meade, of the staff, "and strike for Stanardsville first."

RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

As I rode away on Meade's beautiful dun mare the voice of the

General followed me—"A successful and pleasant ride." It was kindly meant, but it sounded strangely, like sarcasm. Forward I went into the mud and into the night, every minute growing darker and wetter. All weariness was gone, and I felt as fresh as my mettled horse. In a little while I was rounding the base of the Massanutten mountain, where it breaks as abruptly down into the valley as it rises from it at Strasburg. The towering mass only horrified the night. Then on through McGaheysville and across the south fork of the Shenandoah to Conrad's store. Here, as I approached the Blue Ridge, I felt almost helpless in the impenetrable stormy night. I stopped to make some inquiries, and procured a small bottle of whiskey for an emergency. Then into and up the black mountain. Vision was hopeless, but fortunately the road was solid and fairly good, and my horse could keep to it. I could reach out and feel her neck and ears, but could not see them. My speed was necessarily slackened, not only because a horse cannot climb a mountain like a goat, but safety required some caution. At times I heard the water rush under us and across the road and tumble in torrents so far down below that I knew we were traveling along perilous edges. The ascent seemed very steep and very long. At last we reached the summit of Swift Run Gap. It was from this summit and through this gap that Governor Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe, in 1716, obtained the white man's first view of the Valley of the Shenandoah. From the same point of view I did not partake of their enchantment.

But just here I met a knight of a less romantic order. He was a belated, drowsy, bedraggled courier, plodding his way from Ewell to Jackson. From him I extracted some useful information as to my route, and in return gave him a pull at my flask. It was vile stuff, but as he seemed to like it I gave him the bottle and left him on the summit.

ON THE WRONG ROAD.

The descent was quicker, and I soon went plunging into Stanardsville, having done thirty-seven miles on that blooded mare. Here I tried to get another horse, but failed. My efforts cost me half an hour, and then I moved on. Anxiety for my noble beast added another horror to the night. Just out of Stanardsville the road forked in the middle of a broad and shallow stream, and, of course, I took the wrong one. A half mile beyond I aroused the inmates of a cabin

and learned my mistake. Retracing my steps, I found the right road, and was soon in front of a white farm-house. A few well-directed shouts brought an astonished masculine head out of an upper window. I appealed to him for a horse. I fancied I saw him smile satirically as he declined, but he politely urged me to dismount and "come in out of the wet." I then knew I must play trumps and said plaintively, "My dear friend, I am an officer of Stonewall Jackson's staff, carrying an important message, and I must have a fresh horse."

"The devil!" was all the response I had, and down went the window. But immediately I heard again at the back of the house, with rising inflection, "Saul, Saul, I say Saul—drat that sleepy nigger—there you are—run, you wooly head, bring out the big black mare, and be quick about it." He soon appeared with Saul and the horse and a lantern, and helped to exchange the saddle and bridle. As I climbed from the fence on the mare and rode away he threw the light of the lantern on my face, and said, in a tender voice: "Good luck, for I have a boy, may be about your age, with Stonewall Jackson."

My new beast was as tall as a dromedary, and as I steered her through the deep mud she seemed to plough it like a gunboat and knew just as little about a riding bridle. Madison Courthouse was fifteen miles from Stanardsville, and by the time we reached it she was worn out. There, fortunately, was a courier station, and I exchanged her for a little gray horse. Clattering through the streets of that slumbering town I was soon in the open country and on another deep mud road. Suddenly my horse slipped, gave a groan and was down, and I rolled off into the mire. I jumped up and asked him to do the same, but he never moved and was apparently dead. Taking off the saddle, I stood by the roadside in hopeless bewilderment. I looked about me and could see no habitation, no light—nothing. Just then a little imp jumped into the road on the opposite side with a "Good Lordy, what's dat?" Explanations followed. He was on his way to town for the doctor "for ole missus." He said it was "a mile or mo' from town around de road, but cutabias 'cross de fiel's not more'n half a mile—not dat." I bribed him with a dollar to hurry to the tavern and tell them to send me another horse, and he disappeared like a rabbit in the dark.

I sat upon the fence and waited. The rain was pouring down, I was covered with mud and water, my little horse gave no sign of life, the night was waning, and my spirits were sinking rapidly. But the

little darkey came, the forerunner of another white horse, which soon made its appearance. I was soon mounted, and as my little black angel received the dollar and let go my bridle he cried: "Golly, I mos' forgot, I mus' run back after de doctor!"

ARRIVAL AT CULPEPER COURTHOUSE.

After nine miles more of spurring and splashing I ran into James City, where I changed to a tall, gaunt roan that carried me valiantly the eleven miles to Culpeper Courthouse. As I approached the town there was a suspicion of light in the direction of dawn, and the rain had partially worn itself out. In all directions I heard the drums of an early reveille and encountered a group of horsemen sitting on their horses in the gloaming. I found it was General Dick Taylor and his staff of Ewell's command. Learning that he was ordered to march, and evidently in the wrong direction, I suggested to him that he should not move until he heard from General Ewell, who, he said, was encamped beyond Brandy Station. One of the staff kindly offered me a fresh horse, and General Taylor ordered a courier to lead the way and "ride like the devil." This the courier did, and so did I, but as I had been doing that thing all night it was no novelty to me. We rushed along like a pair of John Gilpins, and as it never seemed to occur to my guide that I might be nearly worn out I didn't mention it.

But we soon made the six miles to Brandy Station. After several miles more we drew rein at the General's quarters, just as I was beginning to be exhausted beyond endurance. The General was just up, and I dismounted and handed him the crumpled and saturated dispatch. He read it, and quickly turning to me he said: "You don't say—" But the sentence was not finished. Seeing me totter and about to fall, he caught me, led me to a cot and laid me there; and then the dear, rough old soldier made the air blue with orders for brandy and coffee and breakfast—not for himself, but for me.

JACKSON'S COOL RECEPTION.

My ride was done, and nature asserted itself by reaction and exhaustion. In less than twenty hours I had ridden about 105 miles, and since I left General Jackson I had passed around the Massanutten, over the Blue Ridge, and through rain and mud and impenetra-

ble night, had been on the strain of a cavalry charge for more than eighty miles.

When I revived and had something to eat and drink, the General sent me in his ambulance to Culpeper Courthouse, where I went to bed in a hotel. There I remained for twenty-four hours, and began to retrace my steps to the Valley of Virginia. It was a weary ride, taking up my horses as I went, and at 10 o'clock the second night I rode up to General Jackson's headquarters, near Conrad's Store. It had not ceased to rain for an hour since I left, and except when in bed I had been clad in soaking garments from start to finish.

I went into General Jackson's room to report. It was empty of furniture, and on the hearth were some dying coals of a wood fire. He was lying on the floor, upon a thin mattress, wrapped in a blanket and asleep. I awoke him and made my report. He listened politely, and then with "Very good; you did get there in time; good night!" he turned over to sleep and I left the room. I will not attempt to describe my chagrin and indignation at this cool reception. I felt that my ride had been a blank failure. Refusing to be comforted by the staff, who knew the General better, I threw off my heavy, soggy clothes and retired in grievous disappointment to an uncomfortable bed. But after awhile tired nature and youth took possession of me and I slept soundly.

APPOINTED ON JACKSON'S STAFF.

The next morning the General sent for me. He was alone, sitting on a camp-stool gazing into the fire. He arose, holding in his hand a dispatch, which he said he had just received from General Ewell, and then remarked: "Mr. Douglas, Colonel Baylor leaves me to-day to take command of the Stonewall Brigade, and I want to assign you to duty as assistant inspector-general on my staff." What I said of thanks I cannot remember, but pride and gratification healed all my wounds, and thus I entered the military family of Stonewall Jackson.

The dispatch I had carried from General Jackson that night was the order to General Ewell to put his division in motion toward Swift Run Gap, and be ready to unite with the Army of the Valley west of the Blue Ridge. Under that order was made the initial move in that great game of war in which Jackson, sweeping down the valleys of Virginia from behind the Massanutten, drove every-

thing before him to the banks of the Potomac, and thundered at Harper's Ferry until the threats seemed to jar the Capitol at Washington, and then by fighting, confusing, defeating, or eluding the armies of Banks, McDowell, Fremont, and Shields, he marched back again, laden with spoils, and at Cross Keys and Port Republic closed the campaign "with a clap of thunder."

H. KYD DOUGLAS.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, March 19, 1893.]

"MUSIC AND WORDS OF DIXIE."

Dan Emmett its Author and New York the Place of Its Production.*

13 PLEASANT STREET, }
BALTIMORE, MD., March 11, 1893. }

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I see by your issue of March 5th a question has arisen with regard to the authorship (music and words) of "Dixie." I think I can give you "a straight tip." With regard to Albert Pike's authorship—he was too noble a gentleman to have claimed anything that did not belong to him. When it was written he was practicing law in Arkansas, not in Memphis. As for Captain Mentor and his band composing it at the levee on the Mississippi, that is still more absurd. Mrs. Charles T. White, widow of Charlie White, my life-long friend, is correct.

I will give you now the full particulars as I have received them from Dan Emmett himself and my own recollections.

A "WALK-AROUND."

"Dixie."—It was Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels in New York. Bryant came to Emmett and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a walk-around? I want something new and lively for Monday night." At that date

* This statement was substantially confirmed by Kit Clarke, the veteran minstrel manager, in the *New York Dramatic News*, May, 1893, and by others in other journals.—ED.

all minstrel shows used to wind up with a "walk-around." The demand for them was constant, and Emmett was the composer of all the "walk-arounds" of Bryant's band. Emmett of course went to work, but he had done so much in that line that nothing at first satisfactory to him presented itself. At last he hit upon the first two bars, and any composer can tell how good a start that is in the manufacture of a tune. By Sunday afternoon he had the words, commencing : "I wish I was in Dixie." This colloquial expression was not, as most people suppose, a Southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus people of the North. In early fall, when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the genial warmth of that section for which they were heading, and the common expression would be, "Well, I wish I was down in Dixie."

BECAME THE RAGE.

This gave the catch line ; the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning the song was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house caught up the refrain and half the audience went home whistling "Dixie." Bryant gave Emmett \$5 for his work. The song became the rage, and "Newcombe's," "Buckley's," and other minstrel bands paid Emmett \$5 for the privilege of using it. Mr. Werlean, of New Orleans, wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright, but, without waiting for an answer, published it with the words by Mr. Peters, of New York. He afterwards secured the copyright from Emmett and gave him \$600. But Werlean sold thousands of copies without giving Dan a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profit of his songs, but its authorship was disputed. Will F. Hays claimed it as his own.

REAPED NO BENEFIT.

Pond brought the matter before a musical publishers' convention and settled the question of authorship ; but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice. Emmett got into trouble about his song during the war. It was considered a rebel song, and a sapient Maine editor declared Dan to be a "Secesh," and that he should be treated as one, although "Dixie" was written two years before the commencement of the war, and as originally written there was not a line that could be charged with any political bearing. The crowning popu-

larity of this well-known ditty was secured in New Orleans in the spring of 1861, when Mrs John Wood played an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. "Pocahontas," by John Brougham, was the attraction, and in the last scene a zouave march was introduced. Carlo Patti, brother of Adalina Patti, was the leader of the orchestra. At the rehearsal Carlo was at a loss as to what air to appropriate.

CROWNING TRIUMPH.

Trying several, he finally hit upon "Dixie." Tom McDonough shouted: "That will do—the very thing; play it to-night." Mrs. John Wood, Mark Smith, Loffingwell, and John Owens were delighted. Night came, the Zouaves marched on, led by Miss Susan Denin, singing "I wish I was in Dixie." The audience became wild with delight and seven *encores* were demanded. Soon after the war broke out. The Washington Artillery had the tune arranged for a quickstep by Romoe Meneri. The saloons, the parlors, the streets rang with the "Dixie" air, and "Dixie" became to the South what the "Marsellaise" is to France.

OTHER AUTHORITIES.

Now, to support what I state: Niel Bryant is now in Washington holding some government office; he ought to be able to back up what I say, as he was a member of his brother's company when it was first produced, and Colonel Alston Brown, of New York, is generally considered authority in all matters pertaining to the history of the show world in the United States. Dan Emmett is a native of Ohio and is of German descent. I, together with R. M. Hooley, got him up a benefit in Chicago. John McCullough, Joe Emmett, and a host of volunteers appeared at a matinee, the result of which was over a thousand dollars. I do not credit that Dan is cutting wood, as he is an excellent fiddler and generally makes a living in that vocation. He is a very careful man and never was under the undue influence of liquor in his life.

DR. G. A. KANE.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, October 1, 1893.]

BATTLE ECHOES FROM SHILOH.

Misty Traditions That Fade Before the Lights of History.

Veterans Who Fight Their Battles Over Again at Jolly Reunions—The Narrative Northern and the Narrative Southern—Battery A, of the Chicago Light Artillery, and the Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery, of Louisiana.

The *Picayune* of Sunday, September 17, 1893, under the heading of "The Northern Narrative," published an extract from the Chicago *Evening Post*, giving an account of the annual reunion of the Chicago Light Artillery, Battery A, First Illinois Artillery.

As at all reunions of old soldiers, a high old time was had, and battles were fought over and discussed with infinite enjoyment.

On this occasion, it appears, the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, came in for a good share of remembrance, for the account says :

" 'The boys' have plenty to talk about as they get to recalling old times. They discussed their famous duel with the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, fought at the battle of Shiloh. The challenge to the duel had been sent at the beginning of the war, when the Chicago battery was stationed near Cairo for the purpose of stopping boats on the river that they might be searched for contraband goods. The New Orleans battery took exception at this and forwarded the challenge, which was promptly accepted by the Chicagoans, although events happening immediately after made it impossible to name the time and place.

" It was not until April 6 or 7, 1862, that the two batteries met. The Chicago battery was on the edge of a field behind a rail fence when the New Orleans battery galloped onto the field. The Chicago boys thought that was as good a time for the duel as any, so they promptly opened fire and drove the New Orleans battery out of the field. That was only the beginning of the duel, however. The two

batteries were pitted against each other at several other places in the course of the battle and the Chicagoans were the victors. Between the two batteries, whenever they got within range of each other, it was a duel pure and simple, the result of a challenge properly sent and accepted.

"The Chicago Light Artillery was in many notable battles during the war. It was organized under the militia laws of Illinois soon after Chicago was incorporated as a city, and was called in service by Governor Richard Yates in response to the first call for troops by President Lincoln. Inside of twenty-four hours all vacancies in the battery were filled by volunteers, and it was at once sent to Cairo under the command of Captain James Smith. It was stationed on the Mississippi river near Cairo for five months, and put in all the spare time it had, perfecting its drill.

"September 6, 1861, the battery went to Paducah, Ky., with General Grant's forces, and took part in his operations around Columbus and Belmont. Later it played a part in the attack on Fort Donelson, one man being wounded there. March 26, 1862, the battery moved to Pittsburg Landing, and was in the thick of the fight at Shiloh. Here it had its duel with the New Orleans battery, and suffered its first losses. Before it was really in the fight it had lost one man and two horses. By afternoon several more had gone to join their comrade, and when the battery, then almost surrounded, was ordered to the rear, there were neither enough men nor horses for two of the guns, and assistance had to be secured from the other gun squads to get them off the field. One of them had only one horse left and he refused to move until a ball struck him in the tail. Lieutenant P. P. Wood was in command of the battery at this time, Captain Smith having been sent home sick.

"The battery was again in the thick of the fight the next day, although the first day it had lost four men killed outright, twenty-six wounded, many of them mortally, and forty-eight horses killed. General W. T. Sherman, in his 'Memoirs,' refers to the excellent service rendered by the battery in the second day's fighting, when it covered an advance made by his troops that resulted in victory.

"The battery then went to Bolivar, Tennessee, and from there to Memphis, where it remained until November 26, 1862. In December of that year it took part in the Chickasaw bayou fight, and then went with General McClernand to Arkansas Post, where it was in a

two days' battle. It lay in camp most of the winter, opposite Vicksburg. In the spring it took part in the operations around that city, being in two charges. After the surrender of Vicksburg the battery was sent to Jackson, where it stayed until that city was evacuated. It took part in the fight at Missionary Ridge in the fall, and followed General Bragg until he took refuge in Dalton, Ga., and later took up winter quarters in Larkinsville, Ga. It took part in the campaign in Georgia the following year, 1864, and lost all of its guns. A charge was made and two of them were recaptured, but the rebels retreated, taking the other four with them. After the evacuation of Atlanta the battery was reorganized and moved back to Nashville, and then to Chattanooga, where it remained until June, 1865, when it was ordered home and mustered out of service."

However willing veterans may be to make allowances for statements of "the boys" in their moments of jollification, and however flattering it may be for the Washington Artillery to have encounters with it considered as worthy of fame, its survivors, in justice to themselves and to the truth of history, are compelled to confess utter ignorance of any such challenge and duel with the Chicago Light Artillery, Company A, at Shiloh.

The Fifth Company of the battalion was the only one with which the duel could have occurred, the honor of upholding the name and reputation of the command on the battle fields of the west having fallen to its lot. None of its survivors ever heard of, and none of its records can show, any such episode.

It was never the habit of the Washington Artillery to issue bombastic challenges; its motto, "Try Us," was a standing one. Yet it never flaunted it outside of the battle field, but there, in no unmeaning tones, it proclaimed it to all comers, from the muzzle of its guns.

Very likely, at Shiloh, the Fifth Company exchanged shots, or was pitted against the Chicago Light Artillery; but it was altogether the result of chance. The Federal battery was attached to W. H. Wallace's division, that was brought up to the assistance of Prentiss' division, after the first onslaught of the Confederate lines. Wallace formed to the right of Prentiss and was crushed along with him, and lost his life in the rout of his troops, part of which surrendered with Prentiss' division.

The Fifth company was attached to Patton Anderson's brigade, of Ruggles' division, Bragg's corps, and fought most of the day on

the Confederate left centre, opposite to, or on the right flank of Wallace and Prentiss. The battery was moved to different points between the center and the left, as the battle shifted, but it never moved unless by order of the general with whom it fought. During the two days of battle, it was never silenced, driven back or compelled to shift its position by any artillery fire. Its progress was ever forward, though at times it was long and stubbornly delayed. When night fell on the first day, in full efficiency, it was about to ascend the last ridge overlooking Pittsburg landing and the river.

Its long list of casualties at Shiloh showed not a single one from artillery projectiles. Its twenty-seven men killed and wounded and thirty dead and disabled horses had all been struck by minnie balls, and its carriages and wheel-spokes were riddled by them only. Its guns had in every instance been run within close of the Federal infantry, and its canister had been twice exhausted in these encounters, where camps had to be cleared of foes by tearing to shreds with canister the tents they lurked behind. "Its cannoneers on several occasions stood to their pieces under the most deadly fire, when there was no support at hand, and when to have retired would have left that part of the field to the enemy," said General Patton Anderson, in his report.

This determination to stay where planted almost cost the Fifth company three of its pieces on Monday morning on the Confederate right, in a position immediately to the left of Chalmer's brigade, where the battery had its first encounter that day. After two lively artillery engagements, and after driving back the Federal infantry, the battery was advanced in another position to within one hundred yards of a thick woods, and opened fire on the concealed foe. From this cover he sprang suddenly, in a heavy mass, rushing with irresistible impetus to within twenty yards of the pieces. In this imminent peril the supports of the company became flurried, and poured through the battery from its rear, an unexpected and murderous fire, as deadly to men and horses as that which came from the front. A hurried withdrawal left, for a while, standing unmanned between the contending lines three of the guns that had lost their horses by the fire from the rear. But the enemy never reached them; for the Crescent regiment, First Missouri and First Arkansas soon drove him back and out of his cover in the woods.

The cannoneers returned, then manned their pieces and retired

them, when the general retreat of the Confederate forces was ordered. One sergeant killed, one lieutenant and six men wounded, with twenty horses killed and disabled, gave evidence of the closeness and desperation of this encounter. It was the only approach to a disaster the Fifth Company had on Shiloh's bloody field.

The troops it then fought were of Nelson's fresh division, and no doubt in the engagements of that day it exchanged shots with Mendenhall's battery, Fourth United States Artillery, with Terrill's battery, Fifth United States Artillery, and possibly with Bartlett's Battery G, First Ohio Light Artillery, all attached to that division.

The same tenacity and desperation marked the Fifth Company's career until the end; no danger could move it, and no disaster could dismay it.

In one of its last engagements in the field, during Hood's Tennessee campaign, it displayed these qualities most strikingly. At Overall's creek, near Murfreesboro, near a block house at the railroad crossing and Nashville pike, it found itself contending unsupported against the foe—a brigade of infantry, with artillery in its front, a regiment of cavalry charging its left flank. The infantry was driven back, their artillery silenced, and the cavalry given such a reception with canister that the saddles of its first squadron were emptied, and the riderless horses, in line of battle, kept on with the charge, passing like a whirlwind through the intervals of the battery, to be captured in the rear. The horses of the second squadron received the canister that had passed over the first, and more, and after the passage of the first squadron were disclosed in utter confusion. The regiment was then driven off with schrapnel.

Firing, retiring by sections, the battery now withdrew, keeping the infantry in front at bay until it met the supports that should have stood by it. One killed and four wounded were its casualties in this encounter, out of which it came with some thirty captured horses. The troops it fought were of Rousseau's Division, the cavalry an Indiana regiment.

But once during the war did the Fifth Company have with an adversary any interchange of wishes to meet each other on the field of battle. It was at Mumfordsville, where Bragg captured the place with 4,000 of the enemy. As the prisoners, disarmed and paroled, passed the Fifth Company on their way to Buel under flag of truce, the column halted near the battery, and a splendid-looking young

officer of artillery inquired what battery it was. When told, he said he had heard of it, and was very anxious that his battery should meet it on the battle-field. He was told the Fifth Company hoped to have that pleasure some day, and would give his battery their best attention. He gave his name as Lieutenant F. A. Mason, Thirteenth Indiana Battery, and chatted pleasantly until the column moved on. His battery seemed to have acted in Kentucky and Tennessee exclusively during the war, for it was often inquired after on many battle-fields, but, unless unknowingly in Hood's Tennessee campaign, it was never met.

The Fifth Company's experience led it to be extremely careful in claiming victories over special batteries of the enemy. At a distance there is no telling what compels your adversary to cease firing, to shift his position or to retire. It may be the fire of skirmishers, or of a line of battle, a flank fire, or the engagement may have been terminated by superior orders.

Unless one battery occupies the ground of the other, and finds evidences of disaster, it is impossible for it to claim a victory with any certainty.

In a broken and thickly-wooded country, like the field of Shiloh, it was very difficult to see the effects of the artillery shots, or to know what battery you were fighting, unless you blew up some of its limbers or caissons, dismounted its guns or captured its men.

No such disaster befell the Fifth Company on that field, and "the boys" of the Chicago Light Artillery, Company A, since Shiloh, have been exulting in imaginary victories over the Washington Artillery of New Orleans.

And they are not the only ones. In publications about this battle, other Federal batteries have been credited with similar victories, and with no better foundation in fact. Among these are the McAllister's First Illinois Light Artillery, Company D, Thompson's Ninth Indiana Battery, Thurster's and Bulle's Battery I, First Missouri Artillery; all good batteries, and worthy of any foeman's steel.

On other fields of the West also, the honor of vanquishing the Fifth Company has been claimed by several batteries. The disabling of the company's eight inch Columbiad, the Lady Slocomb, at Spanish Fort, is still a matter of controversy between Mack's (Black Horse Battery) Eighteenth New York and Hendrick's Battery L, First Indiana Artillery.

During the terrific bombardment on the evening of the ninth day of the siege, April 4, 1865, this gun was pointing towards the Indiana Battery, when struck on the right trunion from behind by a twenty-pound parrot shot, which must have come from Mack's Battery, that was on our right rear as the gun stood. About the same time another shot from the direction of the Indiana Battery, passing under the gun, between the cheeks of the carriage, shattered the elevating screw. The gun was thus doubly disabled. Fortunately an iron handspike had been run under its breech, resting on the cheeks of the carriage, and the gun was thus kept in place, horizontal, menacingly deceiving the enemy as to its condition. The work around it was almost leveled by the terrible concentrated fire poured into its position, for though the fore-mentioned batteries, by continual exchange of shots with it, were more likely to have an accurate aim, they were joined on this occasion by every battery within reach of this devoted gun. Since the beginning of the seige the Lady Slocomb had been a terror to them all.

With a broken trunion, the gun had to be dismounted. This was done that night, and the night after another Columbiad was mounted in its place. More than twenty-five years after the Lady Slocomb was found, where it had been thrown from its carriage by the Fifth Company.

Most of the artillery companies in the fort were relieved during the siege, but the Fifth Company declined to take advantage of an offer to that effect from General D. H. Maury, claiming the honor of fighting out to the end, and so it did. On the night of the evacuation it was the last to spike its guns, being instructed by General R. L. Gibson to fight them to the last should the enemy discover the retreat and assault before it was accomplished. It passed out into the sea marsh among the very last that left the fort. Two killed and eleven wounded marked its devotion to duty in its last fight. On the many battlefields it saw the Fifth Company encountered most of the famous Federal batteries in their western armies. It has sustained very lively recollections of stubborn contests at Perryville, with Loomis' First Battery Michigan Light Artillery, and with Simonson's Fifth Indiana Battery. The men of Loomis' Battery captured at Chickamauga inquired after the "White Horse Battery," as the Fifth Company was designated by the foe during Bragg's Kentucky campaign. Within full view of each other on hillsides, with open fields and

orchards between, results could be seen, and at Perryville the Fifth Company moved steadily forward, noting in the course of the protracted contest the explosion of limber chests in its antagonist's position and the repeated shifting and falling back of their batteries. It kept up firing until well after night had come, having orders to fire the last shot. Its expenditure of ammunition was 758 rounds, its casualties one man killed and five wounded, with ten horses killed or disabled. Loomis reported one killed and six wounded, and Simonson two killed and thirteen wounded. The Fifth Company will never forget its tussle with Bridges' Battery, First Illinois Light Artillery, at Glass Mills, and with Schultz's Battery M, First Ohio Light Artillery, at Glass Mills, on the first day of Chickamauga. This was a pure and simple artillery duel, for its seven killed and six wounded and ten slaughtered horses, at this point, were all struck by artillery shots. Rushed into position under fire, across the Chickamauga river, the company had one lieutenant and several men killed before it could come into action. Its horses killed in the ford blocked the way and halted the column under a most accurate and intense fire. Bridges' guns slackened, however, sensibly, after the Fifth Company got their pieces well into play, and gradually they ceased altogether after an hour's contest.

During this lull the Fifth Company moved its guns by hand to the front fully 100 yards, when another battery (Schultz's) was seen coming into position, where had stood Bridges'. Three guns of Cobb's Kentucky Battery re enforced the Fifth Company in the woods on its right, and soon a fire more terrific than ever raged between the combined batteries on each side. After half an hour of this contest, upon repeated orders of General Breckinridge to retire the guns and join his column that was again on the move to the right, the Fifth Company limbered its guns under fire, recrossed the ford, and took its position in the column that was marching out and giving way to Wheeler's division of cavalry.

In this encounter one solid shot of the enemy killed three of the Fifth Company's drivers, passing clear through each of them as they sat on their horses. The advantage of position here was in favor of Bridges' Battery. It occupied higher ground, sloping through fields down to the fords, in front of which the Fifth Company stood in an open space, just wide enough for its battery front of four guns. The rifle section had not been crossed, but had remained on the other

bank on elevated ground, some distance to the left of the ford. Encased in this open space by woods on three sides, the battery formed a splendid target, and with a plunging fire and better view of his shots, Bridges could not fail to inflict great damage on his adversary. However, he also suffered severely. A caisson was seen to explode in his battery, and his official report gives two men killed, nine wounded, and twelve horses killed, as his losses at this spot. Schultz's loss, if any, is not known.

In its first engagement the next morning, on Bragg's extreme right, the Fifth Company struck Bridges' Battery again. Like itself, it had been thrown during the night from one extremity of the line to the other. This time the contest was not so long, and more decisive. Bridges met with a great disaster—he lost two guns and thirty-four horses; his first lieutenant and three men killed, and seven men wounded, so says his official report. The Fifth Company advanced over his ground, found the body of his lieutenant, examined his guns, refitted from their equipments and ammunition, and hitched up to its guns those of his horses that were found serviceable. A gallant battery it was that there was overwhelmed in the blow that Breckinridge struck Thomas's left flank on that morning.

But the Fifth Company was soon to be severely tried also. When came the recoil of Adams' Louisiana Brigade from that point it reached 500 yards in Thomas' rear, when Beatty and Stanley beat it back reduced to shreds, the little Fifth Company was called upon to show the best mettle it could command. Behind its guns rallied the remnants of Adams' Brigade; behind it formed the lines of Liddell to stem the overwhelming pressure of the foe, and until the line was made strong enough to advance, the Fifth Company held the ground as ordered by Breckinridge, unmindful of enormous opposing guns, devoting its canister and shots alone to the enemy's infantry, hurling it back as it charged time and again. Six men killed and fourteen wounded, with ten slaughtered horses, and Graves, the battalion major, lay around its guns when it ceased firing to let Liddell pass to the front in a charge that drove the foe back to where Breckinridge had pushed before. Then, with crippled carriages bearing its dead and wounded, the Fifth Company was withdrawn to where Bridges' captured guns stood, and stripped them and others to be fit, and soon it reported back to enter the fray again.

Many other episodes at Jackson, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ken-

nesaw Ridge and other fields might be added to exemplify the Fifth Company's mode of fighting, but the above instances are deemed sufficient.

The Washington Artillery always found pleasure in according praise and doing honor to its gallant adversaries, and on many battle-fields it stood in admiration of their deeds and daring. Its survivors, while denying the correctness of the challenge and duel story, want no better evidence of the gallantry and stubborn fighting qualities of the Chicago Light Artillery, Company A, than the roll of its casualties at Shiloh—four killed and twenty-six wounded. Their admiration is won by any adversary that contests a field, either against them or others, to the extent of such a loss.

J. A. CHALARON,

*Senior Surviving Officer, Fifth Company, Battalion
Washington Artillery, of New Orleans.*

[From the *Philadelphia Weekly Times*, July 23, 1892.]

HOW ASHBY WAS KILLED.

A Correspondent Reviews the Fighting before the Battle of Cross Keys.

To the Editor of The Times :

The following is an extract from a telegraphic dispatch dated Salem, N. J., and published in your issue of June 27:

"Frederick Trullender, proprietor of the machine works of this city, died to-day after a long illness. He was a veteran of the late war, being a member of Company E, First New Jersey Cavalry, and served until the close of the war. The deceased had always maintained that it was he who shot Colonel Ashby, of the famous Confederate Black Horse Cavalry, in a skirmish preceding the battle at Cross Keys, Virginia, in 1862. The deceased was on picket duty and shot at a rebel officer, but he did not know it was Colonel Ashby until the next day, when our forces received news that he had been shot and killed. Trullender's story is well authenticated, being vouched for by many members of the First New Jersey Cavalry."

I was a participant in the fight which cost the life of the noble Colonel Turner Ashby, the Bayard of the South, and as you have for years taken great pains to give to the world facts concerning important events that transpired during our great civil war, I wish to correct the false impression the publication of this dispatch might convey to the minds of many who have doubtless read it.

I said I was a participant in the fight that cost Colonel Ashby his life—yes, I was close to him when he fell, and I will as briefly as possible narrate the circumstances that led to the sad event.

During Jackson's retreat from Fremont, for some days before the Confederates reached Harrisonburg, their rear guard under Ashby, was closely pressed by a body of Federal cavalry and numerous skirmishes ensued. Ashby was heard to express his admiration for the bold trooper who showed so much audacity, and hoped the time would come when he could make a closer acquaintance. In this he was gratified, and that acquaintance indirectly cost him his life.

On the 5th of June, 1862, Jackson's army diverged from the Valley turnpike a short distance from Harrisonburg, and took the road leading to Port Republic. About two miles from the town the troops went into bivouac. On the morning of the 6th, the command moved on toward Port Republic, the enemy's cavalry videttes firing an occasional harmless shot at long range at Ashby's rear guard. The troops had proceeded some miles, and, while resting by the roadside, Ashby was much surprised to find the Federal cavalry upon him. However, the surprise did not last long, and it is a question whether the surprise was not mutual, but calling upon his followers, Ashby attacked the Federals so vigorously as to put them to rout, and, in the pursuit which followed, their commander, a Colonel Sir Percy Wyndham, an English soldier of fortune, and a large number of his troopers were captured. It proved to be the First New Jersey Cavalry. The pursuit by Ashby continued until the survivors reached the main body of Fremont's army.

In withdrawing from this pursuit Ashby perceived some distance off to the right a body of Federal infantry in bivouac without any supports near at hand. He conceived the idea of surprising and capturing this comparatively small force, and called upon General Ewell for two infantry regiments with which to accomplish his purpose. This General Ewell reluctantly granted, but so fearful was he that disaster would overtake the expedition that he accompanied it

himself. The First Maryland and the Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments were given to Ashby, when, retracing the road for some distance over which he had pursued the New Jersey cavalry, he struck into the woods to the right. Detaching two companies of the First Maryland, he led the advance with them, and in a short time came upon the Federal infantry, when an unexpectedly stubborn engagement ensued. The enemy fought with the most determined gallantry, despite the fact that the Fifty-eighth Virginia was sent to Ashby's support, and it was not until the remaining companies of the First Maryland made a desperate charge that what was left of this gallant band sought safety in flight. The fighting had been at very short range, and while it lasted was fast and furious. Ashby's horse was shot under him at the first fire, and a few minutes after he fell dead from a ball through the body.

After the engagement it was discovered that we had encountered the celebrated Pennsylvania Bucktails, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Kane, afterward a celebrated brigade commander. Kane and Captain Fred Taylor, afterward killed at Gettysburg, in command of the Bucktails, were wounded and prisoners in our hands.

This engagement occurred about 6 o'clock on the evening of June 6th, some hours after Ashby's encounter with Wyndham, and under no possibility could any of the First New Jersey cavalry have been in the fight. They had been completely done for some hours previous to that time, and the remnant of the regiment had taken an entirely different direction in their precipitate flight. No, the noble, chivalrous Turner Ashby died at the hands of a member of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment.

W. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Late Major Maryland Infantry, C. S. A.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* publishes an interview with a Mr. W. C. West, which is headed, "The Last Shot of the War." The gist of the interview is as follows :

"I know that the late General Kirby Smith fired the last shot in defence of the Confederate flag. I participated in the matter referred to—on the Federal side—which was fought at Palmetto Ranch, Resaca Chica, Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, May 13, 1865. On the day of the battle General Smith had retreated to the Texas line, with a force of 600 cavalry and some light artillery. Colonel Barrett,

of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry, assisted by four companies of the Sixty-second United States Colored Infantry, attacked the Confederates. The result was a defeat for the Union forces, and the last battle was not a victory for the Union, as has been generally reported. Colonel Barrett could not rout the Confederate cavalry, protected as they were by six-pounders, and they were compelled to retreat to the cover of the siege guns, which were at Brazos Santiago."

This interview is reprinted in the *Montgomery Advertiser* in May, 1893, and other Southern papers, and is apt, therefore, to go the rounds unquestioned. Mr. West does not assert that he saw General Smith fire the "last shot," but he knows it. Unfortunately for that knowledge he is mistaken, for the reason that General Smith was not in that battle. The Confederate forces were under command of General James E. Slaughter, who was postmaster at Mobile a few years ago, and now lives in Washington. General Slaughter has always claimed that he fought the last battle of the war. He says of it :

"I commanded at the last battle, and captured as many Federals as I had Confederate soldiers. I had heard of General Lee's surrender and did not want to fight, but as the enemy advanced upon my forces I attacked and routed them. After the battle I told my prisoners they were at liberty to return to Brazos, Santiago, or go with me to Brownsville, and they elected to accompany me. I had regular rolls made of my prisoners, and sent them back on a steamer. I really did not consider them as captives, as we passed a very pleasant time together."

General Slaughter claimed, moreover, that when the fighting was all done, every command but his had surrendered, and he had no superior officer and no government. He was for the time being an absolute monarch—lord of all he surveyed. He learned that General Smith had surrendered on May 26, 1865, but his situation was such that there was no one to whom to surrender ; and, besides, he had on hand a large body of Federal prisoners, the number being equal to his own force. The locality and the circumstances forbade disbandment, and so he held his forces together for a week or more, until opportunity offered for laying down his arms at Brownsville, Texas. At that time he issued the following order :

"Soldiers, the war is over. Go home and try and make as good citizens as you have soldiers. And do more. I hope that the result will prove that our enemies were right and we were wrong."

"THE BLOODY ANGLE."

The Confederate Disaster at Spotsylvania Court-House,
May 12, 1864, by which the "Stonewall Brigade"
was annihilated.

"GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR."

Accounts by General James A. Walker, Colonel Thomas H. Carter, Lieutenant Wm. S. Archer, Rev. M. S. Stringfellow and Major
D. W. Anderson.

The following communications appeared in the *Richmond Times*, on February 5th, 12th, 26th, March 5th, and April 2nd, 1893, respectively. An extract from an editorial upon the communication of General Walker is a pertinent comment:

"One statement in General Walker's paper fails to do full justice to that immortal army which General Lee commanded in that glorious campaign. He says that Grant crossed the Rapidan on the 4th of May with 141,000 men, and that General Lee had opposed to him 64,000. We know with definite certainty that Grant had many more than 141,000, and, while it cannot be demonstrated with mathematical certainty that General Lee had much fewer than 64,000, it can be with moral certainty.

"The Thirty-sixth volume of series I, part 3, of the 'Rebellion Record,' at page 426, gives the numbers that Grant had present for duty on the morning of May 31, 1864, after all the fighting of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania was over. This is the official record of the War Department at Washington. It states that he had present for duty on the morning of May 31st, 129,620 men. What seems to be the most reliable account of his losses between May 4th and 31st is that of Captain Phisterer, an officer of the regular army, in his 'statistical record.' He places his losses between those days at 66,171. Now, if this be added to those present for duty we have for Grant on May 4th a grand total of 195,791 men. This of course

includes the Ninth corps under Burnside, and the reinforcements that joined him on the way in the Wilderness. But all those were under his immediate command when he commenced the movement, and he could have had them all present for duty and in position on May 4th, if he had seen how he could have used them. They are therefore chargeable to him as troops present for action on that day.

"But this is not all. Butler, under his command, had on the lower James 36,950 more (2d, page 427), so, that Grant commenced his move, commanding, in the field, 232,731 men. What had General Lee to oppose to this vast host? General Early has proved to a moral demonstration in the *Southern Historical Papers* for July, 1876, that General Lee had on the Rapidan less than 50,000 men. The volume of the 'Rebellion Record' that we have quoted from contains a letter from General Beauregard to President Davis, giving the number with which he opposed Butler, and they were 14,530 men. So, that 64,530 Confederates were all that successfully opposed this vast host of 232,731 men throughout that long and bloody summer, in which they killed and wounded more men than all of themselves combined."

GENERAL JAMES A. WALKER'S ACCOUNT.

When I was in Richmond at the unveiling of the A. P. Hill statue in May last, while fighting my battles over with old comrades, the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse came up, and the statements contained in this letter were made by me, and seemed to be news to the other gentlemen present, and I promised I would write them for publication as soon as I could find time to do so.

After much delay I have written what follows, giving the occurrences related as they appeared to the restricted vision of an eyewitness. There was doubtless much that occurred very near me that I did not see, but what I did see is indelibly written on my memory.

A little retrospection will not be amiss before speaking of that day's work. It will be remembered that the Army of Northern Virginia, having defeated McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker, met its first check at the hands of General Meade, a Virginian, at Gettysburg. The Federal Government then brought General Grant from the West, flushed with victory, to command the largest and best equipped army ever gathered on American soil. Its appointed task was to destroy the army of General Lee and capture

the Capital of the Confederate States. To accomplish this cherished object, the new commander was promised all the men, the means and the munitions of war he should ask for.

On the 4th of May, 1863, when General Grant crossed the Rappahannock river, his whole force amounted to 141,000 men, while that of General Lee amounted to 64,000, the odds being over two and a quarter to one.

Any other commander except Robert E. Lee would have felt it prudent to retire before such odds, and watch for opportunities to strike his antagonist at exposed points, and select and fortify a strong position near Richmond. But General Lee was as bold and daring as he was skillful and prudent, and he knew the men he commanded were equal to any task that mortals could accomplish, and that they relied on him with unquestioning faith. They believed that whatever General Lee did was the very best that could be done; and they believed that whatever he set before them to do they could and they would do.

General Lee knew that with such men, the veterans of three years' experience, he could confidentially calculate on defeating an army of more than two and one-fourth to one.

As soon as he learned that his adversary had crossed the river he broke his camp around Orange Courthouse and advanced into the Wilderness, and on the 5th gave battle to the enemy as soon as he came up with him, and General Grant, instead of following a retreating foe, found himself compelled to halt, concentrate his vast army, and deliver battle before he had crossed the river thirty-six hours.

After two days hard fighting, General Grant was no nearer Richmond than when it began, and he gave up the task of driving General Lee before him, and of defeating him in a pitched battle.

The 7th of May was passed in comparative quiet, the Confederates confidently awaiting the expected attack, which never came.

The two armies then rested about seventy-five miles northwest of Richmond, with the Confederate right and the Federal left flank nearest to Richmond, which lay to the southwest.

It will be seen that by moving by his left flank General Grant could pass around General Lee's right and place his army between his adversary and the Confederate capital.

On the afternoon and night of the 7th, General Grant began his first flank movement, and withdrew from the front of his adversary, and

attempted, by a secret and quiet movement, to pass around General Lee's right flank under cover of darkness, and get between General Lee's army and Richmond. It will readily be seen that General Grant had a longer line to traverse to reach any point between his antagonist and Richmond than General Lee had to reach the same point. In military phrase, General Lee operated on the inner and shorter line, while Grant had the outer and longer line. But this advantage for the Confederate commander was counterbalanced by the fact that General Grant, by covering his movement with his cavalry and thin lines of infantry pressed close to the lines of his foes, and making the demonstrations as if an attack was imminent, could withdraw the great bulk of his army from the front, and get several hours the start before his real designs could be fathomed.

When General Grant, on the 7th day of May, began his flank movement his objective point was Spotsylvania Courthouse, which would place him in rear of Lee's right flank. General Lee on the night of the 7th discovered Grant's movement, and at once began to bring up his infantry by forced marches to support Stuart's cavalry, which was already in front of the marching columns of blue, making, as they always did, a gallant fight to delay them until the infantry came up. The division of General Anderson, of Hill's corps, reached the Courthouse on the morning of the 8th, and almost at the same moment the vanguard of the Federal army came upon the ground. The advance guards of the two armies at once grappled, and the Confederates drove back the enemy and seized upon the strategic points to hold them for the battle-ground.

While these advance guards were thus confronting each other at Spotsylvania Courthouse on the morning of the 8th, the remainder of the two armies, stretched back for ten miles, were hurrying up as fast as forced marches could bring them, and as division after division of the Federal army arrived it would swing round the left of their line as a pivot and form on the left of the troops already in line, while the Confederates would swing round the right flank and form on the right of their line.

Thus all that beautiful spring day the hostile armies were wheeling into line, and all day fierce combats and bloody skirmishes were going on between detachments and divisions as they struggled for coveted positions.

The artillery on either side as it came up would seize upon the

heights, and quickly unlimbering, would salute the new arrivals with the thunder of the guns and the screeching and bursting sounds of shot and shell. It was a grand game of war played by two gallant armies, led by the two great Generals with consummate skill and ability.

It was late in the afternoon of the 8th when Johnson's division, of Ewell's corps arrived on the field, and the enemy was pressing our men hotly and lapping over their right flank as we came up.

I then had the honor to command the Stonewall Brigade of Johnson's division, and when our corps commander, glorious old General Ewell, rode out to meet us, and commanded us to move up at double quick, the model men of that brave brigade, notwithstanding their forced march of sixteen or eighteen hours had nearly exhausted their physical strength, responded with a yell, and amid the bursting of the enemy's shell and the whistling of the deadly minie balls, dashed into line and checked the advance of the enemy. This brigade was the first of the division to get into line, and formed immediately on the right of that splendid North Carolinian, General Ramseur, who fell at Winchester the same year, and whose gallant Tar Heels were as true as steel, and shed lustre on the Confederate armies on many a battle field.

The other brigades of the division came up and formed in rapid succession under the enemy's fire in the following order: On the right of the Stonewall Brigade was the Louisiana brigade, commanded by General Harry Hays, than whom no braver, knightlier soldier ever drew sword. His command on the 5th had formed two brigades, but on that day General Stafford, one of the bravest and best men I ever knew, was killed at the head of his men, and his brigade had been consolidated with that of Hays. On the right of Hays came J. M. Jones' brigade, commanded by Colonel Witcher, their brave leader having also fallen in battle at the same time General Stafford was killed. On the right of the Louisianans came the brigade of George H. Stuart. The position thus taken by Johnson's division was such as the fortune of battle gave it. It was determined for us by the enemy, more than by our own choosing, and formed a sharp salient not far from the right of Jones' brigade. I have frequently heard the Confederate engineers censured for allowing this salient in the lines, but as I have shown already they had nothing to do with forming the line, and as I will show hereafter, it

had nothing to do with the disaster which happened to Johnson's division on the 12th.

Soon after the division was in line, night came on, and skirmishers were thrown out and quiet reigned, but it was the hush which precedes the tornado. Tired and worn out as the soldiers were there was no rest for them that night.

The greater part of the line of the division was along the outer edge (the edge next to the enemy) of a body of fine oak timber. As soon as night put an end to the combat, axes, picks and shovels were sent for, and along the whole line through the night the men worked like beavers, and the crash of falling trees, the ring of axes, and the sound of the spade and shovel were heard. Trees were felled and piled upon each other, and a ditch dug behind them with the earth out of it thrown against the logs. The limbs and tops of the trees as cut off from the trunks were used to form abattis, by placing them in front of the breastworks with the sharpened points towards the enemy.

By daylight next morning a very formidable line of fortifications frowned upon the foe, and our troops rested quietly and confident of victory, should the enemy attack them. Between the morning of the 9th and the morning of the 12th, this line of breastworks was much strengthened, and became one of the very best lines of temporary field works I ever saw. It was apparently impregnable. Just behind the intrenched line of infantry, artillery was placed at the most eligible points, to sweep the approaching enemy with shot and shell and cannister.

A description of the ground in front of the Confederate troops at this point will serve to explain the situation more fully.

Just in front of Ramseur's position there was a cleared and open space for two or three hundred yards. Then came a dense forest of pine timber with the limbs hanging down to the ground, shutting off all view of the interior.

The enemy's skirmishers occupied the edge of the forest, nearest Ramseur's line, and kept up a spirited fire at short range, which compelled his men to keep close behind their breastworks. On Ramseur's right, in front of the Stonewall brigade, the pine forest was much less dense, and did not approach so near our line, while our skirmishers were pushed into the timber, and the enemy's skirmishers were kept at a safe distance. Opposite the right of the Stonewall brigade the timber which came so close to their front ter-

minated or gave out, and in front of the Louisiana brigade and Jones' brigade there was a broad plateau; an old field without timber or obstruction of any kind extending for six or eight hundred yards. Then the ground descended into a rather deep hollow or ravine covered with oak timber, which belt of timber extended much further beyond, and was filled with the enemy's troops. The skirmishers from Hays' and Jones' brigade were posted in this timbered ravine, one thousand yards in front of the breastworks.

All day on the 9th we were left in quiet, and on the 10th nothing excited suspicion until after the hour of noon, when the enemy's skirmishers in the edge of the pine forest in front of Ramseur became particularly active and spiteful, and muffled sounds began to issue from the unseen recesses of the wood, which were suspicious, and it was believed that the enemy was massing there for an attack. This was reduced to a certainty later in the afternoon, when in an instant a column of the enemy rushed out from among the pines and dashed swiftly across the intervening space between them and Ramseur. Ramseur's men were ready, and poured a deadly volley into them, but the blue lines did not falter, and before our men could reload they were on the works. Our men used the bayonets, but were driven back, and the blue coats, with three cheers and a tiger given in regular hip! hip! hurrah! style, moved on in pursuit. The two regiments on the left of the Stonewall Brigade had poured an oblique fire on foe as they advanced, and after the works were carried were drawn back and formed at right angles to the breastworks, from which position they delivered a murderous fire into the flank of the enemy after they crossed the line.

The triumph of the victors was of short duration, for soon Ramseur's retiring line was reinforced, and in turn the enemy was driven back pell mell at a double-quick, and as they recrossed our works and the open space to seek the friendly gloom of the pine forest they had a few moments before left in such gallant array, they were shot down until the ground was covered with their dead and wounded. Ramseur's lines were restored, and there were no further demonstrations on the 10th or 11th. The night of the 11th was damp and misty, with a dense fog resting on the ground.

During the night it was reported to General Lee that the enemy was again withdrawing from his front, and preparing to make another flank movement. To meet this the artillery was at once withdrawn

from the front and placed in readiness to march at early dawn. Only two guns of Carrington's Battery were left to support Johnson's division.

Before it became light enough to distinguish objects, the rapid firing of our skirmishers in the wooded ravine in front of the centre of Johnson's line gave notice that the enemy was advancing, and the heavy tramp of a large body of infantry and the sharp words of command could be distinctly heard. Very soon our skirmishers came falling back, firing as they came, and announced what we already knew, that a heavy column was advancing to the attack. Our men were all up and ready for them with their muskets cocked, peering through the gloom for the first glimpse of their foes. For several moments, which seemed very much longer to the anxious and expectant Confederates, no enemy came in sight; but the tramp of armed men drew nearer, and the commands of their officers sounded more distinctly.

The enemy, consisting of Hancock's corps, formed in columns of brigades, had emerged from the ravine and advanced about one-third of the way across the open plateau before they could be seen, or could themselves see our works on account of the fog. All at once the slowly-lifting fog showed them our heavily fortified position, some four or five hundred yards in their front. At this expected but unwelcome sight the advancing columns paused and wavered and hesitated, and seemed to refuse the task before them. Their mounted officers rode in front and urged them on, while many officers on foot and horseback shouted: "Forward! men, forward!" and repeated the words again and again. Then the moment for the Confederate fire had come, and the men, rising to full height leveled their trusty muskets deliberately at the halting column, with a practiced aim which would have carried havoc into their ranks. But the searching damp had disarmed them, and instead of the leaping line of fire and the sharp crack of the muskets came the pop! pop! pop! of exploding caps as the hammer fell upon them. Their powder was damp, and with their muzzle-loading muskets there was no help for them. A few, very few, pieces fired clear; but fresh caps on most of them only produced another failure. A muzzle-loading musket with damp powder behind the ball is as useless to a soldier in an emergency like that as a walking-cane.

As the enemy received no fire from our lines they took heart and

again moved forward with rapid strides. On they came unopposed, and in few moments had torn our well-constructed abattis away and were over our works taking prisoners of our unarmed troops.

I saw officers ride up to the lines and step from their stirrups on to our breastworks without harm to themselves or to their horses.

This statement as to the failure of the muskets of our men to fire is true as to that portion of our line between the Stonewall Brigade and the salient, which was as far as my vision extended, but I have been informed by officers of Jones' Brigade that the right of that brigade had been more careful or more fortunate, and their muskets were in good order, and that the enemy was repulsed in front of that portion of our lines with great loss, and that they held their position until the enemy's troops, who had crossed to their left, had swung round in the rear and came up behind our lines.

I speak advisedly when I say that if the muskets of our men had been serviceable they would never had gotten within three hundred yards of our line. One well-directed volley, such as our men knew so well how to give, delivered at the moment the line wavered and halted, would have thrown them into confusion, and made their future movements too slow and dispirited to render success in such a charge possible. Such attacks must be made with dash, rapidity and united effort to ensure success.

I had peculiar opportunities for witnessing this assault, because the enemy on this occasion, as in their attack on Ramseur on the 10th, did not attack the Stonewall Brigade at all, but attacked immediately on their right, directly in front of Jones' Virginia and Hays' Louisiana Brigades, and with perfect safety and without a shot coming in any direction, I stood upon the breastworks in front of the right regiment of my brigade and witnessed it all.

As soon as the enemy began to cross our works the right regiment of my brigade, the Fourth Virginia, then commanded by the brave Colonel (afterwards General) William Terry, was formed at right angles to the works, so as to fire down the inside of our line. I was very soon wounded and left the battle-field, and what happened afterwards is only known to me as to others, as history relates it.

The dreadful carnage on both sides, in that salient which gave to it the name of the "Bloody Angle;" the touching incident of the devotion of General Lee's soldiers to his person; when the old hero, in the midst of the heaviest fire, and when his troops were being pressed

back, rode to the front of one of his brigades just ready to go into the fight, and offered to lead it in the charge. How his brave boys refused to follow him, shouting with tears in their eyes: "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear! We will go forward, but General Lee must go to the rear!" Until some of the men firmly, but respectfully, laid their hands upon the bridle of his horse and turned his head to the rear. Then the old hero raised his hat in his peculiar dignified way, and rode slowly back, while the brigade went forward with more dash and courage than ever before, because they had commanded "Mars Bob," and he had obeyed their command.

It was in this bloody angle that an oak tree, as large around as a man's body, was cut down by minie balls alone, and its trunk can now be seen in the war office at Washington city.

I have spoken of this charge of Hancock's corps, because it has been ignorantly charged that our troops were taken by surprise.

There may have been some want of care on the part of the troops and their officers in not keeping their powder dry, and had it been a rainy night, they would have taken greater precautions, and the disaster would never have occurred.

As an illustration of the dangers and the casualties of the campaign of 1864, it is only necessary to take Johnson's division as a sample. That division had been recruited and reorganized during the preceding winter, and went into the campaign with a major-general, four brigadier-generals, and a full complement of field and company officers. Its rank and file was composed of about 6,000 men. On the 5th and 6th of May, two of its brigade commanders were killed, and about one-half of its field officers, and about one-third of the men were killed or wounded. After the 6th of May it was increased by the addition of Hays' brigade, about 800 strong. On the 12th two more of its brigade commanders were wounded, and the one remaining, with the division commander, was captured. Of the rank and file nearly all in line on that day were killed, wounded or captured. The whole remnant of the 6,000 was formed into one small brigade, and a colonel promoted to command it.

A fact not generally known, is that on the 12th of May, 1864, the famous Stonewall brigade, which had won renown on so many battle-fields, ceased to exist as a separate organization, and the few remaining members, not above two hundred in all, with the other fragments

of Johnson's division, were incorporated into a single brigade, called Terry's brigade.

The official designation of Stonewall brigade was not given to that body of men until after the death of its General, Paxton, at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863. Prior to that it had been known either by its number, or the name of its commander.

When Stonewall Jackson was its commander in 1861, it was called the First Virginia brigade. After General Jackson was promoted to major-general in October, 1861, it was commanded by General Garnett, and was called Garnett's brigade. General Garnett, having incurred General Jackson's displeasure at Kernstown, was relieved of command, but afterwards fell at Gettysburg, leading his brigade in the charge of Pickett's division.

After Garnett, General Winder commanded the brigade for about four months, until he was killed at Slaughter's mountain. While he commanded it, it was called Winder's brigade. When the gallant Winder fell, General Jackson had Major Paxton, of his staff, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of Winder's brigade; and it was called Paxton's brigade until he was killed at Chancellorsville in May, 1863.

Then I was assigned to its command, and for a few weeks only it was known as Walker's brigade; when, by authority of the Secretary of War, it received the official designation of Stonewall brigade, by which it had been unofficially known in the army before, and which name it had received on the plains of Manassas on the 21st of July, 1861, when the brave Bee pointed to the First Virginia brigade, under command of General Jackson, and said to his brave men, retiring, before overwhelming odds: "There stands Jackson and his Virginians like a stone wall." The compliment was paid to the brigade for its gallant stand as much as to its commander.

On the 12th of May, 1864, in the Bloody Angle, the old brigade was annihilated, and its name faded from the rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia, but it will ever live on the rolls of fame, and history will record its deeds of glory.

JAMES A. WALKER.

COLONEL THOMAS H. CARTER'S LETTER.

Editor of the Times:

I have read with interest in your Sunday's paper General James A. Walker's account of the capture of General Edward Johnson's division in the salient, near Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, and also the editorial on the subject in your issue of February 7th.

General Walker's record for splendid courage, as well as his whole career as a soldier, is well established and known in the Army of Northern Virginia, and is a guarantee of the correctness of his account of the battle as he saw it.

While, however, the damp ammunition of the infantry may have prevented a successful resistance against the attack of Hancock, the chief cause of the capture of the division was the absence of the artillery from the line, the removal of which had been ordered and carried out on the afternoon of May 11th.

This reason General Johnson always asserted with emphasis and feeling; he justly and indignantly denied to the end of his life the statement in some current accounts, and in one history, that he was surprised on this occasion.

The salient projected far in advance of the general direction of the line of battle. General Walker's description of the woods and ground around and works forming it is excellent.

Speaking in a general way, the whole projection, called the salient, may be likened to an irregularly-shaped horseshoe, with heels turned out, a mile or more around and a half mile across the heels. It was a wretchedly defective line, in a military sense, its adoption having been brought about as described by General Walker. It was only kept because of the work done upon it, and the belief that our troops, entrenched, could never be driven out.

So defective was it that in the battle of the 10th in order to confront that onset I had to transfer the guns and caissons from the inside and right of the toe of the horseshoe to the corresponding positions outside of the works, with our backs to the enemy at that point, fortunately not there in sight. But the breastworks were good of the kind, and much of the ground in front was sufficiently open to see for a short distance the enemy's lines, when charging, and had the artillery been in place the line could not have been carried.

One of my battalions of artillery in command of Major R. C. M. Page, occupied the toe and the right of the salient. It was withdrawn the afternoon of May 11th by order of General Long, chief of artillery, second corps (Ewell's), who was doubtless acting under orders, and who said the cavalry had reported the renewal of the flank movement towards Richmond by the enemy.

The object of the withdrawal of the artillery was to prevent the disclosure of our expected movement that night.

General Johnson protested at the time against the withdrawal of the artillery, saying he had been along his front and had seen no indication of a movement of the enemy.

I told him we greatly preferred to remain, the breastworks were built, we would be in place and, supported by infantry, absolutely impregnable against successful assault, but must, of course, obey orders. The battalion was taken to the rear, and went into bivouac.

The night was dark, murky and dripping. About 1 o'clock sounds of troops marching, counter-marching, halting and chopping bushes in front of the salient were reported to General Johnson. He at once dispatched a courier to General Ewell, reporting these facts, and asking the return of the artillery. This courier lost much time in finding General Ewell's and General Long's headquarters. Failing to return in time, General Johnson sent off another courier, with more urgent calls for the artillery.

I was sleeping close by General Long's headquarters, and one of the couriers finally reached him. The order was quickly sent me to be in position by daybreak. Striking a light, I indorsed on the order that it was then twenty minutes to daybreak, and the men all asleep, but the artillery would be in place as soon as possible.

All too quickly it dashed out in the mud and darkness, the battery of my brother, Captain William Page Carter, in the lead, by turn, that morning. Most of this battalion reached the salient point just in time to be captured, before being unlimbered and placed in battery, the enemy pouring over the breastworks in rear of them. Only one gun of Captain Carter's battery unlimbered in the very apex of the salient, and fired a single shot, when he, in person, helping to load the gun, heard behind him the order, "Stop firing that gun."

Turning his head, he saw within a few yards of him a large number of blue-coats, with muskets leveled at him and his men. He

shouted to the officer, "Don't shoot my men," and, of course, was compelled at once to surrender.

Captain Carter reports General Johnson limping up and down on top the breastworks, not deigning to protect himself, with stick in hand, from his wound at Alleghany, his clothes torn, encouraging his men in every way, by word and deed.

General Hancock said to General Harry Heth after the war that the attack on the salient was an accident, due to the location of a white house in front of it, which afforded a conspicuous object for the centre of his lines of battle for attack, and that he was not aware of the existence of a salient.

He furthermore said that he had 30,000 troops, in five or six lines of battle, and could have carried the salient, even had the artillery been in place.

The salient was a weak position, affording a divergent, instead of a convergent fire, and General Hancock believed, of course, what he said, for he was a gallant soldier and a gentleman, and the stoutest fighter of all the corps commanders we had to encounter during the war, his attacks always meaning heavy pounding from start to finish, but he is mistaken in this conjecture.

It would be a sufficient reply to say that neither he nor anyone else ever saw, during the war, a good line of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, properly supported by infantry in breastworks, with open front, carried by direct front assault, and the production of a single instance during the war may be safely challenged.

It matters not as to the five or six lines of battle in column of attack. When the front lines go down those in rear are not so eager to come along, the moral effect being as to the physical, several (or more) to one.

In further reply to General Hancock's surmise, it should be stated that notwithstanding his success at first, his attacking column never reached half way to the heels of the horse shoe salient.

Some soldiers seem disposed to think artillery is "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

True, it cannot take the place of infantry. Infantry is the bulwark of every army of every age. Men with muskets can scale heights, descend depths, pierce thickets, and, numbered by thousands, can go anywhere and fill the air with deadly missiles. Artillery is a dependent auxiliary, defenseless except under proper conditions, but

massed in long line with open ground ahead is impregnable against front assault.

Skeptics would be disabused had they seen McClellan's sixty guns at Malvern Hill's plateau, repulse time and again, the flower of our infantry—the finest, in my belief, the world has ever seen.

I fully concur in the views you express in the editorial of the 7th of February, as to the superiority of the Southern soldier over the Northern. To an ordinary intelligence an enlistment of 700,000 men, all told, half fed, half clothed, practically unpaid and poorly furnished in all appointments of war, holding at bay for four years an enlistment of 2,700,000 men, with above conditions exactly reversed, ought to furnish mathematical demonstration of the superiority of the Southern soldier over the Northern. The philosophic reasons for this fact are not so easy to fathom.

I have written the above to throw some additional light on a disaster which was not well understood in current accounts, and which was always a source of irritation to General Johnson.

There was no sturdier, truer, braver division commander than General Edward Johnson, commonly known as "Old Alleghany.

THOMAS H. CARTER.

LETTER OF LIEUTENANT W. S. ARCHER.

Editor of The Times:

As I served throughout the war in the brigade which held the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania, and it has most unjustly been held responsible for the disaster there, I would like to add one statement to what has already been said, which I think has an important bearing on the result.

I do not remember accurately the points of the compass, but will assume that the general direction of the main line of works was up to the salient from south to north. At the salient the line curved sharply to the right and rear, running, I think, almost east. Now the picket line did not conform to the direction of the main line. On the contrary, it continued its northerly course for more than a thousand yards beyond the angle and then turned to the right and rear. Drawing a line due west from the angle you would strike a skirmish line at about three hundred yards. A line drawn from the

same point in a northwesterly direction would not reach the skirmish line under one thousand yards.

The attack came from the west and northwest. It is necessary to bear all this in mind to understand what followed. The "Bloody Angle" was held by the Second Brigade, Colonel Witcher, of General Edward Johnson's division. The Forty-second Virginia Regiment, of this brigade, held the skirmish line during the day and night of the 11th of May. At daybreak on the morning of the 12th, the Forty-eighth regiment, to which I was attached, was taken out of the salient, marched to the front and deployed to relieve the Forty-second.

It was just at this time, and whilst both regiments were extended in skirmish order, that the cheering of the charging columns of the enemy was heard, and although they were evidently close to us, none could be seen on account of a dense fog which enveloped everything. Nearly the whole of the two regiments were forced from their direct line of retreat and compelled, to make a detour, or else stand the chance of running into the enemy, whose columns of attack to our left when first started were several hundred yards nearer the angle than we were. Many men kept an easterly course to avoid the fire from our own men, who, whilst they could see nothing, could hear the cheering, and were simply firing into the fog, and rejoined their commands later in the day. Many others, myself among the number, after making a detour, reached the lines where they were held by the Third brigade, General Steuart. Only a very small number re entered the angle, where all of us should have been. On crossing the works, I started up the line towards the salient, but before reaching it the enemy could be seen directly in front and about seventy yards off the line where they had halted, and one good volley would have sent the whole, helter-skelter to the rear. But it was not to be. And I can testify from personal observation as to the truth of General Walker's statement.

The fire of Steuart's men in line of battle did not have the force of a hotly-contested skirmish. The penetrating mist which had been falling all night had wet the powder in the tubes, and the guns could not be fired. A sergeant of my regiment, who was with me, directed my attention to the angle. About forty yards away the enemy could be seen pouring over the works, and the artillery galloping into the salient. I saw the single gun mentioned by Colonel Carter unlim-

bered and fired, and the battle lost, with many prisoners, for, although the battle raged around this angle all day and until 10 o'clock at night, we never drove them out, and they never gained an inch more.

This grievous loss was the result of a combination of unfortunate circumstances which sometimes happen wherever war is waged. These were : First, the falling mist, which rendered so many muskets unserviceable. Second, all the space in the salient occupied by the artillery and all that occupied by the Forty-eighth regiment was vacant, with neither musket nor cannon in it to fire a shot, and the enemy simply walked over the works without hindrance. The Forty-eighth, it is true, was a small regiment, for on the 5th of May more than one-half the men present, with the colors, had fallen in the gloomy depths of the Wilderness. There were enough left, however, to have held the salient if they had been in it with dry powder.

W. S. ARCHER,

Lieutenant Forty-eighth Virginia Regiment.

REV. M. S. STRINGFELLOW'S ACCOUNT.

RACCOON FORD, CULPEPER COUNTY, VA.,

February 20, 1893.

Editor of The Times :

I have been very much interested in two articles which have recently appeared in your paper over the signatures of General James A. Walker and Colonel Thomas H. Carter, relating to the battle of the 12th of May, at Spotsylvania Courthouse. I feel some hesitancy in coming before the public after such men as the two above-mentioned, but as I feel that it is a duty we owe to our cause and ourselves to throw all the light we can upon so important an event, I will hazard a statement as to what followed the capture of Johnson's line. Being simply an old soldier and entirely unknown to you and the public, I will take the liberty of referring you to General James A. Walker himself as to my reliability. I have not the slightest doubt that had Colonel Carter's guns been in position, a very different story would have been told. I have seen the Colonel's boys handle their guns more than once, and I know he is making no idle boast. What I shall say is in substance what I have written in a series of sketches

under the title of "My Experience as a Sharpshooter, and Other War Sketches." I don't know of your rules, but I shall reserve the privilege of using this material in the way I have just mentioned.

During the operations around Spotsylvania Courthouse, General John B. Gordon had command of Evans' Georgia brigade and Pegram's Virginia brigade. As a member of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, I was attached to Pegram's brigade. We were in reserve. To be in reserve at a time like that implied two things—confidence upon the part of our commander, and hard work upon the part of the men. In neither case was there disappointment.

The evening of the 11th closed in dark and chilly. We were made more uncomfortable by the fact that orders came around for "no fires." So, rolling up in our oil cloths, we were soon dreaming, perhaps, that the "Cruel war was over." The gray dawn of the morning of the 12th found us standing at attention. Some time since I read an account of the battle of the 12th of May, written by a Northern officer. In this account he said that they were told that a blow would be struck which would end the war. Nothing was said by our officers, but there was a nameless something in the air which told each man that a crisis was at hand. Orders were given in low tones. The dim, shadowy outlines of the different commands as they took their positions under the sombre shades of the pines, gave a weird effect to the scene.

Just as the day began to streak the East, we heard a rapid firing on our extreme left. In a short time a courier dashed up to General Gordon with an order. "Attention! Left face, forward! Double quick!" passed up our lines, and we were off on a run. Troops in reserve had to have what the horse jockeys call "good bottom." At that time we were in good order for a run. Not a fat man in our ranks. A quarter of a pound of meat and a pint of unsifted meal, with hard work, was our formula for reducing flesh. On this occasion, we demonstrated that the old saying, "a lean dog for a long chase," was a correct theory. How far we went, I am unable to say, but it was to General Lee's extreme left. Just as we arrived on a run, we saw our boys, Hood's Texas, I think, recapturing works which the enemy had gained temporary possession of. We had scarcely time to draw a long breath before another courier dashed up to General Gordon, when the command came quickly, "About face! forward! double quick!" Back over our tracks we sped, covering the

whole distance at a run. The men needed no urging, for we all felt that there must be some urgent need. General Gordon, accompanied by a young man, who was detailed from my old company (A) at division headquarters as a courier, went ahead.

This young man told me afterwards that when General Gordon reached General Lee he reined his horse back on his haunches, throwing his hand to his cap, he saluted General Lee, and said: "What do you want me to do, General?" General Gordon was then, he said, the most superb looking soldier he ever saw. During our absence, as we afterwards learned, the enemy had broken over our lines, capturing the greater part of General Edward Johnson's division. It was to retake and re-establish this line we had been sent for.

When we, the reserve, I mean, arrived, General Lee was seated upon Traveler, engaged in conversation with General Gordon. Our brigade came up on a run and went through the manœuvre of "on the right by file into line," by which we changed front, facing towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. As the boys came up the General could read the same question in all their eyes which General Gordon had asked. The General was in great danger, for we were under a lively fire as we formed. I saw the dust fly from General Gordon's coat, just above his sword belt. Checking his horse, he threw his hand to his back. He seemed satisfied that it was only a little darning for Mrs. Gordon, who was always in reach, and spurred on down the line. I passed in a few feet of General Lee; he was perfectly calm. No one would ever have dreamed that General Grant held probably half a mile of his works. It was just then the circumstance occurred which has given rise to some controversy, I allude to General Lee's being turned back. What has caused some confusion has been the fact that almost the same identical thing happened twice during that campaign. In the first instance, General Lee wanted to lead the Texans, when they turned him back. On this occasion General Lee took his position on the right of our brigade, with the evident intention of leading it into action. General Gordon told the General he must go back and said: "These are Virginians, and they are going to do their duty," appealing to the men at the same time. All who heard him responded that he must go back, and they would do what he wanted done.

It took less time to form that line than it has taken me to tell it.

When rising in his stirrups, General Gordon gave the command, "Forward! Guide right!"

Those two brigades had a herculean task ahead of them. Thirty thousand troops, flushed with victory, held formidable works. The brigades possibly at that time, for they had already lost heavily since the campaign opened, not more than ten thousand strong, were about to grapple with this force. To General Lee's practiced eye it must have seemed a forlorn hope. How they acquitted themselves the sequel will show.

Immediately in front of our brigade was a dense growth of old field pines. When the order came to move forward, our boys stepped briskly to the front in perfect order, and were soon lost to view in the pine thicket. It was not until we had emerged from the thicket, on the opposite side from us, that we saw the enemy. To make our position plainer, I will here state that we were moving in a somewhat oblique line to a line of works which were under construction, and extended from heel to heel of the horseshoe, which contained the works Johnson had lost; in other words it was a simple straightening of our line of battle, throwing off the horseshoe. As we emerged from the pines we came suddenly upon this inner line, and which was heavily manned by the enemy. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that the enemy poured a volley into our faces at not over twenty yards. It was then, and not till then, that the "rebel yell" rose wild and clear upon the morning air. It makes my blood jump quicker as I recall that scene. Never pausing a second, our boys mounted the works. In a moment the blue and the gray were mixed in a dense struggling mass. What must have been General Lee's feelings then, as he heard the crashing volley of the enemy, the wild cheer of his boys, and then comparative silence, for the boys were too busy to yell? Soon his practiced ear could detect a receding fire, as the enemy broke in confusion and were driven across the line of the horseshoe, towards Spotsylvania. Here they followed the line of Johnson's work towards the famous "Bloody Angle," our boys in hot pursuit.

As we advanced up a long slope, the ground gradually rising towards the "bloody angle," we discovered a dense mass of the enemy formed behind a worm fence, which struck Johnson's works at right angles. Somebody got it into his head that they had surrendered, and officers dashed in amongst our men yelling, "Cease firing, they

have surrendered.' After some time the firing ceased, but our men continued to advance, every man with his gun cocked and ready to bring it to his shoulder. I was reminded of a big bird hunt. We were now, I think, in forty yards of the mass I speak of, when a shot came from their lines. As quick as thought our boys blazed away, and raising a yell dashed at them. In another moment the blue and the gray became a dense, surging mass. The fighting here was desperate. Pistols, guns, bayonets, swords, all came into play. A lieutenant of the Fifty-second Virginia was just to my right, almost touching me. I saw him put his hand upon a Yankee's shoulder, ordering him to surrender. The Yankee jerked away, and making a half turn, drove his bayonet through the lieutenant's body, killing him instantly. I had a loaded revolver in my hand, and I emptied it, in many instances close enough to burn their clothing. I recollect thinking during that fight of a remark Murat was credited with making, that he had been in a hundred battles and did not know whether he had ever killed a man. I saw then how that might easily happen. When so many bullets are flying it is impossible to say which did the work, and I am glad I did not know. The enemy broke again, retreating in the direction of the angle. We were now, I think, probably about 150 yards from it, when we became aware of a heavy fire from Johnson's old works, and discovered that they were heavily manned by the enemy. Turning from the pursuit of the mass in front of us we charged the works, which were now to our left, killing, wounding and capturing everything in them.

At this juncture of affairs I am satisfied I was in less than fifty steps of the angle, and I am perfectly certain I could have gone to the angle without encountering an enemy. The officer commanding our brigade that day was, I think, Colonel Casey, of Bedford. Finding that our pursuit of the enemy had separated our brigade from the Georgians, he ordered us to close to the right. In doing so, we increased the distance between our left and the angle to probably a hundred, or possibly one hundred and fifty yards. Not long after this movement, about half an hour, I think, a large number of the enemy made their appearance to our left and rear. Running through the entire length of the horse shoe, from toe to heel, was a skirt of timber. Under cover of this the enemy had crossed over at the angle, and passed down the centre about one hundred yards, coming out so as to strike our left. As they made their appearance, a part

of our left swung back from the works so as to front the advancing enemy. A small party of us, on the extreme left, thought they were a party cut off, and were coming in to surrender. We were so sure of it that we stood our ground until they came in ten steps of us. The foremost man was an Irishman. He had a cap in one hand and his musket in the other. When he reached the point I have just mentioned, he called out, "Surrinder!" We soon saw our mistake; one of our party quickly threw his gun to his shoulder, fired at the Irishman and missed him; the Irishman threw his gun up, but before he could fire, another one of our party fired, killing him. We were too close to run, and knew that our men would open, and we would be between two fires. So we dropped flat on the ground, the enemy passing by, and over us—just then our left opened on them, and they came back pell-mell, and as they passed us going back our party jumped up, and gave them a parting shot. It was a close call for us. Had our left given back, we would have gone on to reinforce Johnson's party. This party of the enemy retreated, and crossed the works at the angle. From that time out, during the entire day, neither side occupied the space between our left and the angle. About this time Colonel Casey directed me to go in search of General Gordon, or some officer on Lee's staff, and directed me to explain the situation, and ask for reinforcements to fill the vacant space on our left.

I started along the line of works and went towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. As I approached the part of our line which was occupied by the Georgians, I noticed that they were all down behind the works, and as I advanced towards them they motioned to me to get down. I couldn't understand what they meant, until all at once I discovered a line of the enemy lying flat in a tall growth of broom-sedge, which covered an old field in front of the Georgians. Balaam when he saw the angel standing in his way with the flaming sword was not more astonished than I was. The first thought which passed through my mind was why on earth couldn't I see those fellows? They were so close I could almost distinguish one face from another, and why they didn't shoot me is a mystery, unless they thought I wasn't worth the ammunition. Under the circumstances I was very willing to overlook the slight. It has been said that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." This was an exception to that rule. Ignorance was undoubtedly bliss in this case, but it would

have been very far from folly to have been wise. It took me very little while to disappear behind the works. I was now in a dilemma. I couldn't stay there, and after seeing what was out in the sedge I did not relish the idea of again taking the chances. After creeping along the works for some distance I found a place where the ground sloped back from them. Here, by lying flat and working along snake fashion I could keep out of sight until I reached the skirt of timber alluded to above, when I made good time. Soon after leaving the Georgians I heard cheering and heavy firing. I think the enemy tried to break over the Georgians, and were driven back. After accomplishing what I was sent for I returned to my position on the left of our brigade. During the entire day there was an incessant fire on us, both from infantry and artillery. With the exception of the ground just at the angle the enemy had been driven out of Johnson's entire line. The tree which General Walker alludes to was but a few steps from us.

The fire from the Angle annoyed us all day. A party of us went to our commanding officers and volunteered to take it. Our plan was to crawl from one traverse to another (they being from fifteen to twenty steps apart all the way from our left to the angle) until we got up to the enemy. He declined, however, thinking it not worth the risk. I feel sure it could have been done.

In giving my account of this day's work I have not mentioned anything except our own operations, the Georgians being out of sight, but that they did their share I have not the slightest doubt. For they could always be depended upon to do as much as any command in our service. Night closed one of the most disagreeable days I ever spent. As soon as it was dark we were taken from the horseshoe, and placed in the line I spoke of from heel to heel. The next day was quiet. Toward evening General Ewell came to us with a paper (from Washington) with a full account of the battle of the 12th. Although nearly a third of a century ago, the press was alive, and wielded such an influence in the great war that the question as to "which is the most powerful the pen or the sword?" is as far from settlement as ever. The general read us the Northern account, in which the army correspondent paid us, I think, a merited compliment when he said: "The fighting of the Rebels was simply splendid." "But, boys, you ought to hear what General Lee says about you," said the old general. Of course, we all besieged him to tell us, but

he rode off laughing, and said: "It would make you too vain." He never told us, but we felt sure it was something good, and, if possible, we were more willing than ever to do just what Marse Robert wanted done.

I have written more than I intended, but I suppose you know when an old soldier gets to fighting his battles over, he is hard to stop.

Yours, &c.,

M. S. STRINGFELLOW,
Co. A. Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, C. S. A.

MAJOR D. W. ANDERSON'S RELATION.

Editor of The Times:

Will you allow another "Old Reb" space in your valuable paper to say a word or two about the "Bloody Angle," in addition to what has been said by General J. A. Walker and others?

I claim the right to be heard on the grounds—first, that I belonged to the Second (Jones') brigade, General Edward Johnson's division, and was present for duty on the 12th of May, 1864; second, on the eve of the preceding day, the 11th of May, I was detailed by order of General Johnson, with a number of men (General Jones having been killed, as stated by General Walker, and Colonel Witcher with his, the Twenty-first regiment, being detached to take charge of some strategic point) to serve as "field officer of the day," on that part of our lines occupied by Jones's brigade, with orders to place a sentinel on the works every ten paces, and to tell the regimental commanders to allow their men "to sleep on their arms," the sentinels to give the alarm if the enemy advanced. One who has not been a soldier, with the responsibility of such a position, can scarcely appreciate its character. But with the true soldier it was the crushing weight of eleven great States, with their millions of women and children in their quiet homes, as well as the safety of an army that stood as a "wall of brass," in the defence of the God-given right of local self-government. Such was the sense of my responsibility on the night of the 11th of May, 1864. I dared not close my eyes to sleep, but, standing there upon the border of my country, amid the gloom of that dark, misty night, could hear the drums of possibly a hundred regiments thundering "Yankee Doodle," mingled with

the notes of apparently more than double that number of trombones to drown the noise of the moving columns of the enemy concentrating in front of the "Bloody Angle."

Third. I was within a few paces of General Johnson when we were captured; was with him during the entire time of our imprisonment; was exchanged at the same time, and returned with him to Richmond. I, therefore, had abundant opportunity to talk with General Johnson, which we did often, over the disaster of May 12th, and from General Johnson's lips, as well as from my own personal knowledge, I am prepared to confirm General Walker's opinion that neither General Johnson nor his men were surprised at the attack at the time it was made; but, on the contrary, I am quite sure, so far as Jones' brigade was concerned, all of us were expecting it.

I will state two facts, which I think will settle that point: While on duty as "officer of the day," as before stated, on the night of the 11th, the enemy became very active, and paraded all the bands and drum corps at their command, making the hills and dales resound with their music from 10 o'clock on the 11th till about 4 A. M. of the 12th, when all became quiet. At this time Captain W. H. Clary, then on General Johnson's staff, came to me with orders from General Johnson, directing me to see the regiment commanders and tell them to wake up their men and have them in the trenches, and to see that their guns were in good order.

That order was promptly obeyed by Jones' brigade. I suppose that the same orders were given to the other brigades in the division. Of one thing I am sure, however, and that is, that not one of the enemy came over the lines held by the Second (Jones') brigade till after we had surrendered to overwhelming numbers, who had turned our left by crossing our works beyond the salient in question, which threw them immediately on our left and rear.

The left of Jones' brigade rested immediately at the salient, with the entire brigade to the right of it. And just here I hope that General Walker will pardon me for saying that he made a slight mistake when he places the salient "not far from the right of Jones' brigade." Then again, General Walker says: "This statement as to the failure of the muskets of our men to fire is true, as to that portion of our line between the Stonewall brigade and the salient, which was, as far as my (his) vision extended; but I have been informed by officers of Jones' brigade that the right of that brigade had been more careful

or more fortunate, and that their muskets were in good order, and that the enemy was repulsed in front of that portion of our line," &c.

Now, I insist that Jones' entire brigade was beyond the salient from General Walker's standpoint, and hence beyond the range of his vision, according to his statement, and I will take the responsibility to say that what was true of the right of that brigade was true of the whole of that portion that was in the lines that morning—three regiments being absent, the Twenty-first, under Colonel Witcher, already alluded to, and the Forty-second and Forty-eighth, on picket, as I suppose, stated by Lieutenant Archer.

Deploring, as I did, the absence of the artillery, I asked General Johnson why it was. This was his reply: "I knew that the artillery had been removed, and ascertaining that the enemy was very active in my front, I sent a messenger to General Ewell during the night, telling him of the removal of the artillery, but by whose orders I did not know, and requesting him to order it back, as the enemy was very active in front, and that we would be sure to have an attack early next morning." General Ewell sent the reply: "The artillery has been ordered back, and will be in position by 2 o'clock." Then he added: "If the artillery had been in position we would have destroyed that army." That did not indicate a surprise on Johnson's part, I am sure. I had supposed it possible, at least, that the Louisiana Brigade had been "caught napping" that morning, and did not know otherwise till I read General Walker's article, for the reason that the left flank of my own (Jones') Brigade was turned, and I was told by members of the Stonewall (Walker's) Brigade that the enemy turned their right. I am glad the General explains—"wet powder"—but what a pity! After surrendering we sat down in the trenches a few minutes, then the enemy began pouring over our works in heavy columns, and we were ordered to go to the rear.

I hesitated to take such a leap into the dark blue mass of human beings then before me, a closed column of about four hundred yards front and half a mile deep, thick as men could walk, pressing forward with rapid strides to support those more advanced. Such was the sight that met my gaze when I mounted the works for my "on to Fort Delaware march." I could but exclaim, "Oh, for a few rounds from Colonel Nelson's guns! What a target from the position they held on yesterday!"

All Yankeedom concentrated with a big "on to Richmond move."

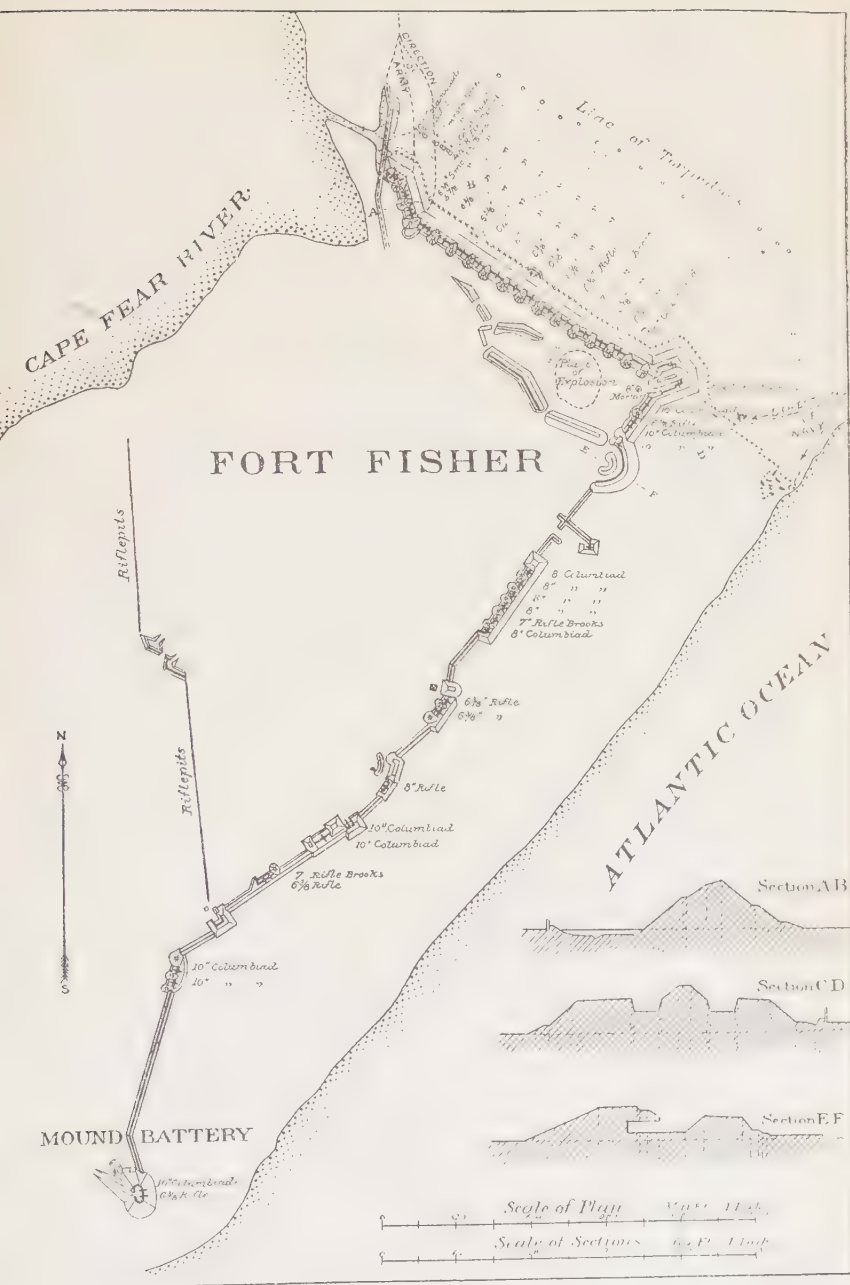
Good heavens! where did they come from? Such were my thoughts as we pressed our way through their centre. We were marched back some two or more miles to Provost Marshal General Patrick's headquarters, and there I met with a young man, a lieutenant on General Patrick's staff, who, saluting me, said: "Well, General, we got a few of you this morning." I replied, "Yes; but, as the Yankee said when selling his razor strops, there are plenty more of the same sort left." He remarked again, rather boastingly, "We charged you with but 45,000 this morning."

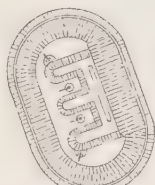
I suppose he alluded to the assaulting column, that had nearly passed over our works before I left, for I am quite sure there were at least 100,000 in the column through which I passed in crossing the plateau in front of Jones' and the Louisiana brigades, described by General Walker.

D. W. ANDERSON,

*Major Forty-fourth Virginia Regiment,
Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division.*

Scottsville, Albemarle county, Va.





FORT BUCHANAN

0 50 100 150 200 Feet

CAPE FEAR RIVER

Commissary

Hospital

Conf. Camp

Wharf

Co. B Battery

FORT FISHER

Ft Buchanan

Mound Battery

ATLANTIC OCEAN

NYACK
PONTOOSUC
PAWTUXET
MAUMEE
YANTIC
PEQUOT
HURON
UNADILLA
KANSAS
TACONY
MOHICAN
BROOKLYN
NEW IRONSIDES

1 MONADNOCK
2 SAUGUS
3 CANONICUS
4 MAHOPAC

from Clarks

MINNESOTA
COLORADO
VANDERBILT
WABASH
SUSQUEHANNA

4th Division
GOV. BUCKINGHAM
BRITANNIA
TRISTAM SHAND

POWHATAN
TUSCARORA
JUNIATA
SHENANDOAH
VICKSBURG
LONDEPOGA

3rd Division
NANSEMOND
LILIAN
EMMA

2nd Division
GETTYSBURG
EOLUS
MOCCASIN

ST JAGO DE CUBA
FT JACKSON
OSCEOLA
SASSACUS
CHIPPEWA
R.R. CUYLER
MARATANZA
RHODE ISO.

1st Division
A.D. VANCE
CHEROKEE
WILDERNESS
HOWQUAH
ARIES

MONTICELLO
ALABAMA
MONTGOMERY
KEYSTONE STATE
O. CITY
ICSSO

RESERVES
from Clarks

1 MILE

[From the Wilmington, N. C., *Weekly Messenger*, June 22, 1893]

FORT FISHER.

The Battles Fought There in 1864 and '65.

An Interesting Address by Colonel William Lamb, of Norfolk, Virginia,
Written at the Request of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate
Veterans, of Wilmington—The Truth of History
Graphically Told.

Colonel William Lamb, of Norfolk, Virginia, commandant of Fort Fisher during the terrific bombardment there during the civil war, read his address on Fort Fisher last week at the Young Men's Christian Association auditorium to a large and appreciative audience. He came here at the invitation of Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, United Confederate Veterans, and his address is the beginning of a series to be given under the auspices of that Camp.

On the platform with Colonel Lamb were Major James Reilly, one of the heroes of Fort Fisher, Colonel William L. DeRosset, Mr. James C. Stevenson, and the Hon. Alfred M. Waddell. The pleasant task of introducing Colonel Lamb was assigned to Colonel Waddell, and he did so in a few eloquent words. Colonel Waddell thanked the audience for their presence, saying that their attendance was taken as granted that they were in sympathy with the Cape Fear Camp, in having Colonel Lamb here, which was to record the truth of history about the battles of Fort Fisher. These battles he pronounced the most terrific bombardment known to the world up to this time. He said it was universally admitted that the storming of Fort Fisher was the greatest artillery fight in the world's history, and he had once so stated in a speech he had made before a Grand Army Post up North. Up to 1861, the storming of Sebastopol had been the greatest, but he had heard from the lips of an Englishman, who was at Sebastopol, and who was also at Fort Fisher during the battles, that the storming of Sebastopol was absolutely mere child's play in comparison with the storming of Fort Fisher. He had talked with Admiral Porter, of the Federal side, and with other Federal general officers who had

participated in the battles of Fort Fisher, and particularly with General N. M. Curtis, the gallant Federal general who led the land attack, and who was shot seven times and lost an eye in the last battle, and they agreed that it is conceded to be the most terrific artillery battle in the world's history.

In presenting Colonel Lamb, Colonel Waddell said we have one with us who commanded Fort Fisher in the great battles, and in defence of which he fell, desperately wounded—a gallant officer who was once a resident of Wilmington, and whose memory would never be forgotten.

Colonel Lamb was received with warm applause, and after a few introductory remarks he delivered the admirable address to be found in full in this morning's *Messenger*.

He began his remarks with, "Mr. Chairman and Comrades of Cape Fear Camp, United Confederate Veterans," and remarked that he had come to Wilmington in the autumn of 1861, and brought with him the little heroine* who came to share his fortunes of the war. After he had spoken about how hospitably he and his wife were received by the people of Wilmington, he entered upon the address that the reader can find elsewhere. He was generously applauded throughout, and there was very hearty applause when he alluded to our esteemed citizen, Major James Reilly. Colonel Lamb's exordium was very eloquent, and although the address was lengthy, the audience was disappointed when he concluded.

In his address Colonel Lamb alluded to his visit to the old fort yesterday. He and his daughter, Miss Madge, and his son, Harry Whiting, accompanied by Major James Reilly, Colonel Wm. L. DeRoset, Colonel John D. Taylor, Mr. James C. Stevenson, Mr. W. M. Cumming, Mr. John W. Reilly and T. W. Clawson, of the *Messenger*, went down to Fort Fisher yesterday morning. The party took the steamer Clarence at 9:30 A. M., and returned to the city last evening shortly after 6 P. M.

The party took a trip over the old fort, but little of it now remains except the profile. The land face is completely effaced by the ocean and the elements, but enough of the battery elevations yet remain for them to be correctly pointed out by those familiar with them.

* See pages 301-306 of Volume XX, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, where, under the caption of 'The Heroine of Confederate Point,' is printed what Mrs. Lamb touchingly experienced.—ED.

Battery Bolles, the first part of the fortifications built, was identified as the second knoll north of what was known as the "Mound Battery." The "Mound," which was sixty feet in height, still remains, but as it was merely a heap of sand it has been blown down to about twenty-five or thirty feet in height. "The Pulpit" was also recognizable, but no magazine or bomb-proof could be seen. The party picked up some pieces of shell and bullets, but even these relics, once so plentiful, have nearly all disappeared. The fact is, the historic old fortress is overgrown with a dense growth of bushes in many places, and blackberries are ripening and daisies are growing where carnage once held sway.

THE ADDRESS.

About noon, on the 4th day of July, 1862, while in command of Fort St. Philip, near Orton, on the Cape Fear river, I received a most unexpected order to proceed to Fort Fisher, and take command. I went immediately, assumed command, and before sunset of that day, had thoroughly inspected the works. They then consisted of—first, a recently erected work, with two guns, called Shepherd's Battery. It was on the extreme left, and faced the sea, its rear being close to the river shore. Next, towards the sea, came a quadrilateral field work, known as Fort Fisher. It was a small work, part of it constructed of perishable sand bags, and its longest face was about one hundred yards. Out of its half dozen large guns, only the two eight-inch Columbiads were suitable for seacoast defence. One of the Federal frigates could have obliterated it with a few broadsides. Next to this on its right, facing the sea and opposite the bar, came a very handsome and creditable casemated battery of four eight-inch Columbiads, called after Captain Meade. It was constructed of turfed sand over a heavy timber frame-work, the embrasures of palmetto. Colonel Fremont has informed me since the war that he designed this work. A one-gun battery stood to the right of this, well out on the seashore. It was called Cumberland's battery, and contained a long-ranged rifle gun, the only piece of modern ordinance on Confederate Point. (This gun exploded subsequently when fired at a blockader, without loss of life, and was replaced with a ten-inch Columbiad.) To the right and rear of this and some two hundred yards apart, were two batteries, each having two barbette guns of moderate calibre,

one called Bolles and the other I called Hedrick Battery, after the former gallant commander of the fort. There was besides these batteries a large commissary bomb proof. There were only seventeen guns of respectable calibre, including thirty-two pounders. There was on Zeke's Island a small two-gun battery, subsequently washed away by the sea. I thought, on assuming command, and experience afterwards demonstrated, that as a defence of New Inlet against a Federal fleet, our works amounted to nothing.

I determined at once to build a work of such magnitude that it could withstand the heaviest fire of any guns in the American navy. I had seen the effect of eleven-inch shell, and had read about the force of the fifteen-inch shell, and believed that their penetrating power was well ascertained, and could be provided against. I obtained permission of Major-General French, who had placed me in command of Confederate Point, to commence such a fortification, although he did not altogether concur with me as to the value of elevated batteries, nor the necessity of such unprecedently heavy works. Shortly after obtaining permission, I commenced the new Fort Fisher, and from that time, the summer of 1862, until the morning of 24th of December, 1864, I never ceased to work, sometimes working on Sunday when rumors of an attack reached me, having at times over one thousand men, white and colored, hard at work. In the construction of the mound on the extreme right of the seaface, which occupied six months, two inclined railways, worked by steam, supplemented the labor of men. Although Fort Fisher was far from completed when attacked by the Federal fleet, it was the largest sea-coast fortification in the Confederate States. The plans were my own, and as the work progressed were approved by French, Raines, Longstreet, Beauregard and Whiting. It was styled by Federal engineers after the capture, the Malakoff of the South. It was built solely with the view of resisting the fire of a fleet, and it stood uninjured, except as to armament, two of the fiercest bombardments the world has ever witnessed.

The morning after I took command of the fort, I noticed a blockader lying a little over a mile from the bar, not two miles from the works. I asked if she was not unusually close in, and was answered no. I then remarked that she could have thrown a shot into the fort without warning, and was informed that the enemy sometimes fired on our working parties unexpectedly and drove them from their work,

and that the fort never fired on the enemy unless they fired first. I replied that it should never occur again, and ordering a detachment to man the rifle in the Cumberland battery, opened fire on the blockader. The astonished enemy slipped his cable and retreated as fast as possible, and from that day to the final attack no blockader anchored within range of our guns, and no working party was ever molested, not even when hundreds were congregated together in constructing the mound.

When the Federal fleet appeared off the fort in December, 1864, I had built two faces to the works ; these were two thousand five hundred and eighty yards long, or about one and a half miles. The land face mounted twenty of the heaviest sea-coast guns, and was 682 yards long ; the sea face with twenty-four equally heavy guns (including a 170-pounder Blakeley rifle and 130-pounder Armstrong rifle, both imported from England) was 1,898 yards in length.

The land face commenced about 100 feet from the river with a half bastion, originally Shepherd's Battery, which I had doubled in strength, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counter scarp, so essential for defence against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering its construction impossible with the material available. The outer slope was twenty feet high from the berme to the top of the parapet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The guns were all mounted in barbette on Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Experience had taught that casemates of timber and sand bags were a delusion and a snare against heavy projectiles; and there was no iron to construct others with. Between the gun chambers, containing one or two guns each, there were heavy traverses, exceeding in size any heretofore constructed, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, and were twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine or bomb-proof, the latter venti-

lated by an air chamber. Passage ways penetrated the traverses in the interior of the work forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs for the guns.

The sea face for 100 yards from the northeast bastion was of the same massive character as the land face. A crescent battery built for four casemated guns joined this. It had been originally constructed of palmetto logs and tarred sand bags and sand revetted with sod; but the logs had decayed and it was converted into a hospital bomb-proof. In its rear a heavy curtain was thrown up to protect the chambers from fragments of shells. From this bomb-proof a series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected by an infantry curtain. These batteries had heavy traverses, but were not more than ten or twelve feet high to the top of the parapets and were built for ricochet firing. On this line was a bomb-proof electric battery connected with a system of submarine torpedoes. Further along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery, sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns, which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with the battery north of it by a light curtain. Following the line of the works it was over one mile from the mound to the redan at the angle of the sea and the land faces. From the mound for nearly a mile to the end of the point was a level sand plain, scarcely three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point was battery Buchanan with four guns, in the shape of an ellipse, commanding the Inlet, its two eleven-inch guns covering the approach by land.

It was constructed after a plan furnished me by Reddin Pittman, an accomplished young engineer officer from Edgecombe county, and, for its purpose, was perfect in design. I remember when he gave me the plan he had named it "Augusta Battery," after his sweetheart, but General Whiting wishing to compliment the gallant hero of Mobile, directed me to call it Battery Buchanan. When completed it was garrisoned by a detachment from the Confederate States Navy. An advanced redoubt with a twenty-four pounder was added after the repulse of Butler and Porter, Christmas, 1864. A wharf for large steamers was in close proximity to this work. Battery Buchanan was a citadel to which an overpowered garrison might retreat and with proper transportation might be carried off at night, and to which reinforcements could be safely sent under the cover of darkness.

Returning to the land face or northern front of Fort Fisher, as a defense against infantry, there was a system of subterra torpedoes extending across the peninsula five to six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, extending from river bank to seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally port, from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance of the river road into the fort; commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun. There were three mortars in the rear of the land face.

Having described Fort Fisher as I found it on the 4th of July, 1862, and as it was on the eve of the great battles, I will now take a cursory glance of events on Confederate Point during these two and a half years. Just previous to my going there the British steamer "Modern Greece," laden with provisions, clothing, liquors, and four pieces of artillery, with ammunition, attempted to run into New Inlet. Her draft being too great to enter, the commander of the fort, fearing capture, sunk her outside the bar and proceeded to save her cargo. I completed this work, rescuing four twelve-pounder Whitworth rifle guns, which afterwards bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the war, not only in my command but elsewhere. They were the longest range guns then constructed, throwing a shot five miles when at an angle of twenty-five degrees. After mounting them, the blockaders were obliged to move their anchorage still further from the fort.

Blockade-running into Wilmington had just commenced. It was first carried on by any light draft sea-going steamer that could be procured and even by small sailing craft, but this was of short duration. The blockade became so effective that to run it successfully was quite a science. The fastest steamers were built for the purpose, side-wheelers or double screws, long, low and narrow, usually nine times as long as wide, and from four hundred to seven hundred tons burthen. They were all painted a light gray, making them as nearly invisible as possible; light lower masts without yards, with a small lookout on the foremast. Funnels could be lowered close to the deck in case of need and when possible smokeless coal was used. No light was permitted to be visible. No animal likely to make a

noise was allowed on board, the only exception to the rule being a splendid Arabian steed brought in for President Davis. No precaution was omitted to prevent discovery. During my stay on Confederate Point at least one hundred different steamers were engaged in running the blockade in the Cape Fear river, and very few were captured before making one round trip. The squadron off Wilmington reported sixty-five steam blockade runners captured or destroyed during the war. The most skillful sailors were secured as commanders, and Confederate and British naval officers were engaged when practicable, the latter being on leave under assumed names. One thousand pounds sterling was paid to a captain for a successful trip. The pilots, who were most essential to success, received as high as £ 750 for the round trip. It was usual to pay half the sum in advance. The most fortunate of the commanders of my acquaintance was Captain John N. Wilkinson, of the Confederate States Navy, who in ten months made twenty-one trips in the British side-wheel steamer "Giraffe," which was purchased by the Confederate Government and named the R. E. Lee. Captain Roberts, whose real name was Hon. Augustus C. Hobart Hampden, and who afterwards as Hobart Pasha commanded the Turkish Navy until his death, was also most successful, running the "Don" between Nassau and Wilmington, with the regularity of a packet boat. Captain Murray, who was C. Murray Aynsley, now a retired admiral in the British Navy, and who received rapid promotion for distinguished and gallant service from the government, after our war, was not only successful, but forced to show more skill and pluck than the others, having to run the gauntlet of the blockade squadron by daylight on two occasions, receiving shot in his vessel each time.

As blockade-running was of such vital interest to the Southern cause, I did everything to foster it, and New Inlet, protected by Fort Fisher, became the most popular entrance to the South. Wilmington was the last gateway closed, and during the last year that I commanded the fort, there was scarcely a dark night that I was not called upon the ramparts to admit a friendly vessel. Had I time I would dwell on some of the many interesting events in blockade running at Fort Fisher, but it is quite impossible in the limit necessarily put upon this narrative. The running through the squadron and safely over the bar in daylight of the powder-laden "Cornubia," in 1862, and the "A. D. Vance," with a party of ladies and Dr. Hoge, of

Richmond, with Bibles for the soldiers, in 1864 (the latter steamer rescued by a timely shot from a ten-inch Columbiad in the fort), were incidents never to be forgotten. The recapture of the "Kate of London" and the "Nighthawk," the wreck of the "Condor" under the guns of the fort, and the sad drowning of Mrs. Greenhough, the famous Confederate spy, the fights over the "Venus" and the "Hebe" on the beach of Masonboro Sound, where one of the garrison was killed and a Whitworth gun captured from a detachment of men guarding the wrecks August 23, 1863, by the United States frigate "Minnesota," carrying forty-four guns, which came close to shore and rendered a retreat with the guns impossible, were thrilling events in our camp life.

We had a visit from President Davis; he landed at the end of the point and rode on horseback with General Whiting to the mound. As soon as he reached the top, giving him a complete view of the works, the sea-face guns being manned for the purpose, gave him the Presidential salute of twenty-one guns. We doubt whether many of the forts in the South could claim the distinction of having fired such salute. I would mention in this connection, that I never failed on the Fourth of July and the Twenty-second of February to fire at noon the national salutes of thirteen guns, although not required to do so by the Confederate States army regulations.

I shall never forget a most interesting discussion between the President and General Whiting, at my headquarters, in regard to their preference as to the mode of trial they would prefer; the President preferring the usual trial by jury, whilst General Whiting preferred the courtmartial.

Among the saddest events which occurred previous to the battles, were the execution of deserters. On one occasion one soldier was shot, and on another, two were executed at the same time. It is a solemn sight to see a command drawn up to witness the death of fellow-soldiers, and it is always made as impressive as possible as a warning against desertion. The condemned ride to the stake upon their coffins, the band playing the dead march, are blindfolded when shot, and are usually tied to the stake unless they request otherwise. The weapons are loaded by the ordnance sergeant, one with a blank cartridge, so that no soldier detailed is positive that his gun is loaded with a ball when he fires.

The three shot at Fort Fisher had been farmers, and were married,

and doubtless the condition of their families at home had much to do with their crime. They had not deserted from my command, but when captured, their companies were stationed at Fort Fisher, and it was my painful duty to see the sentences of the courts-martial enforced. They all died fearlessly.

Monday, October 24th, 1864, was a day of excitement on Confederate Point. Information was received that Fort Fisher was to be attacked, and Porter was to command the fleet. Intelligence was also received through an anonymous letter at headquarters at Wilmington that our men were expected to spike the guns, cut telegraph wires and pilot the enemy to the city. This was conveyed to me confidentially, but I repudiated it so far as my garrison was concerned, having implicit faith in their loyalty, and subsequent events sustained my convictions. The same day General Braxton Bragg assumed command of the defences of Wilmington, superseding, but not removing, General Whiting, who remained second in command. This was a bitter disappointment to my command, who felt that no one was so capable of defending the Cape Fear as the brilliant officer who had given so much of his time and ability for its defence. When a few days after, a Virginia paper announced, "Braxton Bragg has been ordered to Wilmington, good-bye Wilmington," to many, it seemed as prophetic as the wizard's warning to Lochiel on the eve of the battle of "Culloden." I did not so regard it, but was as sanguine of success as that unfortunate Highland chieftain. The patriotic Whiting showed no feeling at being superseded, but went to work with redoubled energy to prepare for the impending attack. He visited Confederate Point repeatedly, riding over the ground with me and selecting points for batteries and covered ways, so as to keep up communication after the arrival of the enemy, between the fort and the entrenched camp which I commenced constructing at Sugar Loaf. He pointed out to me where the enemy would land on the beach beyond the range of our guns, and on both occasions the enemy landed at that place without opposition, although Whiting had prepared ample shelter for troops to seriously retard if not prevent a landing. It seems incomprehensible that General Bragg should have allowed the Federal troops on both attacks to have made a frolic of their landing on the soil of North Carolina. Six thousand soldiers from Lee's army within call, and not one sent to meet the invader and drive him from the shore. Sub-

terra batteries were planted in front of the Fort and a strong palisade line erected from river to sea. A number of heavy rifles and columbiads were put on the land and sea faces to strengthen Fort Fisher and the armament of Battery Buchanan was completed. In the sixty days before the attack, our threatened works were so materially strengthened that we felt with proper co-operation on the part of the army under Whiting we would certainly defeat the enemy. On the morning of December 20th, the expected fleet was seen off Fort Fisher, hulls down. A stiff gale was blowing from the northeast. Only half of my garrison, five companies of the Thirty-sixth North Carolina, were with me, the other half having been sent to Georgia under the gallant Major James M. Stevenson to assist in resisting Sherman's advance to the sea. My effective force was not over 500. I immediately sent the slaves who were at work on the defences, to town, and put everything in readiness for action, expecting the fleet in at high tide. General Whiting paid me a short visit, and promised to send reinforcements. Commodore Pinkney was with him, and gravely informed me that the heavy frigates would drive my men from the guns on the sea face with a few broadsides of grape and canister. I respectfully disagreed with him. The gale increased in severity and continued through the night. The fleet remained at their anchorage during the 21st, the wind shifting to the southwest. During the day a detachment of three officers and twenty-five sailors of the Confederate States Navy reported. During the next day the fleet remained at anchor, their hulls still below the horizon. General Hebert, my immediate commander, also visited me; he was very blue, having really no men to spare from the reduced garrison of the other forts. On the 23d there was no demonstration by the enemy, but I was reinforced by Major James Reilly with two companies of his regiment, the Tenth, 110 men, and a company of the Thirteenth North Carolina Battery, 115 strong, and the Seventh Battalion Junior Reserves, boys between sixteen and eighteen years of age, 140 in number, making a total in the Fort of 900 men and boys. The new arrivals were assigned the quarters of the absent companies, and the regulars among them were soon at home. The old garrison had ceased to speculate on the impending attack, and in the evening hours before taps a visitor among them would never have supposed a battle was imminent. The violin and accordeon could be heard from different groups, and a quartette was singing "Loreno," "My Maryland,"

and other camp-fire melodies. The usual games were being played around the tallow dips with as much zest as if a more serious game were not impending; here and there a few were reading their Bibles before retiring, but only such as were accustomed to end the day in such devotions. The formidable fleet had no terror for these stout hearts. The regulars who had come from the other forts were naturally discussing the situation, and after their comparative inactivity seemed pleased with the opportunity to see some active service in behalf of the cause. The brave little boys, torn from their firesides by the cruel necessities of the struggle, were as bright and manly as if anticipating a parade. They should never have been called out for service; it was robbing the cradle.

What nobler women can be found in all history than the matrons of the Old North State, who, with their prayers and tears, sent forth their darlings in a cause they believed to be right, and in the defence of their homes? Self-sacrificing courage seems indigenous to North Carolina. No breast is too tender for this heroic virtue. Since the ten-year-old son of the Regulator begged the tyrant Tryon, after the battle of the Alamance, to hang him and let his father live, lest his mother die and the children perish, even the boys of this sturdy Commonwealth have been ever ready to rally in her defence. The first life-blood that stained the sands of Confederate Point was from one of these youthful patriots.

The sun set in a cloudless sky on December 23d, and with its parting rays the gale subsided. At midnight the blockade runner "Little Hattie" came in, and Captain Lebby came ashore to report his narrow escape from capture. He had passed safely through the formidable fleet, and thought he had been followed in by one of the enemy's ships, but she had not molested him. He was about leaving when the officer of the day reported a vessel on fire up the beach about a mile from the fort. I went on the ramparts and saw what looked like a blockade runner on fire. Captain Lebby thought it must be the "Agnes Fry," which steamer had left Nassau with him for Wilmington, and I so telegraphed General Whiting. I watched the burning vessel for half an hour, and ordered the mounted pickets to be careful not to fire on any approaching boats. I had a good opportunity to note the position of the vessel, and considered her a mile from the fort. General Butler, some years after the war, informed me that the wreck was found and her exact position known,

but I think the remains of the "Modern Greece" were mistaken for her, and that nothing was left of this vessel. Returning to my quarters, I laid down on my lounge to get a rest before the anticipated engagement next day, but I had hardly lain down before I felt a gentle rocking of the small brick house (formerly the light keeper's), which I would have attributed to imagination or to vertigo, but it was instantly followed by an explosion, sounding very little louder than the report of a ten-inch Columbiad. The corporal of the guard was called for in every direction by the sentinels, and the officer of the day reported the blowing up of the magazine of the vessel which had been on fire. I telegraphed General Whiting, at Wilmington, of the explosion, and retired to rest. In the morning the explosion was the subject of conversation among the officers, and some had not even been aroused by the commotion it created. I thought so little of it that the only entry I made in my diary was "a blockader got aground near the fort, set fire to herself, and blew up." I was surprised to learn from prisoners captured Christmas night that the explosion was that of a great floating magazine, the steamer *Louisiana*, with more than 250 tons of powder, intended to demolish the work and paralyze the garrison. The vessel was doubtless afloat when the explosion occurred, or the result might have been very serious. The shock was distinctly felt in Wilmington.

Saturday, December 24th, was one of those perfect winter days that are occasionally experienced in the latitude of the Cape Fear. The gale, which had backed around from the northeast to the southwest, had subsided the day before, and was followed by a dead calm. The air was balmy for winter, and the sun shone with almost Indian summer warmth, and the deep blue sea was as calm as a lake and broke lazily on the bar and beach.

A grander sight than the approach of Porter's formidable Armada towards the fort was never witnessed on our coast. With the rising sun out of old ocean there came upon the horizon one after another, the vessels of the fleet, the grand frigates leading the van, followed by the iron-clads. More than fifty men-of-war headed for the Confederate stronghold. At 9 o'clock the men were beat to quarters, and silently the detachments stood by their guns. On the vessels came, growing larger and more imposing as the distance lessened between them and the resolute men who had rallied to defend their homes. The "*Minnesota*," "*Colorado*," and "*Wabash*" came

grandly on, floating fortresses, each mounting more guns than all the batteries on the land, and the two first combined carrying more shot and shell than all the magazines in the fort contained. From the left salient to the mound Fort Fisher had forty-four guns, and not over 3,600 shot and shell, exclusive of grape and shrapnel. The Armstrong gun had only one dozen rounds of fixed ammunition, and no other projectile could be used in its delicate grooves. The order was given to fire no shot until the Columbiad at headquarters fired, and that each gun that bore on a vessel should be fired every thirty minutes, and not oftener except by special order, unless an attempt was made to cross the bar, when every gun bearing on it should be fired as rapidly as accuracy would permit, the smooth bores at ricochette.

Before coming within range, the wooden ships slowed down and the great ironsides and three monitors slowly forged ahead, coming within less than a mile of the northeast salient, the other ships taking position to the right and left, the line extending more than a mile. As the ironside took her position she ran out her starboard guns, a flash was seen from the forward one, then a puff of white smoke, a deep boom was heard and over our heads came an eleven inch shell, which I saw distinctly in its passage towards our flag staff, past which it exploded harmlessly with a sharp report. The signal gun had been trailed to bear on an approaching frigate, and as I gave the command the landyard was jerked, and a ten-inch shot went bowling along, ricocheted, and bounded through the smoke-stack of the "Susquehanna."

This was the commencement of the most terrific bombardment from the fleet which war had ever witnessed. Ship after ship discharged its broadsides, every description of deadly missile, from a three-inch rifle bolt to a fifteen-inch shell, flying wildly into and over the fort, until the garrison flagstaff was shattered. Most of the firing seemed directed towards it, and as it stood in the centre of the parade, all these bolts fell harmless as to human life, many of the shells, especially the rifle shots, going over the fort and into the river in the rear. The dead calm, which prevailed in nature, caused the smoke to hang around the hulls of the vessels, so enveloping them as to prevent the effect of the shots our gunners were allowed to fire from being seen. It was two hours after the bombardment commenced before the flag was shot away, and in that time, although thousands of shot and shell

were hurled at us, I had heard of no casualty in the works. For these two hours I had remained on the parapet of the sea face watching intently for any effort to cross the bar, and in all that time, only one shell had exploded near enough to endanger my life. In the rear of the flag staff the wooden quarters of the garrison were situated, and these were soon set on fire by the bursting shells and more than one-half of them were consumed. The day being balmy, most of the men had left their overcoats and blankets in their bunks, and these were consumed. There was quite a quantity of naval stores, tar and pitch near these quarters, and they took fire and made an imposing bonfire in sympathy with the occasion.

As soon as the garrison flag was shot away, finding the shaft so split and shivered that it could not be raised, I sent word to Captain Munn to raise the flag on the mound. It seems that the halyards had got unreeved and it was necessary to climb the staff to fasten the flag. Private Christopher C. Bland, of Company K, Thirty-six North Carolina regiment, volunteered for the service, and climbed the staff under heavy fire and secured the battle flag to the mast-head. At once a terrific fire was poured on the mound, and the lower end of the flag having been cut loose, again, that heroic soldier repeated the daring act, amid the cheers of the garrison, and securely fastened the flag where it floated in triumph, although torn and rent by fragments of shell, until the victory was won. While this was being done, I went to the left salient and planted a company battle flag on the extreme left. My two hours' experience had taught me that the fleet would concentrate a heavy fire on it, and I wanted to put it where it would do the most good by causing the least harm.

For five hours this tremendous hail of shot and shell was poured upon the devoted works, but with little effect. At 5:30 P. M. the fleet withdrew.

The fleet, to our surprise, made no effort to cross the bar and run by our guns. One vessel inside would have ended the fight. Our guns and work would have been taken in reverse. The fort was built to prevent the passage of the bar, and remembering Mobile and New Orleans, we did not regard the battle as seriously begun until the American navy, with its accustomed dash, attempted the passage of the fort. It was this that made me reserve my fire, for nothing tempted me to waste my short supply of ammunition, not even the glory of sinking one of the hostile fleet. I rigidly carried out the

thirty-minute rule, except when some vessel would be unusually impudent and spiteful, and I would personally direct several guns to bear on her and fire until she had apparently received a merited punishment. During the whole day, in answer to at least 10,000 shots, I only fired 672 projectiles. It was this deliberation which gave the fleet the false idea that they had silenced our guns, and the fact that on this day I took care to fire the last shot as they were withdrawing, did not disabuse their minds of this erroneous idea. Not a detachment was driven from a gun chamber.

In the first day's fight I had about one-half of the quarters burned, three gun carriages disabled, a light artillery caisson exploded, large quantities of the earthwork torn and plowed up, with some revetments broken and splintered, but not a single bomb-proof or a magazine injured. Only twenty-three men wounded—one mortally, three seriously, and nineteen slightly.

Never since the invention of gunpowder was there so much of it harmlessly expended as in the first day's attack on Fort Fisher. All was quiet during the night, but next morning, Christmas Day, about 10 o'clock, the great fleet again moved in towards the fort, being reinforced by another monitor and some additional wooden ships of war. At half-past 10 o'clock the Ironsides opened and the fleet commenced an incessant bombardment, if possible more noisy and furious than that of the preceding day. About 2 o'clock several of the frigates came up to the bar and lowered boats, apparently to sound the entrance, but a heavy fire was immediately directed against them and they were promptly driven out. At 3:30 a very gallant attempt was made by a number of barges to sound the Carolina shoals, south of the mound. A few shots from Battery Buchanan, the naval battery in my command, first cut the flag from a barge and then cut the barge in two, causing the remainder after rescuing their comrades to retreat rapidly.

My two seven-inch Brooke rifles both exploded in the afternoon of this day. Being manned by a detachment of sailors and situated opposite to the bar, I had given the officer in charge discretion to fire upon the vessels which had approached the bar, and his fire had been more rapid than from any other guns, and with the disastrous result of explosion, which unfortunately wounded a number of men.

Strange as it may appear, no attempt to pass the fort was made by any of the fleet, and none except the armored vessels came within a

mile of our heaviest guns. Whether the smoke obscured the fort or the gunners were untrained, it is equally hard to account for the wild firing of these two days. If they had tried to miss the guns on the sea face they could not have succeeded better, no gun or carriage on that face being injured by the fire of the fleet; the only guns disabled being the two Brooke rifles which exploded. All the disabled guns were on the land face, which was enfiladed by the fleet as well as subjected to the direct fire of the armored ships, which came within a half mile of the fort. With the exception of the Brooke battery and some special firing on some vessels, the firing of the fort was slower and more deliberate than on the previous day, only 600 shot and shell being expended. The temptation to concentrate the whole of the available fire of the fort on a single frigate and drive her out and destroy her was very great, as I found that the garrison were disappointed at having no such trophy for the first day's engagement, but I had a limited supply of ammunition and did not know when it could be replenished. Already, on the first day, I had expended nearly one-sixth of my supplies in merely keeping the men in heart by an occasional shot. I could easily have fired every shot and shell away the first day. Admiral Porter expended nearly all of his ammunition in the two days' bombardment. The Minnesota fired 1,982 shots and the Colorado 1,569 shots, a total for these two frigates of 3,551, about as many as we had in all the batteries of Fort Fisher. On both days I fired the last gun to let our naval visitors know that we had another shot left in the locker. In the bombardment of the second day the most of the remaining quarters were destroyed, more of the earthworks were displaced, but none seriously damaged, and five guns were disabled by the enemy. The greatest penetration noticed (from fifteen-inch shell) was five feet perpendicularly. During the day a large fleet of transports were seen up the beach, and the enemy landed a large force at Battery Anderson, three miles up the beach.

At half-past 4 P. M., sharpshooters were seen on our left flank, and they fired upon our gunners from the old quarters across the causeway and killed a young courier, who had been, without my knowledge, sent out of the fort, and captured his horse. I had two pieces of artillery run out of the sally port, and a few discharges of canister stopped the annoyance. At this time, on the 25th, my effective force had been increased to 921 regulars and 450 junior reserves, total 1,371.

At 5:30 P. M. a most furious enfilading fire against the land face and palisade line commenced—certainly never surpassed in warfare—130 shot and shell per minute—more than two every second. I ordered my men to protect themselves behind the traverses, and removed all extra men from the chambers, with the order, the moment the firing stopped to rally to the ramparts without further orders.

As soon as this fire commenced I saw a heavy line of skirmishers advancing on our works. Just as the naval fire ceased the guns were manned, and I opened with grape and canister, and as it was becoming too dark to see the advance from the ramparts, threw 800 men and boys behind the palisades, which had been scarcely injured. I never shall forget the gallant youths whom I rallied that night to meet the enemy. I had ordered all to man the parapets as soon as the naval fire ceased, as I supposed it would be followed by an assault. I thought the junior reserves were coming up too slowly, and I called out rather impatiently, "Don't be cowards, boys," when one manly little officer rushed over the work, followed by his companions, shouting, "We are no cowards, Colonel," and manned the palisades. I ordered them not to fire until the enemy were within a few feet of the palisades, but the whistle of bullets from Butler's skirmish line so excited them that in spite of my orders they kept up a fusilade until the enemy retired.

I was determined to meet the enemy at the palisade, feeling confident the few who would reach it would easily be captured or repulsed. I had the land guns, heavy and light, manned, with orders to fire grape and cannister whenever they saw an advance in force, and the operators stood ready upon my order to explode some of the sub-terra torpedoes. I stood upon the parapet to the left of the centre sally port, after giving directions in person to the officers on the land front. The fleet had ceased, except an occasional shell from the iron-clads down this face. The Federal sharpshooters were firing wildly in the darkness at our ramparts, but the bullets which were few and far between, went harmlessly over our heads. My plan was to open with grape and canister on the assaulting column, and when its front reached the palisade, to open the infantry fire, and explode a line of torpedoes in their rear to stop the reinforcing line. I am confident that this would have resulted in a repulse of the main body and the capture of the first line. But Butler, with wise discretion, determined not to assault. There were not enough Federal troops landed to

have stormed our palisade that Christmas night. If the assaulting column could have reached the comparatively uninjured palisades through the fire of cannister and grape, the explosion and infantry fire would have resulted in their capture or destruction. My only uneasiness was from a boat attack in the rear, between the mound and battery Buchanan, where a thousand sailors and marines could have landed with little opposition at that time, and attacked us in the rear. About 3 o'clock A. M., it was reported that such an advance was being made, and I sent Major Reilly, with two companies, to repulse them, following shortly after in person with a third company to reinforce him. A heavy rain and windstorm had arisen at midnight, and if such a movement was contemplated, it was abandoned. Two prisoners from the One Hundred and Forty-second New York were captured in our front at night, and next morning a number of new graves were seen on the beach, and an officer's sword and some small arms were found. Our casualties for the second day were : killed, 3; wounded, mortally, 2; severely, 7; slightly, 26. Total for the two days, 3 killed and 61 wounded.

Just before the close of the first day's bombardment, General Whiting and staff came into the fort and remained until the enemy departed. His presence was encouraging to the officers and men, who were devoted to him, and his disregard of danger inspired the men with courage to stand by their guns under the terrific fire of the fleet.

It is remarkable what a mistaken idea Admiral Porter and many of the commanders in his fleet had of the condition of the fort after the first attack. They claimed to have silenced the guns of the fort and that a few hundred men could have taken it on Christmas night. Captain Alden, of the "Brooklyn," voiced this impression when, in his official report, he said :

"The rebels I am satisfied considered from the moment that our troops obtained a footing on the shore, the work (battered as it was) was untenable and were merely waiting for some one to come and take it," and that if the troops had not been recalled "they would have been in it before dark and in quiet possession without firing a shot."

I know that they could not have captured Fort Fisher, and I agree with General Whiting, that but for the supineness of General Bragg, the 3,500 men who were landed would have been captured on Christmas night, and it is incomprehensible why he should have allowed the 700

demoralized troops who were forced to remain on the beach on the night of the 26th of December to escape unmolested.

General Butler was severely criticised and retired from active service, because he failed to capture the works. For this he had himself to blame to a great extent. On the evening of December 25th, without waiting for official reports, he listened to camp gossip and wrote as follows to Admiral Porter: "General Weitzel advanced his skirmish line within fifty yards of the Fort, while the garrison was kept in their bomb-proofs by the fire of the navy, and so closely that three or four men of the picket line ventured upon the parapet and through the sally port of the work, capturing a horse which they brought off, killing the orderly, who was a bearer of a dispatch from the Chief of Artillery of General Whiting, to bring a light battery within the fort, and also brought away from the parapet the flag of the fort."

This absurd statement was sent North, has been given a lodgment in current history, and is repeated in General Grant's "Memoirs," although General Butler corrected the error in his official report. No Federal soldier entered Fort Fisher during this attack except as a prisoner. The courier was sent out of the fort without my knowledge; was killed and his horse captured within the enemy's lines. The flag captured was a company flag which I had placed on the extreme left of the work, and it was carried away and thrown off the parapet by an enfilading shot from the navy.

The garrison of Fort Fisher was composed altogether of North Carolinians. After the repulse of the enemy, although some important guns were destroyed by the bombardment and by the explosion, very little was done to repair damages. Requisitions were made for additional ammunition, especially for hand grenades to repulse assault, but it was impossible to obtain what was needed. Application was made for the placing of marine torpedoes where the ironclads had anchored and whither they returned, but no such provision was made. Although it was known that the fleet would return, General Bragg withdrew the supporting army from Sugar Loaf and marched it to a camp sixteen miles distant, and there had a grand review. The fort was not even advised of the approach of the fleet, but its arrival was reported from Fort Fisher to headquarters in Wilmington.

At night, on January 12, 1865, I saw from the ramparts of the fort the lights of the great armada, as one after another appeared above

the horizon. I commenced at once to prepare for action. I had in the works but 800 men, the Thirty-sixth North Carolina regiment, at least 100 of whom were unfit for duty. Daylight disclosed the return of the most formidable fleet that ever floated on the sea, supplemented by transports carrying 8,500 men, and soon there rained upon fort and beach a storm of shot and shell which caused both earth and sea to tremble.

I had telegraphed for reinforcements and during the day and night following, about 700 men arrived, companies of North Carolina, light and heavy artillery, and a detachment of fifty sailors and marines of the Confederate States Navy, giving me 1,500 all told up to the morning of January 15th, including sick and slightly wounded. Friday the 13th, in the midst of the bombardment, General Whiting and his staff arrived. They walked from Battery Buchanan, and the General came to me and said, "Lamb, my boy, I have come to share your fate. You and your garrison are to be sacrificed." I replied, "Don't say so, General; we shall certainly whip the enemy again." He then told me that when he left Wilmington General Bragg was hastily removing his stores and ammunition, and was looking for a place to fall back upon. I offered him the command which he refused, saying he would counsel and advise, but leave me to conduct the defense.

In the former bombardment the fire of the fleet had been diffuse, at least one-third of the missiles fell in the river beyond the fort, but now the fire was concentrated, the object being the destruction of the land face by enfilade and direct fire. When attacked in December I had for the forty-four guns and three mortars in the works, about 3,600 shot and shell, and in that fight we had fired 1,272 shot and shell, leaving about 2,328, exclusive of grape and shrapnell, to resist the assaults by sea and land.

The same slow and deliberate firing was ordered as in the previous battle, as no attempt was made by the ships to run past the fort and into the river. Occasionally a vessel would come close in towards the bar, when the guns of the several batteries would be concentrated upon her and she would quickly withdraw before being seriously injured. All day and night on the 13th and 14th of January the fleet kept up a ceaseless and terrific bombardment. It was impossible to repair damages on the land face at night, for the ironsides and monitors bowled their eleven and fifteen-inch shells along its parapet, scatter-

ing shrapnel in the darkness. No meals could be prepared for the exhausted garrison; we could scarcely bury our dead without fresh casualties. Fully 200 of my men had been killed and wounded in the first two days of the fight. Not more than three or four of my land guns were serviceable. The Federal army had been slowly approaching on the river side during the day, but they were so covered by the river bank that we could only surmise their number. They had passed my cottage at Craig's landing, and occupied the redoubt about half a mile from our left salient. We fired occasionally at their approaching columns, but at fearful cost, as it drew upon the gunners the fury of the fleet. Early in the afternoon of the 14th I saw the "Isaac Wells," a steam transport loaded with stores, approach Craig's landing, which was in the enemy's lines. We fired at her to warn her off, but on she came, falling an easy captive to the foe. The Confederate steamer Chickamauga seeing her stupid surrender fired into and sunk her. This incident gave me the first intimation that General Bragg was shamefully ignorant of and indifferent to the situation of affairs.

From the conformation of the Cape Fear river, General Bragg could have passed safely from his headquarters at Sugar Loaf towards Smithville, and with a field glass have seen everything transpiring on the beach and in the fort, and in person or through an aide, with the steamers at his command, could have watched every movement of the enemy, and yet thirty-six hours after the battle had begun, and long after Craig's Landing had been in the possession of the enemy, he sends into the enemy's lines a steamer filled with needed stores that could have gone at night to Battery Buchanan unseen, and in the day with comparative safety. There was a telegraphic and signal communication between Fort Fisher and Bragg's headquarters, and I got General Whiting to telegraph him to attack the enemy under cover of night when the fleet could not co-operate, and that we would do the same from the fort, and as our combined force nearly equalled them in numbers, and my garrison was familiar with the beach at night, we could capture a portion if not the whole of the force. Strange to say, no response of any kind came. I had ten companies ready for a sortie, and threw out skirmishers who discovered the position of the enemy in our front.

We waited in vain for General Bragg to avail himself of this opportunity to demoralize if not capture the besieging forces, and just before daylight our skirmishers returned to the fort.

On the morning of the 15th, the fleet, which had not ceased firing during the night, redoubled its fire on the land face. The sea was smooth, and the navy having become accurate from practice, by noon had destroyed every gun on that face except one Columbiad, which was somewhat protected by the angle formed by the northeast salient. The palisade had been practically destroyed as a defensive line and was so torn up that it actually afforded cover for the assailants. The harvest of wounded and dead was hourly increasing, and at that time I had not 1,200 effective men to defend the long line of works. The enemy were now preparing to assault, their skirmish lines were digging rifle pits close to our torpedo lines on the left, and their columns on the river shore were massing for the attack, while sharpshooters were firing upon every head that showed itself upon our front. Despite the imminent danger to the gunners, I ordered the two Napoleons at the central sally port and the Napoleon on the left to fire grape and canister upon the advancing skirmish line. They fearlessly obeyed, but at a sad sacrifice in killed and wounded. At the same time on the ocean side a column of sailors and marines, two thousand strong, were approaching, throwing up slight trenches to protect their advance. On these, we brought to bear our single heavy gun on the land face and the two guns on the mound.

Shortly after noon, General Bragg sent Hagood's South Carolina brigade, consisting of four regiments and one battalion, about one thousand strong, under Colonel Graham, from Sugar Loaf by the river to reinforce the fort, landing them near Battery Buchanan. The fleet, seeing the steamer landing troops, directed a portion of their fire towards her, and although she was not struck and we believe no casualties occurred, after landing a portion of the men (two of the regiments) ingloriously steamed off with the remainder. Never was there a more stupid blunder committed by a commanding general. If this fresh brigade had been sent to this point the night before, they could have reached the fort unobserved, could have been protected until needed, and could have easily repulsed the assault by the army on our left; but landed in view of the fleet they had to double quick over an open beach to the mound under a heavy fire. When they reached the fort, 350 in number, they were out of breath, disorganized, and more or less demoralized. They reached our front about thirty minutes before the attacking columns came like avalanches on our right and left. I sent them into an old commissary bomb-proof to recover breath.

My headquarters during the fight were at the Pulpit battery on the sea face, 100 yards from the northeast salient, which commanded the best view of the works and their approaches by sea and land. At 2:30, as I was returning from another battery, one of my lookouts called to me. "Colonel, the enemy are about to charge." I informed General Whiting, who was near, and at my request he immediately telegraphed General Bragg at Sugar Loaf as follows :

"The enemy are about to assault ; they outnumber us heavily. We are just manning our parapets. Fleet have extended down the sea front side and are firing very heavily. Enemy on the beach in front of us in very heavy force, not more than 700 yards from us. Nearly all land guns disabled. Attack ! Attack ! It is all I can say, and all you can do."

I passed hurriedly down in rear of the land face and through the galleries, and although the fire of the fleet was still terrific, I knew it would soon cease, and I ordered additional sharpshooters to the gun chambers to pick off the officers in the assaulting columns, and directed the battery commanders to rush with their men upon the parapets as soon as the firing stopped and drive the assailants back. I determined to allow the assailants to reach the berme of the work before exploding a line of torpedoes, believing it would enable us to kill or capture their first line, while destroying or demoralizing their supports.

I had not reached headquarters when the naval bombardment ceased, and instantly the steam whistles of the vast fleet sounded a charge. It was a soul-stirring signal both to the besiegers and the besieged.

I ordered my aide, Captain Charles H. Blocker, to double-quick the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth South Carolina to reinforce Major Reilly, who was in command of the left, while I rallied to the right of the land face some 500 of the garrison, placing the larger portion of them on top of the parapet of and adjoining the northeast salient. There were at least 250 men defending the left, and with the 350 South Carolinians ordered there and the Napoleon and torpedoes, I had no fears about the successful defense of that portion of the work.

The assaulting line on the right, consisting of 2,000 sailors and marines, was directed at the northeast salient at the intersection of the land and sea faces, and the greater proportion had flanked the torpedoes by keeping close to the sea. Ordering the two Napoleons

at the sally port to join the Columbiad in pouring grape and canister into their ranks, I held in reserve the infantry fire. Whiting stood upon the parapet inspiring those around him. The sailors and marines reached the berme and some sprang up the slope, but a murderous fire greeted them and swept them down. Volley after volley was poured into their faltering ranks by cool, determined men, and in half an hour several hundred dead and wounded lay at the foot of the bastion. The heroic bravery of their officers, twenty-one of whom were killed and wounded, could not restrain the men from panic and retreat, and with small loss to ourselves, we witnessed what had never been seen before, a disorderly rout of American sailors and marines. But it was a Pyrrhus victory. That magnificent charge of the American navy upon the centre of our works, enabled the army to effect a lodgment on our left with comparatively small loss.

As our shouts of triumph went up at the retreat of the naval forces, I turned to look at our left and saw, to my amazement, several Federal battle flags upon our ramparts. General Whiting saw them at the same moment, and calling on those around him to pull down those flags and drive the enemy from the works, rushed towards them, followed by the men on the parapet. It was in this charge that the fearless Lieutenant Williford was slain.

In order to make an immediate reconnoissance of the position of the enemy, I rushed through the sally port and outside the work, and witnessed a fierce hand to hand conflict for the possession of the fourth gun chamber from the left bastion. The men, led by the fearless Whiting, had driven the standard-bearer from the top of the traverse and the enemy from the parapet in front. They had recovered one gun chamber with great slaughter, and on the parapet and on the long traverse of the next gun chamber the contestants were savagely firing into each others faces, and in some cases clubbing with their guns, being too close to load and fire. Whiting was quickly wounded by two shots, and had to be carried to the hospital. I saw that my men were not only exposed to the fire from the front, but to a galling infantry fire from the left salient which had been captured. I saw the enemy pouring in by the river road apparently without resistance. I doubt if ever before the commander of a work went outside and looked upon the conflict for its possession, but from the construction of the fort it was absolutely necessary for me to do so in order to quickly comprehend the position of affairs, and I was

concealed from that portion of the army not too hotly engaged to notice me, by remnants of the palisade. Ordering Captain Adams, who was at the entrance of the sally port, to turn his Napoleons on the column moving into the fort, I re-entered the work and rallying the men, placed them behind every cover that could be found, and poured at close range a deadlier fire into the flank of the enemy occupying the gun chambers and traverses than they were able to deliver upon my men from the left salient.

While thus engaged I was informed by my aide, Captain Blocker, that the South Carolinians had failed to obey my order, although their officers pleaded with them, and only a few had followed their flag and gone to the front; that the assaulting column had made two charges upon the extreme left, and had been repulsed; that the torpedo wires had been destroyed by the fire of the fleet, and the electrician had tried in vain to execute my orders to explode the mines when the enemy reached the foot of the works: that driven from the extreme left, the enemy had found a weak defence between the left bastion and the sally port in their third charge, and had gained the parapet, and capturing two gun chambers, had attacked the force on the left on their flank simultaneously with a direct charge of another brigade, and that our men, after great slaughter, had been compelled to surrender just as we had repulsed the naval column; that to add to the discomfiture of the Confederates, as soon as the Federal battle flags appeared on the ramparts Battery Buchanan had opened with its two heavy guns on the left of the work, killing and wounding friend and foe alike. This was rather disheartening, but I replied if we could hold the enemy in check until dark, I could drive them out, and I sent a telegram by him to General Bragg, imploring him to attack, and that I could still save the fort.

While I shall ever believe, that if my order to man the parapet had been obeyed all along the line on the left, the assaulting column would have been repulsed until I could have reinforced my men, and I would have been able to hold the fort on that fatal Sunday afternoon, yet General Bragg in his official report does gross injustice when he says: "The army column preceded by a single regiment approached along the river and entered the work on that flank almost unopposed." General Terry says in his report that one hundred sharpshooters with Spencer repeating carbines were sent forward to within seventy-five yards of the work and dug pits for their

shelter, and "as soon as this movement commenced, the parapet of the fort was manned and the enemy's fire both musketry and artillery opened." The assaulting column consisted not of a regiment, but of Curtis' brigade, supported closely by two other brigades, a total of not less than 5,000 troops.

The enemy were unable to enter by the river road, and some of the most desperate fighting done in the work was in the space between the left bastion and the river shore.

Judge Z. F. Fulmore, of Austin, Texas, who proved himself a young hero in the fight, wrote me in 1883: "Company D, First battalion North Carolina Artillery, Captain McCormic, was the company in the extreme left of the fort, occupying the space on both sides of the Napoleon, and although protected only by a shallow ditch and the remnants of a palisade, successfully repulsed every charge made by Curtis' brigade in front, and compelled the charging columns to abandon this usually travelled but unprotected entrance to the fort and to go off to the right, to climb the high parapets in order to get into the fort, some fifty yards to the right and back of us. The portion of Company D, which was stationed to the right of the Napoleon saw the breaking of our lines to the right in time to retreat behind the parapet, but that portion of the company on the left some fifteen or twenty in number, stood their ground until Pennybacker's charging columns commenced their slaughter from the rear. Four of this company were killed at the Napoleon. There was another piece, however, a Parrott gun, just on the edge of the river which we used once or twice very effectively in blowing to atoms a bridge on the main road into the fort, some two hundred feet in the front of the gate. At the first charge the boys at the Napoleon made a shot which cleared that road and caused many to take refuge under that bridge, and I was told by the officers in charge of us after our capture, that the destruction of that bridge impressed the Federals that it was one of the many mines exploded and to be exploded under them, and the officers couldn't charge the soldiers any further down that road on account of it. On the afternoon of the day of the last fight my recollection is that there were eleven men killed and seventeen wounded in Company B, during the three charges, and if successfully defending the most defenceless spot in all Fort Fisher against Curtis' brigade and only surrendering after being completely surrounded by another brigade, isn't pretty good evidence of true soldiery, I would be glad to see a specimen of it."

Judge Fulmore did not mention that before his company took charge of this Napoleon the original detachment from Adams' battery had lost three of its gunners killed and two seriously wounded, not leaving men enough to man it. Seven men killed at one field piece by sharpshooters in thirty minutes, and many wounded, and the gun not surrendered until after surrounded by a brigade, should have paralyzed the arm of that North Carolinian who, in the "Last ninety days of the war," said "that no resistance was made, and the conduct of the garrison had been disgraceful." A number of those who were captured on the left have told me that when they were marched out of the fort as prisoners, they saw their front thickly strewn with dead and wounded Federals.

General N. M. Curtis, the fearless hero who lead the assaulting columns of the army, informed me in 1888, that he saw a portion of the parapet joining the left salient unmanned, and it was at this point he succeeded in making a lodgment, and that if he had been stoutly resisted from the top of the parapet he could not have then succeeded. The guns immediately to the right of Shepherd's battery were manned by some of my bravest officers and men, but the fatal mistake of the commander was fighting from behind the revetment instead of from the top of the parapet, as ordered. Only two of the men mounted the parapet, and they were instantly shot down. One was Bob Harvey, a recklessly brave boy, the last male member of an old family of Bladen county. I have been unable to learn the name of his heroic companion. From behind the revetments these gallant men poured a destructive fire on the assailants as they reached the parapet, and the enemy fell thick and fast in their front, but they were too few to load and fire in time to stop the ever increasing column, and soon the assailants were firing down upon them, and they were forced to surrender, although refusing at first to do so. Had they been on top of the parapet they could have used their bayonets or clubbed their guns, and thus delayed a lodgment until reinforcements came.

In justice to Major Reilly and the officers on the left, it must be remembered that it is usual, in the defense of a fort and breastworks, to cover the men and fire upon the assailants from behind the works, but Fort Fisher was built to stand a naval bombardment, and the magnitude of the work and great width of parapet gave opportunity for an assaulting column to protect itself under cover of its outer slope, and I knew that my only hope of repelling greatly superior

numbers was to man the palisades, as in the first battle, or in their absence, being destroyed by the fleet, to man the top of the parapet and fire down upon the assaulting columns.

Notwithstanding the capture of a portion of the work and several hundred of the garrison, the Confederates were still undaunted, and seemed determined to recover the captured salient and gun chambers. We had retaken one of these in the charge led by Whiting, and since we had opened on their flank, we had shot down their standard bearers, and the Federal battle-flags had disappeared from our ramparts; we had become assailants and the enemy were on the defensive, and I felt confident that we would soon drive them out of the fort. Just as the tide of battle seemed to have turned in our favor, the remorseless fleet came to the rescue of the faltering Federals. Suddenly the bombardment, which had been confined to the sea face during the assaults, turned again on our land front, and with deadly precision. The iron-clads and frigates drove in our two Napoleons, killing and wounding nearly all the men at these guns, which had been doing effective service at the entrance to the sally port. They swept the recaptured gun chamber of its defenders, and their 11 and 15-inch shells rolled down into the interior of the work, carrying death and destruction in their pathways. They drove from the parapets in front of the enemy all of my men except those so near that to have fired on them would have been slaughter to their own troops.

Nor was this all. We had now to contend with a column advancing around the rear of the left bastion by the river into the interior plane of the fort. It moved slowly and cautiously, apparently in column of companies and in close order. I met it with an effective infantry fire, my men using the remains of an old work as a breast-work, and taking advantage of every object that would offer cover, for we were now greatly outnumbered. The fire was so unexpected and so destructive, combined with the shells from Battery Buchanan, on the massed columns of the Federals, that they halted, when a quick advance would have overwhelmed us. Giving orders to dispute stubbornly any advance, I went rapidly down the seaface, and turned the two mound guns and two Columbiads on this column in the fort. Unfortunately these were the only ones available. I brought back with me to the front every man except a single detachment for each gun. On my return I found the fighting still con-

tinuing over the same traverse for the possession of the gun chamber, despite the fire of the fleet. As the men would fall, others would take their places. It was a soldiers fight at that point, for there could be no organization; the officers on both sides were loading and firing with their men. If there ever was a longer or more desperate hand-to-hand fight during the war, I have never heard of it. The Federal column inside had not advanced a foot, and seemed demoralized by the fire of the artillery and the determined resistance of the garrison. More than a hundred of my men had come with me, and I threw them in front with those already engaged. Going to the South Carolinians, who were in a position to flank the enemy, I appealed to them to rally and help save the fort. I went to the sally port and had Adams' two Napoleons brought out and manned, and opened on the enemy. I went along the galleries and begged the sick and slightly wounded to come out and make one supreme effort to dislodge the enemy; as I passed through portions of the work, the scene was indescribably horrible. Great cannon broken in two, their carriages wrecked, and among their ruins the mutilated bodies of my dead and dying comrades. Still no tidings from Bragg. The enemy's advance had ceased entirely, protected by the fleet they still held the parapet and gun chambers on the left, but their massed columns refused to move, while those in the rear, near the river, commenced entrenching against any assault from us. I believed a determined assault with the bayonet would drive them out. I had sent word to our gunners not to fire on our men if we become closely engaged with the enemy. The head of the column was not over a hundred feet from the portion of our breastwork where I stood, and I could see their faces distinctly, while my men were falling on either side of me.

I passed quickly down the rear of the line, and asked officers and men if they would follow me. They all responded fearlessly that they would. I returned to my position, and giving the order "charge bayonets," sprang upon the breastwork, waved my sword, and, as I gave the command, "forward, double quick, march!" fell on my knees, a rifle ball having entered my hip. The brave Lieutenant Daniel R. Perry fell mortally wounded by my side. We were met by a heavy volley aimed too high to be very effective, but our column wavered and fell back behind the breastworks. A soldier raised me up, and I turned the command over to Captain Munn, who was

near me, and told him to keep the enemy in check, and that as soon as my wound was bandaged I would return. Before reaching the hospital I was so weak from the loss of blood that I realized I could never lead my men again. In the hospital I met General Whiting, suffering uncomplainingly from his wounds. He told me that General Bragg had ignored his presence in the fort, and had not noticed his messages.

Perceiving the fire of the garrison had slackened, I sent my adjutant, John N. Kelly, for Major James Reilly, next in command. Major Stevenson, who died shortly after in prison, being too ill for duty. Reilly came and promised me that he would continue the fight as long as it was possible, and nobly did he keep his promise. I again sent a message to Bragg begging him to come to the rescue.

Shortly after my fall the Federals made an advance and capturing several more of the gun chambers, reached the sally-port. The column in the work advanced and was rapidly gaining ground when Major Reilly, rallying the men, including the South Carolinians, drove them back with heavy loss. About 8 o'clock my aide came to me and said the supply of ammunition was exhausted, and that Chaplain McKinnon and others had gathered all from the dead and wounded and distributed it; that the enemy had possession of nearly all the land face, and it was impossible to hold out much longer, and suggested that it would be wise to surrender, as a further struggle would be a useless sacrifice of life. I replied that while I lived I would not surrender, as Bragg would surely come to our rescue in time to save us. General Whiting declared if I died he would assume command and would not surrender.

I have been blamed for unnecessarily prolonging the fight, but when it is remembered that I had promised the noble women of Wilmington who had visited the fort after our Christmas victory that their homes should be protected by my garrison, and that General Lee had sent word that if the fort fell he could not maintain his army (and that meant the loss of our cause), is it to be wondered that I felt it my sacred duty, even after I was shot down, to appeal to officers and men to fight in defence of the last gateway to the South, as long as there was a ray of hope?

I had a right to believe that the troops which General Lee sent to our assistance would rescue us, and if Bragg had ordered Hoke to assault with his division late that afternoon we would have recovered

the works. I have positive information that so determined was our resistance that General Terry sent word to General Ames, commanding the three brigades assaulting us, to make one more effort and if unsuccessful to retire. General Abbott, who commanded a brigade, and who lived in North Carolina after the war, told Captain Braddy that at one time during our fight only one colored brigade held Bragg's army in check, and they were so demoralized that five hundred veteran troops could have captured them. But an all-wise Providence decreed that our gallant garrison should be overwhelmed.

In less than an hour after I refused to surrender, a fourth brigade (three were already in the fort) entered the sally-port and swept the defenders from the remainder of the land face. Major Reilly had General Whiting and myself hurriedly removed on stretchers to Battery Buchanan, where he proposed to cover his retreat. When we left the hospital the men were fighting over the adjoining traverse, and the spent balls fell like hail-stones around us. The remnant of the garrison then fell back in an orderly retreat along the sea face, the rear guard keeping the enemy engaged as they advanced slowly and cautiously in the darkness as far as the Mound Battery, where they halted. Some of the men, cut off from the main body, had to retreat as best they could over the river marsh, while some few unarmed artillerists barely eluded the enemy by following the seashore.

When we reached Battery Buchanan there was a mile of level beach between us and our pursuers, swept by two eleven-inch guns and a twenty-four pounder, and in close proximity to the battery, a commodious wharf where transports could have come at night in safety to carry us off.

We expected with this battery to cover the retreat of our troops, but we found the guns spiked and every means of transportation taken by Captain R. F. Chapman, of our navy, who, following the example of General Bragg, had abandoned us to our fate. The enemy threw out a heavy skirmish line and sent their Fourth Brigade to Battery Buchanan, where it arrived about 10 P. M., and received the surrender of the garrison from Major James H. Hill and Lieutenant George D. Parker. Some fifteen minutes before the surrender, while lying on a stretcher near General Whiting, outside of the battery, witnessing the grand pyrotechnic display of the fleet over the capture of Fort Fisher, I was accosted by General A. H. Colquitt, who had been ordered to the fort to take command. I had a few minutes hurried

conversation with him, informed him of the assault, of the early loss of a portion of the work and garrison, and that when I fell it had for a time demoralized the men, but that the enemy were demoralized by our unexpected resistance, and I assured him that if Bragg would even then attack, a fresh brigade landed at Battery Buchanan could retake the work. It was suggested that the General should take me with him, as I was probably fatally wounded, but I refused to leave, wishing to share the fate of my garrison, and desiring that my precious wife, anxiously awaiting tidings across the river, where she had watched the battle, should not be alarmed, spoke lightly of my wound. I asked him to carry General Whiting to a place of safety, as he came a volunteer to the fort. Just then the near approach of the enemy was reported and Colquitt made a precipitate retreat, leaving our beloved Whiting a captive, to die in a Northern prison.

One more distressing scene remains to be chronicled. The next morning after sunrise a frightful explosion occurred. My large reserve magazine, which my ordnance officer, Captain J. C. Little, informed me contained some 13,000 pounds of powder, blew up, killing and wounding more than a hundred of the enemy and some of my own wounded officers and men. It was an artificial mound, covered with luxuriant turf, a most inviting bivouac for wearied soldiers. Upon it were resting Colonel Alden's Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York regiment, and in its galleries were some of my suffering soldiers. Two sailors from the fleet, stupified with liquor, looking for plunder, were seen to enter the structure with lights, and a few minutes after the explosion occurred. The telegraph wires, between a bomb-proof near this magazine across the river to Battery Lamb, gave rise to the impression that the Confederates had caused the explosion, but an official investigation traced it to these drunken sailors.

So stoutly did our works resist the 50,000 shot and shell thrown against them in the two bombardments, that not a magazine or bomb-proof was injured, and after the land armament with palisades and torpedoes had been destroyed, no assault could have succeeded in the presence of Bragg's force, had it been under a competent officer. Had there been no fleet to assist the army at Fort Fisher, the Federal infantry could not have assaulted it until its land defences had been destroyed by gradual approaches.

For the first time in the history of sieges, the land defences of the work were destroyed, not by any act of the besieging party, which

looked on in safety, but by the concentrated fire, direct and enfilading, of an immense fleet, poured upon them for three days and two nights without intermission until the guns were dismounted, torpedo wires cut, palisades breached, so that they afforded cover for assailants, and the slopes of the work rendered practicable for assault.

I had half of a mile of land face and one mile of sea face to defend with 1,900 men, for that is all I had from first to last, in the last battle. I have in my possession papers to prove this statement. I know every company present and its strength. This number included the killed, wounded and sick. If the Federal reports claim that our killed, wounded and prisoners showed more, it is because they credited my force with those captured outside the works, who were never under my command. To capture Fort Fisher the enemy lost, by their own statement, 1,445 killed, wounded and missing. Nineteen hundred Confederates with forty-four guns, contended against 10,000 men on shore and 600 heavy guns afloat, killing and wounding almost as many of the enemy as there were soldiers in the fort, and not surrendering until the last shot was expended.

When I recall this magnificent struggle, unsurpassed in ancient and modern warfare, and remember the devoted patriotism and heroic courage of my garrison, I feel proud to know that I have North Carolina blood coursing through my veins, and I confidently believe that the time will come in the Old North State, when her people will regard the defence of Fort Fisher as the grandest event in her historic past.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, October 5, 1893.]

THE SHIP TENNESSEE.

A Description of the Conflict in Mobile Bay.

One of the Men Who Was Aboard the Vessel Tells of Her Surrender and the Reason Why.

As those who actively participated in the late war between the States of the American Union are rapidly passing away, it is the duty of the living eye-witnesses of the bloody drama to see to it that

the names of their comrades, who fell on the losing side, are not transmitted to history as rebels and traitors, but as patriots as true as the world ever saw, earnestly engaged in the defence of the right, "as God had given them to see the right."

Great as was the disparity of numbers between the Federal and Confederate armies, between the navies it was far greater, if, indeed, we had anything worthy of the name ; still a Confederate victory in Hampton Roads revolutionized the navies of the world, while in the fight on the Tennessee we suffered a defeat, Farragut might best describe in the language of Pyrrhus at his first encounter with the Romans : "another such victory would cost him his army."

On the point of a narrow sand promontory of some little elevation, which juts far in between Mobile Bay and the Gulf of Mexico, stands Fort Morgan, commanding the eastern or main channel of the entrance to the Bay, five miles to the southwest. Fort Gaines guards the western entrance, only navigable for small vessels. Outside the fort, Farragut, with a numerous fleet, menaced an attack. Torpedoes and other obstructions were placed in the channel, leaving a narrow entrance for blockade runners. Fort Morgan was garrisoned by about four hundred men, under the command of General Richard L. ("Ramrod") Page. The Confederate naval squadron, consisting of the ironclad Tennessee, with four small wooden vessels, under the command of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, were anchored in the lower Bay.

At early dawn on the morning of the 5th of August, 1863, the officer on watch reported the Federal fleet with steam up, heading for the fort. All hands were called to quarters, and orders given to prepare the ship for action.

Now, sanding the decks to catch the blood yet unspilled was not a very assuring procedure, in view of the tremendous odds which confronted us. The Tennessee was a screw propeller, and went into commission with about one hundred men, a company of marines with the following officers : Franklin Buchanan, Admiral ; James W. Johnston, Virginia, Captain ; William L. Bradford, Alabama, Executive officer ; Wharton and Benton, of Tennessee and Kentucky, First and Second Lieutenants ; Perrin, of Louisiana, Master ; Sinning, Chief Engineer ; D. G. Raney, Marine Officer, of Florida ; Conrad and Bowles, Surgeon and Assistant, of Virginia.

Her battery consisted of ten-inch rifle Brooke guns, two fore and aft, three broadside, eight in all ; her armor was six inches of iron

over fourteen inches of solid timber, held together with two-inch iron bolts.

She was constructed something after the order of the old Merrimac, but much stronger; her sharp iron prow would have been formidable as a ram, but she lacked speed for this purpose. Her port-holes were protected by heavy iron shutters, which proved a disadvantage in the fight.

The Federal fleet moved up majestically in single file. It was a sublime spectacle, "but distance lends enchantment to the view." It was at once perceived that Farragut had received large accessions to his force during the night, among which were three double turreted ironclad monitors, one of which formed the van. Suddenly a white cloud of smoke enveloped the front, and roar of artillery begins, the fleet pouring broadside after broadside into the fort as they pass in. The iron monitor Tecumseh, just in advance of the flagship Hartford, as it is entering the channel, strikes a torpedo, and sinks in a few minutes. The whole crew, one hundred and thirty, except four, are drowned.

This caused the fleet to halt, and just here Farragut's biographer Mr. Lossing, says he prayed for divine guidance, whether he should proceed or not. Being answered in the affirmative, he gave the order to advance. I don't know about the prayer; it was short, but the poor fellows on the Tecumseh did not have time to say that much. As they came inside the Bay our guns opened on them, and our little wooden ships fought gallantly, but were soon disabled and captured. But one escaped ingloriously like the Spartan at Thermopylæ, to tell the tale. We had now to fight the whole fleet single handed. They poured their shot thick and heavy upon us at short range, but with little effect, while our guns played havoc on their wooden ships. After a severe engagement of thirty minutes or more, a strange thing was seen; a whole Federal fleet, consisting of the strongest vessels in the navy, manned by the best men in the service, retreating before one single ship. They ran up the Bay beyond reach of our guns, and anchored. We held the field. The admiral ordered the men to have breakfast. As soon as this was over the crew was mustered on deck. He mounted a gun-carriage and addressed them in a stirring speech. As he closed in the language of Nelson at Trafalgar in "The country expects every man to do his duty," with a wild huzza the men rushed to their guns. As we bore down upon them under a

full head of steam they seemed to be greatly astonished. "There was rushing to and fro and signaling in hot haste." But there were brave men on those ships, and they were getting ready to receive us. Farragut, himself a Southerner, as were Jenkins and Jouett.

We dashed in among them, but they were too fleet for us. We could not use the ship as a ram, but a fight with heavy artillery was precipitated, which beggarded discription. "Then was the noise of conflict, arms upon armor, clashing, brayed horrible discord." Suddenly the firing ceases, we come in collision with something. The ship is gradually being upset, everything movable gravitates to one side. It seems as if we are about to suffer the fate of the Royal George, but after a few violent oscillations the ship comes to an equilibrium, and the fight goes on. This was occasioned by one of the enemy's ships, the Monongahela, trying to run over and sink us, which it very nearly succeeded in doing. Under the incessant storm of ponderous missiles hurled upon us at close range, every joint and rib in the ship seemed to quiver and shake. A messenger comes to inform us that the Admiral is wounded; he is brought on the berth deck and placed on a mattress. We find that he has suffered a fracture of the leg. He had a similar wound in the Merrimac fight. In a short time a messenger comes from Captain Johnston, saying the ship is disabled, and he thinks we had better surrender. The old Admiral rouses up, sparks seem to flash from his eyes, he brings his clenched fist down on the deck: "Go back and tell Captain Johnston to fight the ship to the very last man." Soon the Captain came himself and told the Admiral the ship would be sunk in five minutes if we did not surrender. He replied, sadly: "I leave the whole matter to you, Captain Johnston." The Captain then tied his white handkerchief to the ramrod of a musket, and pushed it up through the hatchway. Unfortunately the noise was so great that the order to cease firing had not been understood, and one of our guns fired after the white flag had been raised.

The Federal officer who came aboard to receive the surrender of the ship demanded why this had been done, and talked of taking summary vengeance on us, but Captain Johnston's explanation seemed to satisfy him.

Mr. Forrest, of Virginia, master's mate, learning that the ship was about to surrender, ran down and begged the Admiral to give him his sword. He did not want Farragut to have it. He made no reply,

but Mr. Forrest unbuckled the sword and threw it out of the port-hole. All that desperate valor could accomplish had been done, "we surrendered to overwhelming numbers and resources." The ship was a complete wreck. Our loss, however, was slight. The Federal loss was very heavy. As soon as Farragut heard that the Admiral was wounded he sent his fleet surgeon aboard, offering assistance. This was very kind of him. Indeed, they accorded us generous treatment as foemen worthy of their steel, and soon the Blue and the Gray were fraternizing in the most friendly manner.

The transition from hard-tack and Confederate coffee to three courses at a meal, supplemented with wine, on the elegant quarters of the Hartford and the Richmond, was something phenomenal. I had formed quite a favorable opinion of Federal hospitality until I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Sheridan and his troopers, near the close of the war. These marched me and starved me until I became so thin and shadowy, I escaped at night unobserved through the guards.

Admiral Buchanan united with Farragut in a petition to General Page at Fort Morgan, to allow a ship to pass out with Federal and Confederate wounded to Pensacola, Florida, where they could be made more comfortable. To this he assented. All the wounded having been transferred to the United States steamer Metacomet, on the morning of the 6th of August, we sailed for Pensacola with a full cargo of mutilated and suffering humanity.

R. C. BOWLES.

Kent's Store, Virginia.

[From the Louisville, Ky., *Courier-Journal*, January 9, 1894.]

A MODERN HORATIUS.

**Defence of a Bridge by One Confederate Against an Attack
by Forty Federals.**

He Kills Three and Wounds Eight of His Assailants After Losing a Hand.

[This article has been received from a distinguished Confederate officer. If the account may be questioned, let it be disproved.—ED.]

[Correspondence of the *Courier-Journal*.]

BRISTOL, TENN., January 7, 1894.

I had an interview yesterday with a man who performed an act of

heroism during the civil war, of equally cool courage, and under circumstances of far greater personal danger, than that for which Horatious Cocles has been celebrated in song and story for more than 2,000 years, for the soldiers of Lars Porsenna were not armed with modern guns, as were the assailants of this Nineteenth century hero—neither was he equipped with shield and coat of mail, as was the brave defender of the bridge across the Tiber.

James Keelin was a member of a battalion of Confederate cavalry, known as "Thomas' Legion," which was afterward, I believe, merged into a regiment commanded by Colonel Love. The "Legion" was composed of hardy mountaineers from Western North Carolina, and was attached to the brigade commanded by General "Mudwall" Jackson (so called to distinguish him from the immortal "Stonewall," and possibly for some other reasons). Keelin was only an ordinary private soldier, without any education, and his military training consisted chiefly in being firmly impressed with the fact that his first duty was to "obey orders."

In November, 1862, Keelin was detailed with some six or eight others of his command to guard the bridge at Strawberry Plains, Tennessee, which was threatened by raiding parties of Brownlow's "Tennessee Federals." On the 6th of November, all the guard was withdrawn except Keelin and one other, and the extra guns they had were taken away by the recruiting officer at Strawberry Plains. This information was doubtless conveyed to Brownlow's troops, for on the 8th, at the dark hour of midnight, a party of Federal raiders, numbering forty men, appeared near the bridge with the evident intention of attacking and setting fire to the structure.

As soon as he saw the armed force making for the bridge, Keelin's companion in arms fled in the opposite direction, carrying his gun with him, leaving Keelin alone with a single gun and a big knife of the "Arkansaw Toothpick" variety, to defend the bridge as best he might. As hopeless as the task appeared, Keelin bravely determined to stand to his post despite the tremendous odds against him, and do his best to keep the enemy from burning the bridge. He posted himself on the top of a bank underneath the bridge and awaited the attack. He held his gun at a "ready," and when one of the party advanced with a lighted torch, prepared to climb up to the woodwork of the bridge, Keelin shot him dead in his tracks. The survivors fired a volley at the solitary guard, and with a wild yell made a rush

for the bank. Though Keelin was wounded three times by the volley—in the hip, where he still carries a bullet, in the left arm and in the side—he bravely stood his ground; and not having time to reload his muzzle-loading musket, he drew his big knife and awaited the onset. Fortunately for him the ascent was narrow, and the attacking party could only climb up the steep bank one or two at a time. With his knife he slew two more of the invaders and wounded six others, hurling them gashed and bleeding down the embankment. Once he stumbled while aiming a blow at one of the party, and before he could recover a big fellow made a vicious stroke at him with a heavy knife. He threw up his left arm to ward off the blow from his head, and the blow severed his hand at the wrist, besides inflicting an ugly gash upon the scalp. He also received a dangerous cut in the neck, and another on the right hand.

With all these gaping and bleeding wounds the brave fellow stood his ground, fighting with the courage of a Bayard, and held the whole attacking party at bay. At last, Bill Pickens, the lieutenant who was commanding the Federals, seeing so many of his men fall before the invincible arm of the brave Confederate, called out with an oath: "Let me up there, boys, I'll fix the d-n rebel!" But when he rushed up the bank he was confronted by the same weapon, gory with the blood of his subordinates, and, after receiving two vicious cuts, he too retired, calling off his men. They left the place hastily, leaving their three dead companions on the ground, but carrying off their wounded. They thought that a force of Confederates was encamped a mile or so up the river, and probably expected them to be attracted to the scene by the sound of the firing.

Keelin, desperately wounded as he was, remained at his post until relieved. He bound up the bleeding stump of his arm, and staunched the blood of his half-dozen other wounds as best he could, receiving no medical attention till after daylight next morning. After he recovered from his wounds, he continued to serve in the army to the end of the war, notwithstanding the loss of his left hand. He is now an old man, far on the shady side of sixty, and lives by the fruits of his daily toil in a little cabin in West Bristol. He is modest and retiring in disposition, and comparatively few people in this city, where he has resided for a number of years, have ever seen him or heard the wonderful story of which he is the hero. There are several persons here, however, who are familiar with the incident, and from an

old Confederate, who was in the vicinity when the fight occurred, the *Courier-Journal* correspondent heard the story before seeking an interview with Mr. Keelin.

When asked why he did not run away with his companion when he saw the overwhelming force of the enemy, he modestly replied that he had been put there to defend the bridge, and save it from destruction if he could, and he did not think it right to give it up without at least making some show of fight for it; and when he got into it, "there was no way to get out except to fight out," as he put it. He seemed to have very little idea that his deed deserves to rank with the bravest in the records of mankind. He does not complain of his lot, but wends his quiet way unnoticed and almost unknown. He deserves a pension, both from his native State and from the railroad company, whose property he so bravely defended.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, April 9, 1893.]

GENERAL R. F. HOKE'S LAST ADDRESS

To His Division Near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

As the 9th will be the anniversary of Lee's surrender, it will be in order to publish everything of historical interest pertaining to the closing scenes of the "war between the States." I enclose you the farewell address of General R. F. Hoke, a gallant North Carolinian, and an uncle of the Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, of whom the Northern papers wished to know something a short time since. General Lee sent General Hoke, with his division, to relieve Pickett's division, near Plymouth, N. C., where he (Hoke) covered himself with glory by storming the Federal works, and capturing almost three thousand prisoners. His gallant division took part in the battle of Brentonsville, under Joe Johnston, and distinguished themselves as they had done before on so many sanguinary fields in Virginia. The address is as follows:

R. S. B.

Findowrie, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS OF HOKE'S DIVISION,
Near Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Soldiers of my Division :

On the eve of a long, perhaps a final separation, I address to you the last sad words of parting.

The fortunes of war have turned the scale against us. The proud banners, which you have waved so gloriously over many a field, are to be furled at last. But they are not disgraced, my comrades. Your indomitable courage, your heroic fortitude, your patience under sufferings, have surrounded them with a halo which future years can never dim. History will bear witness to your valor, and succeeding generations will point with admiration to your grand struggle for constitutional freedom.

Soldiers, your past is full of glory, Treasure it in your hearts. Remember each gory battle-field, each day of victory, each bleeding comrade !

Think, then, of your home.

“ Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

You have yielded to overwhelming forces, not to superior valor. You are paroled prisoners, not slaves. The love of liberty which led you into the contest burns as brightly in your hearts as ever. Cherish it. Associate it with the history of the past. Transmit it to your children. Teach them the rights of freedom, and teach them to maintain them. Teach them the proudest day in all your career was that on which you enlisted as Southern soldiers, entering that holy brotherhood whose ties are now sealed by the blood of your compatriots who have fallen, and whose history is coeval with the brilliant record of the past four years.

Soldiers, amid the imperishable laurels that surround your brows, no brighter leaf adorns them than your connection with the late Army of Northern Virginia !

The star that shone with splendor over its oft-repeated fields of victory, over the two deadly struggles of Manassas Plains, over Richmond, Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, has sent its rays and been reflected where true courage is admired, or wherever freedom

has a friend. That star has set in blood, but yet in glory. That army is now of the past. The banners trail, but not with ignominy. No stain blots their escutcheons. No blush can tinge your cheeks, as you proudly announce that you have a part in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia.

My comrades, we have borne together the same hardships ; we have shared the same dangers ; we have rejoiced over the same victories. Your trials, your patience have excited sympathy and admiration, and I have borne willing witness to your bravery, and it is with a heart full of grateful emotions for your services and ready obedience that I take leave of you. May the future of each one be as happy as your past career has been brilliant, and may no cloud ever dim the brightness of your fame. The past rises before me in its illimitable grandeur. Its memories are part of the life of each one of us. But it is all over now. Yet, though the sad dark veil of defeat is over us, fear not the future, but meet it with manly hearts. You carry to your homes the heartfelt wishes of your General for your prosperity. My comrades, farewell !

R. F. HOKE, *Major General.*

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, July 2, 1893.]

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL CLEBURNE.

COMANCHE, TEXAS, June 12, 1893.

Editor of The Picayune :

I send you a few incidents of the life of General Pat. Cleburne, which I have never seen in print, and which may be of interest to your many readers and the members of his old division. General Cleburne was a gallant soldier, a hard fighter, always kind and courteous to his men, who almost worshipped him, and who believed "old Pat" could whip all creation.

In the fall of 1864, Cleburne's division was thrown with a portion of the army across the Coosa river, above Rome, Ga., and started across the mountains of North Georgia to the railroad leading to Atlanta. We were cut off from our supply trains, and had to live

off the country through which we passed. Apples, chestnuts, and persimmons were plenty, so we did pretty well. Strict orders had been issued that we must not depredate upon private property. One morning on leaving camp, General Granbury's brigade led the column. I was badly crippled from sore feet and could not keep up with the command, so, on this particular morning, had special permission to march at the head of the brigade. I was trudging along the best I could just in the rear of General Granbury's horse, when I saw down the road General Cleburne sitting on the top of a rail fence smoking a cob pipe. Below, on the ground, were five or six bushels of fine red apples. Near by stood one or two of his aids; also five or six "web-foot" soldiers, who looked as mean as they well could look. As we drew near, General Granbury saluted General Cleburne, who in his turn said: "General Granbury, I am peddling apples to-day." General Granbury said: "How are you selling them, General?" General Cleburne replied: "These gentlemen (pointing to the web-feet, who had stolen the apples) have been very kind. They have gathered the apples for me and charged nothing. I will give them to you and your men. Now, you get down and take an apple, and have each of your men pass by and take one—only one, mind—until they are all gone." This was done. In the meantime, the boys were hurraing for old Pat. When the apples gave out, General Cleburne made each man who had stolen the apples carry a rail for a mile or two. Old Pat enjoyed the thing as much as did his men.

On this same raid we struck the railroad leading to Atlanta, and orders were given to destroy the same. One evening General Cleburne ordered Granbury's Brigade out to help do the work. We were strung along the track as near together as we well could stand. General Cleburne then got out in front and said: "Attention, men! When I say ready, let every man stoop down, take hold of the rails, and when I say 'heave ho,' let every man lift all he can and turn the rails and cross-ties over." When the command was given by old Pat, a thousand men or more bent their backs and took hold of the iron; then came the command, "heave ho!" With a yell up we came with rails and cross-ties, and over they went. The ties were then knocked loose, rails taken apart, cross-ties piled up and fired, and on them was placed the iron which, when red hot, was bent in all kinds of shapes. Some of the iron was bent around the trees. We

worked a good part of the night destroying the road, which did but little good, however, as the boys in blue soon fixed it up again.

During the campaign around Atlanta our company was out on picket. Just before we were relieved in the morning our company killed a fat cow, and we managed to bring a quarter into camp. As we were expecting to move at any time, we cut up the beef in chunks, built a scaffold and spread the meat on it, then built a fire and were cooking it so we could take it with us. We were all busy working at it when one of the company looked up and saw old Pat coming down the line on a tour of inspection. We had no time to hide the beef, and knew we were in for it. One of the company stepped out and saluted the General, and said: "General, we have some nice, fat beef cooking, and it is about done; come and eat dinner with us." "Well," he replied, "it does smell good. I believe I will." He sat down on a log, one of the boys took a nice piece of beef from the fire, another hunted a pone of corn bread and handed it to him. The General ate quite heartily, thanked us for the dinner, took out his cob pipe, filled it and began to smoke, chatting pleasantly with us, asking what we thought of our position, and if we thought we could whip the fight, if we had one, and then passed on down the line, while we cheered him. How could we help admiring him? Had he lived and the war continued, he was bound to have risen to great distinction as an officer. He and General Granbury were killed near the breastworks at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, and the Confederacy lost two of her best officers.

T. O. MOORE,

*Company F, Seventh Texas Volunteer Infantry, Granbury's
Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee.*

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, November 5, 1893.]

THE OFFICER WHO RODE THE GRAY HORSE.

A Stirring Episode in the Story of Confederate Valor.

How Major C. L. Jackson Won the Praise of His Gallant Foe by His
Bravery in Battle.

Out of the musty records of the past, from time to time, there springs to light some hidden treasure or letter, that brings back in

all its olden glory the chivalry and daring of the brave heroes of the Confederacy. The number of these precious, yet personal souvenirs, that are hidden away in the hearts and homes of the Southland, will never, perhaps, be known, as they have a personal and sacred value that seems too holy for the possessors to wish to parade them before the public, however important a bearing they may have upon the history of that memorable epoch.

In an old scrap-book in New Orleans, the property of Mrs. Fred N. Ogden, the widow of the late lamented General Fred N. Ogden, the writer recently came across an interesting series of autograph letters from noted generals of the Confederacy, that will one day possess a value the reader little dreams of now. Mrs. Ogden is a sister of the late Major C. L. Jackson, one of the youngest and bravest cavalry officers who ever mounted a steed, and drew his sword in behalf of the Southern cause. Major Jackson was a citizen of Vicksburg, and was among the first of the brave Mississippians who joined the army of the Potomac, and whose high courage became conspicuous. At Farmington, Corinth, The Hatchie, Chickasaw Bluffs and Greenwood, he exhibited the daring bravery for which he was so remarkable. But it was at Drainesville that his conduct was so distinguished as to draw expressions of admiration even from the enemy. The battle of Drainesville was one of the most hotly contested of the civil war. The Southern troops were in command of that brave Rupert of the Confederacy, General J. E. B. Stuart, Colonel Jackson was not a member of his command, but a staff officer of the brigade commanded by General Sam Jones.

He was on his way to join his regiment, when, passing through Drainesville, he saw the terrible battle in progress, and, without reporting to General Stuart, he immediately threw himself into the thickest of the fight, and the gray horse which he rode and its gallant rider were everywhere conspicuous in the midst of shot and shell. After the battle was over he proceeded quietly to camp Centreville, where General Jones had his headquarters.

That same evening, however, a courier came from the Federal camp, bearing the following message, written hurriedly in pencil and on a rough scrap of paper, to General Stuart:

"Captain Thomas L. Kane, brother of the late arctic explorer, Dr. Kane, and son of Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, commander of the

regiment of northern Pennsylvania, sends his compliments to the commander of the Southern forces this afternoon, and desires to speak in terms of commendation and praise of the gallant conduct of the officer who rode the gray horse."

Fairfax County, Va., December 20, 1861.

This old letter, faded and worn, is preserved in Mrs. Ogden's scrap-book, and appended to it are the following two interesting autograph letters from two of the greatest leaders of the Southern hosts :

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, SECOND CAVALRY,
CAMP AT CENTREVILLE, January 10, 1862.

Major C. L. Jackson, C. S. A. and A. C.:

My Dear Sir,—General Stuart has sent to me the accompanying note to be delivered to you. As I had not the honor of commanding the only regiment of my brigade engaged in the affair at Drainesville, I am glad that I was so gallantly represented by an officer of my staff—the rider of the gray horse. I cordially join with General Stuart in hoping that you may long be spared to the service and the cause, and when opportunity again offers, that our enemies may have cause to admire the gallantry of the officer who rode the gray horse at Drainesville.

Very faithfully yours,

SAM JONES, *Brigadier General.*

General Stuart's letter is written in the firm and flowing hand which characterized the great cavalry officer, and reads as follows :

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
CAMP QUI VIVE, January 10, 1862.

"To Lieutenant C. L. Jackson, C. S. A. Aid-de-Camp to Brigadier-General Sam Jones, and Volunteer Aid to General Stuart at Drainesville :

"Sir,—I have the pleasure to enclose herewith a note which was sent to me by Colonel Kane, who commanded a regiment of Federals at Drainesville, on the 20th ult. From what I saw myself of your gallantry on that day, together with diligent inquiry into the matter, I am satisfied that you are 'the officer who rode the gray horse.' Such a testimonial from an enemy must be very gratifying

to you and your friends, and I trust you will be spared to impress many more such Yankee colonels with the prowess of the gray horse's rider.

"Fully concurring, on this one point concerning the battle of Drainesville, with Colonel Kane, I am,

Most respectfully and truly yours,

J. E. B. STUART,
Brigadier-General."

Major Jackson lost his life in an engagement at Bladen Springs, Ala., and in 1863 his obituary, written by General Dabney H. Maury, tells his heroic deeds. The original autograph copy is pasted side by side with these noble testimonials in Mrs. Ogden's scrapbook. Like him, the other actors in this pretty side drama of the Confederacy, have joined the hosts in the eternal camping-grounds, but these letters remain as a refreshing insight into the private camp life of the great Civil War, and an evidence of the individual generosity which actuated a foe who knew what heroism in a soldier meant, and were not so narrow and sectional as to fail to recognize it.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, July 16, 1893.]

THE GOLD AND SILVER IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES TREASURY.

What Became of It.

The Account of Captain William H. Parker, Confederate States Navy,
Who Had It in Charge in Its Transportation South.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

So many incorrect statements have appeared in the public prints from time to time concerning the preservation and disposition of the Confederate treasure, that a true and circumstantial account of *where it was* from April 2, 1865, to May 2, 1865, may prove interesting to the public.

I was an officer of the United States Navy from 1841 to 1861. In the latter year I entered the Confederate Navy as lieutenant.

During the years 1863-'64-'65 I was the superintendent of the Confederate States Naval Academy. The steamer Patrick Henry was the school-ship and the seat of the academy. On the 1st day of April, 1865, we were lying at a wharf on the James river between Richmond and Powhatan. We had on board some sixty midshipmen and a full corps of professors. The midshipmen were well drilled in infantry tactics, and all of the professors save one had served in the army or navy.

On Sunday, April 2, 1865, I received about noon a dispatch from Hon. S. K. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, to the following effect: "Have the corps of midshipmen, with the proper officers, at the Danville depot to-day at 6 P. M.; the commanding officer to report to the Quartermaster-General of the army."

Upon calling at the Navy Department I learned that the city was to be evacuated immediately, and that the services of the corps were required to take charge of and guard the Confederate treasure.

Accordingly at 6 o'clock I was at the depot with all my officers and men—perhaps something over one hundred, all told—and was then put in charge of a train of cars, on which was packed the Confederate treasure, and the money belonging to the banks of Richmond.

ABOUT HALF A MILLION.

I will here remark that neither the Secretary of the Treasury, nor the Treasurer were with the treasure. The senior officer of the Treasury present was a cashier, and he informed me, to the best of my recollection, that there was about \$500,000 in gold, silver, and bullion. I saw the boxes containing it, many times in the weary thirty days I had it under my protection, but I never saw the coin.

Sometime in the evening the President, his Cabinet and other officials left the depot for Danville. The train was well packed. General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, however, did not start with the President. He remained with me at the depot until I got off, which was not until somewhere near midnight. The General went out of the city on horseback.

Our train being heavily loaded and crowded with passengers—even the roofs and platform-steps occupied—went very slowly. How we got by Amelia Courthouse without falling in with Sheridan's men,

has been a mystery to me to this day. We were unconscious of our danger, however, and took matters philosophically. Monday, April 3d, in the afternoon, we arrived at Danville, where we found the President and his Cabinet, save General Breckenridge, who came in on Wednesday. On Monday night Admiral Semmes arrived with the officers and men of the James River squadron. His was the last train out of Richmond.

We did not unpack the treasure from the cars at Danville. Some, I believe, was taken for the use of the government, and, I suspect, was paid out to General Johnston's men after the surrender, but the main portion of the money remained with me. The midshipmen bivouacked near the train.

IN THE MINT.

About the 6th of April, I received orders from Mr. Mallory to convey the treasure to Charlotte, N. C., and deposit it in the mint. Somewhere about the 8th, we arrived at Charlotte. I deposited the money-boxes in the mint, took a receipt from the proper officials, and supposed that my connection with it was at an end. Upon attempting to telegraph back to Mr. Mallory for further orders, however, I found that Salisbury was in the hands of the enemy—General Stoneman's men, I think.

The enemy being between me and the President (at least such was the report at the time, though I am not sure now that it was so), and the probability being that he would immediately push for Charlotte, it became necessary to remove the money. I determined, on my own responsibility, to convey it to Macon, Ga.

Mrs. President Davis and family were in town. They had left Richmond a week before the evacuation. I called upon her, represented the danger of capture, and persuaded her to put herself under our protection. A company of uniformed men, under Captain Tabb, volunteered to accompany me. These men were attached to the navy-yard in Charlotte. Most of them belonged to the game little town of Portsmouth, Va., and a better set of men never shouldered a musket. They were as true as steel.

Having laid in, from the naval storehouse, large quantities of coffee, sugar, bacon, and flour, we started in the cars with the treasure and arrived at Chester, S. C. This was, I think, about the 12th of April.

FORMED A TRAIN.

We here packed the money and papers in wagons and formed a train. We started the same day for Newberry, S. C. Mrs. Davis and family were provided by General Preston with an ambulance. Several ladies in our party—wives of officers—were in army wagons; the rest of the command were on foot, myself included.

The first night we encamped at a crossroads "meeting-house." I here published orders regulating our march, and made every man carry a musket. The Treasury clerks, bank officers, and others made up a third company, and we mustered some one hundred and fifty fighting men. Supposing that General Stoneman would follow, we held ourselves ready to repel an attack by day and night.

At sunset of the second day we went into camp about thirty miles from Newberry, S. C., and breaking camp very early the next morning, we crossed the beautiful Broad river on a pontoon bridge at noon, and about 4 P. M. arrived at Newberry. The quartermaster immediately prepared a train of cars, and we started for Abbeville, S. C., as soon as the treasure could be transferred.

ALWAYS AHEAD.

On the march across the state of South Carolina we never permitted a traveler to go in advance of us, and we were not on a line of telegraphic communication; yet, singular to say, the news that we had the Confederate money was always ahead of us. [See Sir Walter Scott's remark on this point in "Old Mortality."] We arrived at Abbeville at midnight, and passed the remainder of the night in the cars. Mrs. Davis and family here left me and went to the house of the Hon. Mr. Burt, a former member of Congress. In the morning we formed a wagon train and started for Washington, Georgia. The news we got at different places along the route was bad; "unmerciful disaster followed fast and followed faster." We "lightened ship" as we went along—throwing away books, stationery, and perhaps Confederate money. One could have traced us by these marks, and have formed an idea of the character of the news we were receiving.

From Abbeville to Washington is about forty miles, and we made a two days' march of it. The first day we crossed the Savannah river about 2 P. M. and went into camp. The next day we arrived

at Washington. Here we learned that General Wilson, United States army, with 10,000 cavalry, had captured Macon, and was on his way north.

After a day's deliberation and a consultation with some of the citizens of Washington, I determined to go to Augusta.

HEARD OF THE SURRENDER.

On the 18th of April, or thereabouts, we left in the train, and at the junction, while we were waiting for the western train to pass, we heard of General Lee's surrender. This we did not at the time credit. We arrived at Augusta in due time, and I made my report to General D. B. Fry, the commanding general. General Fry informed me he could offer no protection, as he had few troops, and was expecting to surrender to General Wilson as soon as he appeared with his cavalry. However, Generals Johnston and Sherman had just declared an armistice, and that gave us a breathing spell. The money remained in the cars, and the midshipman and the Charlotte company lived in the depot. While in Augusta, and afterwards, I was frequently advised by officious persons to divide the money among the Confederates, as the war was over, and it would otherwise fall into the hands of the Federal troops.

The answer to this was that the war was *not* over as long as General Johnston held out, and that the money would be held intact until we met President Davis.

DECLINED TO DISBAND.

While waiting in Augusta I received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. Mallory directing me to disband my command; but under the circumstances I declined to do so.

On the 20th of April, General Fry notified me that the armistice would end the next day, and he advised me to "move on." I decided to retrace my steps, thinking it more than probable that President Davis would hear of Mrs. Davis being left in Abbeville. Accordingly we left Augusta on the 23d, arrived at Washington the same day, formed a train again, and started for Abbeville. On the way we met Mrs. President Davis and family, escorted by Col. Burton N. Harrison, the President's private secretary. I have forgotten where they said they were going, if they told me.

THREATS MADE TO SEIZE IT.

Upon our arrival at Abbeville, which was, I think, about the 28th, we stored the treasure in an empty warehouse and placed a guard over it. The town was full of paroled men from General Lee's army. Threats were made by these men to seize the money, but the guard remained firm. On the night of May 1st I was aroused by the officer commanding the patrol, and told that "the Yankees were coming." We transferred the treasure to the train of cars which I had ordered to be kept ready with steam up, intending to run to Newberry.

Just at daybreak, as we were ready to start, we saw some horsemen descending the hills, and upon sending out scouts learned that they were the advance guard of President Davis.

About 10 A. M., May 2, 1865, President Davis and his Cabinet (save Messrs. Trenholm and Davis) rode in. They were escorted by four skeleton brigades of cavalry—not more than one thousand badly-armed men in all. These brigades were, I think, Duke's, Dibrell's, Vaughan's, and Ferguson's. The train was a long one. There were many brigadier-generals present—General Bragg among them—and wagons innumerable.

TURNED OVER TO GENERAL DUKE.

I had several interviews with President Davis and found him calm and composed, and resolute to a degree. As soon as I saw Mr. Mallory he directed me to deliver the treasure to General Basil Duke, and disband my command. I went to the depot, and there, in the presence of my command, transferred it accordingly. General Duke was on horseback, and no papers passed. The Charlotte company immediately started for home, accompanied by our best wishes. I have a dim recollection that a keg of cents was presented to Captain Tabb for distribution among his men, and that the magnificent present was indignantly declined.

The treasure was delivered to General Duke *intact* so far as I know, though some of it was taken at Danville *by authority*. It had been guarded by the Confederate midshipmen for thirty days, and preserved by them. In my opinion this is what no other organization could have done in those days.

A GALLANT CORPS.

And here I must pay a tribute to these young men—many of them mere lads—who stood by me for so many anxious days. Their training and discipline showed itself conspicuously during that time. During the march across South Carolina, footsore and ragged as they had become by that time, no murmur escaped them, and they never faltered. I am sure that Mr. Davis and Mr. Mallory, if they were alive, would testify to the fact that when they saw the corps in Abbeville, way-worn and weary after its long march, it presented the same undaunted front as when it left Richmond. They were staunch to the last, and verified the adage that "blood will tell."

The officers with me at this time were Captain Rochelle, Surgeon Garrelson, Paymaster Wheliss, and Lieutenants Peek, McGuire, Sanxay, and Armistead. Lieutenants Peek, McGuire, and Armistead are living, and will testify to the truth of the above narrative.

Immediately after turning the money over to General Duke I disbanded my command. And here ends my personal knowledge of the Confederate treasure.

WHAT BECAME OF THE MONEY.

On the evening of May 2d, the President and troops started for Washington, Ga. The next day the cavalry insisted upon having some of the money (so it is stated), and General Breckenridge, with the consent of the President, I believe, paid out to them \$100,000. At least, that is the sum I have seen stated. I know nothing of it myself. It was a wise proceeding on the part of the General, and it enabled the poor, worn-out men to reach their homes.

ITS DISPOSITION.

The remainder of the treasure was carried to Washington, Ga. Here Captain M. H. Clark was appointed assistant treasurer, and in a frank and manly letter to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, for December, 1881, he tells of the disposition of a portion of the money. Some \$40,000, he says, was intrusted to two naval officers for a special purpose—to take to England, probably—but I happen to know that this was not done, and this money was never accounted

for, and moderate sums were paid to various officers, whose vouchers he produces. Thus, it seems, he paid \$1,500 to two of the President's aids, and the same amount to my command. That is, he gave us who had preserved the treasure for thirty days the same amount he gave to each of the aids. I do not know who ordered this distribution, but we were very glad to get it, as we were far from home and penniless. It gave us each twenty days' pay.

NEVER ACCOUNTED FOR.

In my opinion a good deal of the money was never accounted for, and there remains what sailors call a "Flemish account" of it.

[Some of the above is transcribed with the kind permission of the Messrs. Scribner from my "Recollections of a Naval Officer." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1883.]

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

Several years ago I read in the papers an account of a box being left with a widow lady who lived, in 1865, near the pontoon bridge across the Savannah river. It was to this effect: The lady stated that on May 3, 1865, a party of gentlemen on their way from Abbeville to Washington, Ga., stopped at her house, and were a long time in consultation in her parlor. These gentlemen were Mr. Davis and his Cabinet beyond a doubt. Upon leaving, they gave the lady a box, which, they stated, was too heavy to take with them. After they were gone the lady opened the box, and found it to be full of jewelry. Somewhat embarrassed with so valuable a gift, the lady sent for her minister (a Baptist) and told him the circumstances. By his advice, she buried the box in her garden secretly at night. A few days after, an officer rode up to the house, inquired about the box, and said he had been sent back for it. The lady delivered it up, and the man went off.

Now, I believe this story to be true in every respect, and I furthermore believe that the box contained the jewelry which had been contributed by patriotic Confederate ladies. The idea had been suggested some time in 1864, but was never fully carried out. Nevertheless, some ladies sacrificed their jewels, as I have reason to know.

As for the man who carried off the box, whether he was really sent back for it or was a despicable thief, will probably never be known,

but to say the least, his action was, as our Scotch friends say, "vara suspescious."

CAPTURE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Mr. Davis was captured on the morning of May 9th, just a week after my interview with him at Abbeville. There were with him at the time Mrs. Davis and three children; Miss Howell, her sister; Mr. Reagan, Postmaster-General; Colonels Johnston, Lubbock, and Wood, volunteer aids; Mr. Burton Harrison, secretary, and, I think, a Mr. Barnwell, of South Carolina. There may have been others, but I do not know. Of these, all were captured save only Mr. Barnwell.

It is not my intention to write of this affair, as I was not present, and besides, Colonels Johnston and Lubbock, Judge Reagan, and others have written full accounts of it. I only intend to tell of the escape of my old friend and comrade, John Taylor Wood, as I had it from his lips only a few months ago in Richmond. It has never appeared in print, and I am only sorry I cannot put it in the graphic language of Wood himself.

But this is what he told me, as well as I recollect:

COLONEL WOOD'S ESCAPE.

The party was captured just before daybreak on the 9th of May. Wood was placed in charge of a Dutchman, who spoke no English. While the rest of the Federal troops were busy in securing their prisoners and plundering the camp, Wood held a \$20 gold piece (the universal interpreter) to his guard, and signified his desire to escape. The Dutchman held up *two* fingers and nodded. Wood gave him \$40 in gold, and stole off to a field, where he laid down among some brushwood. The Federals (under a Colonel Pritchett, I think), having finished their preparations, marched off without missing Colonel Wood.

STARTED FOR FLORIDA.

After they were out of sight, Wood arose and found a broken-down horse, which had been left behind. He also found an old bridle, and mounting the nag, he started for Florida. I have forgotten his adventures, but somewhere on the route he fell in with

Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, and General Breckinridge, Secretary of War. Benjamin and Breckinridge owed their escape to Wood, for Wood was an old naval officer and a thorough seaman. On the coast of Florida they bought a row-boat, and in company of a few others they rowed down the coast, intending either to cross to Cuba or the Bahamas.

A CLOSE CALL.

Landing one day for water and to dig clams they saw a Federal gunboat coming up the coast. Wood mentioned as an evidence of the close watch the United States vessels were keeping, that as soon as the gunboat got abreast of them she stopped and lowered a boat. Thinking it best to put a bold face on the matter, Wood took a couple of men and rowed out to meet the man-of-war's boat. The officer asked who they were. They replied: "Paroled soldiers from Lee's army, making their way home." The officer demanded their paroles, and was told the men on shore had them. It was a long distance to pull, and the officer decided to return to his ship for orders. As he pulled away Wood cried to him: "Do you want to buy any clams?"

Upon the return of the boat she was hoisted up, the gunboat proceeded on her way, and our friends "saw her no more." Proceeding on her way to the southward, the party next fell in with a sail-boat, in which were three sailors, deserters from United States vessels at Key West, trying to make their way to Savannah. Wood and party took their boat, as she was a seaworthy craft, put the sailors in the row-boat, and gave them sailing directions for Savannah.

Wood then took the helm and steered for Cuba. In a squall that night he was knocked overboard. There was but one man in the boat who knew anything at all about managing her, and it looked black for him. Fortunately he caught the main sheet, which was trailing overboard, and was hauled in. It was providential, for upon Wood depended the safety of the entire party.

After suffering much from hunger and thirst they arrived at Matanzas (I think) and were kindly cared for by the Spanish authorities, from whom they received most respectful attention as soon as they made themselves known.

WILLIAM H. PARKER.

Richmond, Va.

[From The New Orleans *Picayune*, October 22, 1893.]

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

Some Letters Written By Him That Have Never Before
Been Published.

Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk at Cassville.

The recent appearance of Hughes' "Life of General Joseph E. Johnston," and the announcement of the placing in the hands of the printers of a "Life of General Leonidas Polk," by his son, Dr. William Polk, were the subject of a conversation recently among a few veterans of the Army of the Tennessee, and some facts were mentioned that are deemed of sufficient interest to be placed on record through the columns of your valued paper.

To those who participated in the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, under Joe Johnston, and the failure to give battle at Cassville, is a most fertile source of discussion and of regret. And this was the point of conversation on which the group of talkers lingered the longest.

The enthusiasm that swept through the army, when the announcement was made that it had reached the chosen battle-field, possessed anew the hearts of these old veterans; the cheers that went up from each command as "Old Joe's" ringing battle order was read to the troops reverberated again in their ears; the embers of their deep emotions of elation and disgust that so rapidly succeeded each other on that eventful day burned afresh within them for a while.

And naturally the oft-debated question of the amount of blame attaching to General Johnston's subordinates for this failure to fight came up as of old, and the measure of it, if any, appertaining to General Polk was stated as follows by one of the group: Major Douglas West, who was adjutant-general, attended General Polk on the night of the conference, where Johnston felt compelled to forego the battle and retreat across the Etowah river.

He said that, after Polk's Corps had taken the position assigned to it on the left of Hood's Corps, and in the rear of Cassville, General S. G. French, one of the division generals of the corps, sent a report to General Polk that his position was enfiladed, and that he could not hold it.

General Polk thereupon sent his inspector general, Colonel Sevier, to ascertain about it ; this officer reported back that, in his opinion, General French was warranted in his apprehension.

General Polk requested Colonel Sevier to proceed to General Johnston's headquarters and place the facts before him, which this officer did. General Johnston was loath to believe in the impossibility of holding that part of the line, for, though exposed, it could be made tenable by building traverses and retiring the troops some little to the rear. He instructed Colonel Sevier to have General French build traverses ; this General considered them useless, and persisted in his inability to hold his position.

Colonel Sevier reporting this back to General Polk, in the absence of Captain Walter J. Morris, engineer officer of General Polk's corps (off on some duty), the General sent Major Douglas West to the position of General French's division to have his opinion also, and to have him talk over the situation with this General. When Major West reached there, there was no firing from the enemy, and he could not form an opinion in that way. He, however, conversed with General French on the subject, and returned, reporting General French as highly wrought up about the exposure of his division. General Polk then sent Major West to General Johnston to state the result of his visit to General French's position, and General Johnston reiterated his opinion about the feasibility of holding the position with the use of traverses.

Upon reporting back the remarks of General Johnston, Major West found that Captain Morris had reached General Polk's headquarters, and the captain, in turn, was sent to French's position to make a thorough survey and report of it. He made a very thorough one, and reported the position as very exposed for the defensive, but as admirable for the offensive. General Polk, since the first report from General French, appeared much annoyed at this unexpected weakness in his line, which, from the pertinacity of General French, was growing into an obstacle to the impending battle, for which General Polk shared the enthusiasm and confidence of the troops.

That evening about sunset General Hood rode up to General Polk's headquarters, with Major General French, and, at his suggestion, General Johnston was asked to meet the three Lieutenant Generals at Polk's headquarters for the purpose of consulting that night on the situation. At the appointed hour Generals Johnston, Hood and Polk met at the latter's headquarters. General Hardee was not present, he not having been found in time, after dilligent search. General Hood arrived at the rendezvous, accompanied by General French, whose division rested upon his left in the line of battle. General Polk had not asked General French, who was of his corps, to be present at headquarters for the occasion, and General Hood's action in bringing him was altogether gratuitous. Upon arriving with French, General Hood excused his action by stating that he considered the situation so vital to himself and French that he had taken the liberty to ask General French to come with him to the conference. After awaiting General Hardee's arrival for a good while, Generals Johnston, Polk, and Hood retired to the rough cabin-house, where Polk had established his headquarters, and General French and the staff officers of the different generals remained outside beyond earshot.

It was past midnight when the meeting broke up, and the Generals stepped out and called their escorts and attending staff.

General Polk immediately instructed Major West to issue orders to his division generals to move as soon as guides would be furnished them. Captain Morris was ordered to procure these immediately. General Polk communicated detailed instructions, but appeared deeply absorbed. In silence everything was carried out, and the corps had taken up the march, and moved some distance before Major West was aware that the army was in retreat. He had been by the General's side, or close in the rear of him, from the moment of the termination of the conference, and the General had not spoken about it. Thus they had ridden a good while, the Major, respecting the General's silent mood, had not thought proper to inquire about the destination of the column. An officer of General Hardee's staff, Captain Thomas H. Hunt, was the first to inform Major West that the army was retreating, because General Polk, at the conference, had insisted that he could not hold his position in the line of battle selected by Johnston. Stung by this statement, Major West denied it emphatically, and, as his informant insisted on its correctness, Major West rode up to General Polk, and asked him where the

column was marching to? General Polk said they were retreating to beyond the Etowah river. Major West then told him of the report that had reached him, and asked him if he was the cause of the abandonment of the intended battle at Cassville? General Polk asked who had made the statement, and, when told that it was a staff officer of General Hardee, who also had added that said impression prevailed along the column, and, Major West asking that he be authorized to deny the report, General Polk was silent for a moment, and then said to Major West: "To-morrow everything will be made as clear as day."

General Polk never again spoke of this matter to the Major, although with him day and night during that long and terrible campaign, in which he lost his life at Pine mountain, on the 14th day of July, 1864. But the impression left upon his staff officers was that the failure to keep battle at Cassville was not due to any representations made by General Polk, but the objections made by Lieutenant-General Hood, the left of whose line joined French's division.

General Polk had so little confidence in the representations of the weakness of the line at the point referred to, that he did not go there in person. But for General Hood's invitation, Major-General French would not have been called to the conference, and consequently, when General Hood urged the untenability of his line, and supported it by bringing one of Polk's division commanders, French, to confirm him (although Polk's other division commanders, Loring and Walthall, offered no objection), and in the absence of Lieutenant-General Hardee, General Polk could only reply upon the report of his chief topographical engineer, Captain Morris, and Major-General French, and sustain Lieutenant-General Hood in his opinion that the line could not be held after an attack.

General Polk was too noble and patriotic to care for his personal fame, and made no effort during his life to put himself properly on record for his connection with the abandonment of the line at Cassville, for he was always ready to give battle, or to take any responsibilities of his position. He fought for his cause, not for his reputation.

Another of this group of old veterans had been of Hardee's corps on that occasion. He recounted that his battery had been assigned by "Old Joe" to an important post on Hardee's line, the angle at which the left flank deflected back. Vividly he described his posi-

tion—the knoll upon which his guns were planted, the open fields around, that gave promise of great slaughter of the foe when he undertook to carry the point. This prospect and the pride arising from the very danger of their post, stimulated the men in their labors of entrenching, which was necessary at this end of the line of battle, where there were none of the natural advantages the troops of Polk and Hood derived from the hills on which they were posted. But all worked with an energy that arose to enthusiasm, for confidence in “Old Joe,” confidence in the “old reliable,” and confidence in themselves, inspired the men of this company, as it did those of the whole corps. The redoubt was nearly completed, when, about two o’clock in the morning, Captain Sid. Hardee, of General Hardee’s staff, rode up and ordered the work to cease, and the battery made ready to move. This officer then stated that the intention to fight a battle there was abandoned; that Polk and Hood had insisted that they could not hold their position of the line. He added that General Hardee had objected to the retreat, and had offered to change positions with either of the other corps rather than forego giving battle.

In deep disappointment and disgust, Hardee’s men moved off, blaming Polk and Hood for compelling the abandonment of a field which seemed to be pregnant with a glorious victory.

The impressions of that night had remained ineffaceable, and the unfought battle had been a deep source of regret during the war, and of deep interest since. So much so since that it had led to a correspondence between one of the officers of the company and General Johnston.

The allusion to this correspondence naturally brought about the production of the following original letters of General Johnston on this and other war matters, which are now for the first time put in print, and which will be deposited in the archives of the Louisiana Historical Association by

“ONE OF HARDEE’S CORPS.”

SAVANNAH, GA., June 19, 1874.

DEAR SIR—The only approach to criticism of General Lee by me, I believe, is that you will find on page 62, of “Johnston’s Narrative.”

There, in defending myself against accusations of not taking Washington and conquering the United States, after the battle of Manassas,

I pointed to General Lee's two unsuccessful invasions as proof that I could not succeed in such warfare, and evidence that the Confederacy was too weak for it. Certainly, that was neither criticism nor condemnation. It was simply saying that General Lee's failures proved the weakness of the Confederacy. That where he failed, I could not be expected to succeed.

Yours truly,

[Signed]

J. E. JOHNSTON.

To Charles G. Johnson, Esq.

SAVANNAH, GA., June 19, 1874.

Charles G. Johnson, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—I have attempted the sketch you asked for in your friendly note of the 16th. I assure you that the evidences of your friendship are in the highest degree gratifying; for I love of all things the favorable opinion and friendly feelings of the class to which you belong—the men with whom I stood in battle.

Excuse this very rough sketch.* It is more than thirty years since my last effort of the kind.

The part of Hardee's left thrown back, is Bate's division. I think your battery was near the angle.

In the map in the book, the "country road," east of Cassville, is omitted. It is necessary to the understanding of the intended offensive movement.

The position sketched was taken in the afternoon for defence, the attack was intended near noon—when Sherman was at Kingston, and Hardee near it. For it, Hood was to march by his right flank on the country road, east of and parallel to that to Adairsville. When his rear was opposite A, Polk was to move towards Adairsville, in order of battle, until he met the enemy, when he became engaged, Hood was to face to the left and take the Federals in flank. Before the time came to order General Polk forward, General Hood, moving towards Adairsville on the country road, upon a wild report, turned back, and formed his corps on the line marked B. This frustrated the design of attacking, and put us on the defensive.

In the discussion at night between Generals Hood, Polk and myself, the question was only of holding the position sketched. The

* The diagram was given in the *Picayune*.

plan of attacking had been frustrated by General Hood. Our opportunity to attack was when the Federal army was divided—a part at Kingston, another part on the road from Adairsville.

To attack Sherman's concentrated army would have been inexpressibly absurd. General Hood expressed no such idea at the time. To postpone the attack from the afternoon, when the Federals were entrenching, until the next morning, when they were entrenched, would have been stupid.

Very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

SAVANNAH, GA., June 30, 1875.

To J. A. Chalaron, Esq., Chairman, etc.:

MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 25th and inclosures are just received. I regret very much not to have the means of contributing to your interesting object. The records of the army belonged to it, of course, and, I apprehend were lost, or greatly reduced, by the march into and out of Tennessee in the last days of 1864. All that was then saved is now in possession of Colonel Kinloch Falconer, of Holly Springs, Miss. You may remember him as assistant-adjutant-general of the army. I have just written to request him to give you any information contained in his records. General Bragg's arrangement of the artillery of Tennessee was a reserve of six or eight batteries under a lieutenant-colonel, and a distribution of the remainder—a battery brigade. In the early spring of 1864, it was more completely organized into a reserve of three or four battalions, under a brigadier-general, and into regiments—one for each corps.

I wish very much that the application for service with me, made by the company March 4, 1865, had been received, for I should have had a very great pleasure ten years sooner, that of knowing that one of the truest and bravest bodies of Confederate troops with which I served in trying times, gave me the confidence it inspired in all those who ever commanded it. Nothing that I have read in the last ten years has touched my heart like the copy of that application. Such proofs of favorable opinion and friendly feeling of the best class of our countrymen is rich compensation to an old man, for the sacrifice of the results of the labors of a life-time.

Begging you to assure the Fifth Company of the Washington Artillery of my remembrance of their admirable service in 1863 and 1864, in Mississippi and Georgia, and thanking you earnestly for the very agreeable terms of your letter, I am very truly yours,

J. E. JOHNSTON.

Can you send me a copy of Captain Johnson's account of the capture of the Federal fort in Mill Creek Gap in the fall of 1864?

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, January 7, 1894.]

THE CAREER OF LEONIDAS POLK.

The Soldier Who Abandoned the Army for the Church,

And Became a General When the War Between the States Broke Out,
Earning a Reputation for Gallantry Which Survives Hostile Criticism
An Interesting Figure in American History.

The New York *Tribune*, eminently a Northern journal, in a review of Dr. William M. Polk's book on "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," says: In the far future, when the affairs of the present century may be viewed with philosophical indifference, it will perhaps occur to some student of mankind that the career of Leonidas Polk was of significance in the history of civilization. Such a student will be reminded that only certain periods have been marked by the appearance, as warriors, of men of rank in any religious system. In Europe this phenomenon has hardly been observed since the close of the Middle Ages, and the tendency there of the Nineteenth century has been such as to give characteristic value to the case of Pius IX, who left a military career for the church. But if the coming philosopher should deem the example of Polk sufficient to put the civilization of the American slave States on a level with that of the mediaeval chivalric period, he should nevertheless not be allowed to overlook the fact that the bishop who became a general had earlier turned from military life to become a priest. Thus, if he resembled the bishops of feudal times in his old age, he was in youth as complete a symbol of modern tendencies as the Pope whose name has been cited. In

fact, he was more—for the physical reasons which affected the choice of a career for Pius would in Polk's case have prevented him from taking orders. His life as a rector was interrupted by ill-health, and everything went to show that his physical well-being required activity out of doors. In putting aside the ambitions of a soldier he not only did violence to his own preferences, but to a family tradition which was exceptionally strong, both his father and grandfather having served with distinction in the war of independence. The present generation of Americans can perhaps hardly realize how much nearer the European ideal in force and tenacity family tradition was a century ago than it is now in this country. America was then just out of colonial leading strings. She had barely begun to diverge from habits which under previous conditions she would only too gladly have strengthened and perpetuated. When Leonidas Polk, after completing an honorable course of study at West Point, decided to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he gave his father a shock of surprise such as he could have given him in no other way.

Dr. Polk gives a deeply interesting narrative of the incidents which attended his father's conversion. It came about through the influence of a new chaplain at West Point, McIlvaine, later the eloquent bishop of Ohio. The professors and cadets who had idled their way as best they could through sermon-time in other days listened with open-eyed interest to a preacher who had a message, and who knew how to deliver it. Polk—tall, handsome, a soldier by heredity not less than by education—was the first to yield. When he knelt for the first time in chapel to take a courageous part in the service, his act was the beginning of what seemed almost like a religious revolution at the post. Other young men followed his example, and in nearly every case they were prompted by his zeal. Dr. Polk suggested that his father had been skeptical in early youth, but there seemed to have been no doubts of a stubborn sort. What happened was that the soldierly instincts and training of the young cadet were turned to a new purpose. He realized in himself the favorite figure of speech about the soldier of the cross. He troubled himself little about difficult questions. What he looked for from the time when he decided to enter the ministry was orders. At the Theological Seminary in Alexandria he gained only a smattering of Greek and Hebrew, little insight into speculative problems, and no philosophy.

His health soon broke down in the ministry. An interval of foreign

travel was followed by years in which Polk was as much a farmer as a clergyman. Then came the appointment as missionary bishop of the Southwest, and later the care of the diocese of Louisiana. These not only satisfied his religious aspirations, but met the physical necessity for a life in the open air. His field of labor was almost boundless, and his travels were incessant. But his diocesan tasks are of interest here mainly because at the outset they included territory which was not a part of the United States. Churchmen, and doubtless others, will remember the position assumed by Bishop Polk at the time of Louisiana's secession respecting the relations of his diocese to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. He held that the constitution of the Church limited it to the boundaries of the nation. If by any accident the nation lost control of any region, the churchmen of that region became independent of the Church as a national body. In the light of such a declaration, one recalls with glee the fact that Polk's first jurisdiction as a bishop included the Republic of Texas. In his episcopal visits he went into a foreign country perhaps, annually; yet it probably never occurred to him that he passed on these occasions beyond the pale of the Church to which he owed allegiance. Subsequent events made his distinction in one case as futile as it would have been in the other; though, as Dr. Polk points out, if the States in rebellion had achieved their independence, the division in the Episcopal Church, North and South, would have been a practical fact, whatever method canon lawyers might have taken to account for or to ignore it. The Bishop's haste and eagerness, however, to make his point, doubtless did as much as anything to fix upon him the accusation which his biographer deeply resents, that "he was one of those who were said to be plotting the dissolution of the Union." The absorbing interests of his growing diocese, and particularly the effort to carry out the plans which he had studied for years for a great university, are indicated as occupations vast enough even for a man of Bishop Polk's activity. Americans, as time proceeds, will perhaps be less and less certain as to the deliberate purpose of any man, or any group of men, to bring on the civil war. In the light of what happened afterwards, Bishop Polk's own letter to President Buchanan on the right of peaceable secession reads almost like a missive from one distraught, but unquestionably it expressed the hope of many Southern men of intelligence. The mere supposition that Buchanan could change the purposes which were forming in the

minds of the people was perhaps not the least fatuous element in the letter.

Enthusiastic as the bishop was in the cause of secession, his thoughts were turned to active participation in the conflict by an incident from which he and his family alone were sufferers. When war became a certainty he removed his wife and children from New Orleans to a house at Sewanee, Tennessee, on the lands where he had hoped to raise his proposed university, and they were barely settled before the house was burned over their heads. "He never doubted," says his biographer, "that the outrage was prompted by political animosity. From that day forward he considered the war against the South not so much as an international war of aggression and conquest, but rather as a war of spoliation, incendiarism, outrage, and assassination, which every man who recognized the first law of nature was bound in duty to resist, with whatever powers of head or hand he had received." In the very words which Dr. Polk has here chosen can be felt something of the exaggeration characteristic of the war period. The bishop himself wrote: "I am satisfied that it was the work of an incendiary, and that it was prompted by the spirit of black Republican hate." Yet, so far as evidence of incendiarism goes, these volumes are so void of it as to suggest the need of a monograph carefully treating the question whether that fire which converted a bishop into a general was not accidental after all. But this wrathful beginning was not followed by hasty acts. The bishop deliberated long before taking up the sword; and when he did take it up he did so with the express determination of laying it down as soon as possible. His letters of resignation to Jefferson Davis were frequent, especially in the early part of the war. They were not accepted, but they had the effect which indecisive conduct on the part of a military leader always has. They raised a feeling of distrust. If this was not exemplified in words, it certainly was in the acts of the Confederate government, so-called. Polk was practically the creator of what was styled "the Army of Mississippi." One must suppose when he named the men in succession under whom he wished to serve, or in whose favor he wished to retire from military service, that his alternative was his own supremacy in the department assigned to him. He wanted Albert Sydney Johnston, and Davis sent him Beauregard. He urged the merits of Joseph E. Johnston, and was saddled with Bragg. Beauregard came upon him as a sort

of calamity after the battle of Belmont, Missouri, and after he had industriously fortified Columbus, Kentucky. It is easy to read in Polk's letter, as given in these volumes, that his chagrin was deep when Columbus was evacuated. But this was only the beginning of his troubles as a division commander.

An effort was made to hold him responsible for the result of the battle of Shiloh. His biographer is convinced that the entire Union army could have been captured at the end of the first day's fighting. He points out that the battle should have been fought a day earlier than it was in any case, and that with becoming promptness the Federal army could have been taken utterly by surprise. The failure to accomplish these things as fully as was hoped, he attributes to the illness of Beauregard, and to the delays which Bragg experienced in getting up troops who were unaccustomed to marching. Later came the campaign which culminated with the battle of Perryville. All through this campaign, he maintains, Bragg handled his army in accordance with his mental impressions as to what Buell, the Federal commander, ought to be doing; and not in the light of information constantly pressed upon him from the front. The result was that Polk, as his biographer estimates, had to fight 58,000 men with 16,000, while Bragg gathered 36,000 men in the direction of Frankfort, Kentucky, to oppose a mere detachment of Buell's army, amounting to 12,000 men. After the battle of Chickamauga, Dr. Polk insists that it took Bragg so long to learn that his army was victorious as to make the triumph—which had cost the loss of one man out of every three—utterly useless. The elder Polk himself described Bragg's conduct as weak, and added an epigram—he had a taste for neat phrases—to the effect that there were times when weakness was wickedness. Subsequently, his wish for the appointment of Joseph E. Johnston as commander was gratified. But the possibility of retrieving past errors or misfortunes had gone by, and in the last scene of all, when Polk fell on Kenesaw, the manner of his death was such as he might have deliberately sought. Consciously or unconsciously he seems to have challenged the fate that came to him. "General Polk," writes his son, "walked to the crest of the hill and, entirely exposed, turned himself around, as if to take a farewell view. Folding his arms across his breast, he stood intently gazing on the scene below. While he thus stood a cannon shot crashed through his breast, and, opening a wide door, let free that indomitable spirit."

Polk will always be an interesting figure in American history, not so much for what he did as for the contrasts in his career. The volumes in hand, if not impartial, are at least decorous in form, harsh judgments being generally tempered by some words of kindness. The illustrations comprise several portraits of Polk as bishop and general, and numerous charts or tracings of the battles and campaigns in which he was engaged.

THE EXECUTION OF DR. DAVID MINTON WRIGHT

By the Federal Authorities, at Norfolk, Virginia,
October 23, 1862.

[Among the tragic events of the late war between the States, none enlists deeper sympathy and will be permanently more harrowing, than the ignominious fate of Dr. David Minton Wright, of Norfolk, Virginia. His was a character cast in the noblest mould, and animated by the most generous impulses.

A friend bears touching testimony to his qualities of mind and heart.

Whilst hostilities were impending, "although devoted to the South, he deprecated the war, expressed his love for the Union, and hoped the wisdom and patriotism of the nation would assert themselves before an issue was irretrievably made between its sections. In a word, he spoke as a patriot, and not as a politician, giving expression to the most liberal and fraternal sentiments, and exhibiting that his position was altogether conservative."*

As civil law had been established by the Federal authorities in Norfolk, it was expected that justice by civil trial would have been conceded Dr. Wright. The services of Hon. Reverdy Johnson for his defence were secured, and an appeal was made to President Lincoln for the grace, but it was denied. "A trial by court-martial was immediately held; no extenuating circumstances were admitted, and the simple fact that an officer of the army had been slain by a rebel sympathizer outweighed all other considerations, and this good

*"A Doctor's Experiences in Three Continents," by Edward Warren-Bey, M. D., C. M., LL. D., page 191.

man, who had never entertained an unkind thought toward a human being, and who had only fired as a last resort when his life was in jeopardy, was condemned to die the death of a felon, and was actually hung, despite the entreaties of his wife and children, the appeals of his friends, and the protests of the Confederate authorities." Thus died "a gentleman, a Christian, and a hero.*"

The deplorable circumstances which caused the visitation of extreme penalty on an involuntary agent, were presented by a distinguished physician of Norfolk, Dr. L. B. Anderson, well known throughout the State, in the *Landmark* of December 31, 1892. This account is republished with a slight emendation, which is noted.]

On the 10th of May, 1862, a report reached the officials of Norfolk that General Wool, of the Northern army, was advancing upon the city from the direction of Hampton Roads at the head of 8,000 troops. It seems that the advance upon the city was designed to have been via the Indian Poll bridge and Church street. But when the enemy approached the bridge a squad of Confederates, who, seeing the dust raised by them, halted at the northern end and opened fire with two pieces of small artillery.

Their speedy disappearance, and the piles of knapsacks, blankets, and other superfluous incumbrances, fully attested the consternation with which they received the Confederate salutation. They deflected their march and moved on until they intersected the Princess Anne road, a distance of seventeen miles, and approached the city from that direction. In the meantime the city officials had held a meeting and drawn up the terms of surrender, and deputed Mayor Lamb, the father of our present Colonel William Lamb, Mr. J. B. Whitehead, Mr. Charles H. Rowland, Mr. George W. Camp, and Captain James Cornick, to proceed to meet General Wool beyond the city limits, and arrange the terms of surrender. They went out in two carriages just beyond a little bridge across Princess Anne avenue, a short distance beyond Chapel street, which was the eastern boundary of the city. Here they raised a white handkerchief on a pole, and awaited the approach of the Federals.

In a short time a squad of videttes rode up, who were informed that these gentlemen were city officials and desired to see General Wool. They immediately retraced their steps, and shortly after, the

* *Ibid*, page 192.

General, accompanied by a company of horse and other officials, made their appearance. After the usual salutations, General Wool, his legal adviser, and the Norfolk officials entered a small wooden house, still standing on the northern side of the avenue just beyond the bridge. The terms of surrender drawn up by the City Council, which, in brief, were a surrender of all public property, with an assurance that persons and private property should be respected and protected by the Federal officials, were now submitted to General Wool. When this was done, the legal adviser essayed to speak, when General Wool waved his hand and stopped him. He then accepted the proposed terms, and with some of his officers entered the carriages with the Norfolk deputation, and rode down to the City Hall to confer with the Council. During the passage of the city and Federal officials through the city, the hypocritical demonstration of a few low whites and the wild, unbridled exultation of the negroes were indescribable.

During the administration of General Wool, a noble old army officer and a gentleman, the terms of the surrender were respected, and persons and property were rigidly protected. Remaining but a short time, he left General Veille in command, whose department was soon placed under the supervision of General Ben. Butler. From this time onward private houses were searched, valuable private property seized, boxed up and shipped North. While now and then a considerate and unselfish officer would hold the reins of government, frequently the controlling power was in the hands of a cruel, niggardly despot, who not only annoyed, irritated and harrassed the people beyond measure, but often as many as three Federal soldiers were seen at a time suspended by their thumbs, so as barely to touch the head of the barrel on which they were presumed to stand with their toes, and being kept in this position bareheaded for hours in the greatest agony.

To submit quietly to the authority of such a man, and bear with patience the petty annoyances to which they were constantly and unreasonably subjected, was truly annoying to every Virginian freeman. But when General Butler sent over negro troops who took possession of the sidewalks and rudely thrust both ladies and gentlemen from their way, the feeling of indignation and irritation was almost unbearable. It was during the first of these parades of negro troops on the sidewalk that the following memorable scene occurred:

As Dr. David Minton Wright, of the city of Norfolk, was walking up Main street on the afternoon of July the 11th, 1862; just as he reached a point opposite the store of Foster & Moore, now occupied by S. Frank & Son, No. 156, he met a column of negro troops, commanded by a white lieutenant by the name of Sanborn. As they completely filled the sidewalk, everybody, old and young, little and big, ladies and gentlemen, were compelled to yield to their arrogant usurpation, and surrender, for the first time in the history of Norfolk, to a military satrap and his sable soldiers, an avenue, which had always been assigned to civil pedestrians.

"The poor Doctor, in the excitement of the moment as it passed him for the first time, exclaimed, 'How dastardly!' and, the officer hearing the remark, turned upon him with his drawn sword. At this critical moment, a friend thrust a pistol in his hand." *

The Doctor, holding the pistol behind him, warned Sanborn to "stand off." Disregarding the warning, Sanborn continued to advance, when Dr. Wright fired the shot, taking effect in Sanborn's left hand. The latter still advancing and "persisting (as Dr. Wright stated) in having a gentleman arrested by his negro troops," he fired again, the ball taking effect in a vital part. They then clinched, Sanborn struggling to get possession of the pistol, which Dr. Wright retained, "and, had it pointed at his breast, could have killed him instantly, but did not fire again, though negro bayonets were within four feet of his breast." So soon as they ceased to struggle, Lieutenant Sanborn, weak and faint, "went into the store of Foster & Moore and immediately expired." The Provost guard then arrested and conducted "Dr. Wright before Major Bovey, who committed him to jail to await trial."

The above succinct account of this tragical affair, which has been derived from a close analysis of the testimony given by the leading witnesses, harmonizes with the account of Dr. Wright himself, and, I believe, constitutes the only rational and reliable portraiture of the whole transaction which has ever been given to the public. Who was Dr. Wright?

*The account of Dr. Anderson is here slightly amended, upon the authority of Dr. Edward Warren-Bey, ("A Doctor's Experiences in Three Continents," page 192) and of members of Dr. Wright's family. Dr. Wright had never carried firearms, insisting that no one should go prepared to take the life of another.

Dr. David Minton Wright was born in Nansemond county, Virginia, in the year of our Lord 1809. After his preliminary education was sufficiently advanced he was sent to the military school of Captain Patrick, in Middletown, Connecticut. After completing the usual course here, he returned home and then entered the office of Dr. William Warren, of Edenton, North Carolina, the father of Dr. Edward Warren (Bey), now of Paris. After prosecuting his studies for some time under the tutorage of Dr. Warren he repaired to Philadelphia, where he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania as doctor of medicine about the year 1833. After his graduation he remained for a time in attendance upon the hospitals. Returning to Edenton, North Carolina, he settled there and commenced the practice of medicine. During the early years of his sojourn in his new home he united with his preceptor in the practice of medicine, and continued in association with him for eighteen years.

Two years after he settled in Edenton, he was united in marriage with Miss Penelope Creecy, of whom we will speak more particularly hereafter. After having prosecuted his professional labors, as previously stated, for many years with increasing reputation and success in the town of Edenton, North Carolina, he determined to remove with his large family to Norfolk, Virginia. So in 1854, he located in this city, and soon secured a large and lucrative practice. The next year, 1855, the yellow fever visited the city, and, though he had a large family, both of children and servants, not one of them left the city.

The Doctor threw himself into the great work, which suffering humanity so imperatively demanded of him, with such *abandon* and zeal that he quite early in the progress of the fever fell a victim to its ravages. But the kind nursing of his loving companion, his indomitable will, and the skill of his physicians, in the providence of God, brought him safely through.

After the fever was over, a meeting of the surviving physicians was held to give some expression of their feelings and judgment in regard to their fallen comrades. Dr. Wright was chosen chairman of the meeting, and delivered a most chaste and beautiful address, pronouncing most feeling and impressive eulogies upon all of his martyred comrades. From that time till the opening of the war, Dr. Wright continued the practice of his profession with zeal, energy and success. At the time the Federal troops entered the city, Dr. Wright

and family occupied the house where the Citizens' Bank now stands, opposite the Atlantic Hotel. It was here he lived when Sanborn and his negro troops swept down the northern sidewalk of Main street. It was here, on the 11th day of July, 1862, he celebrated his wedding day, and from thence he went to the store of Foster & Moore, where the active duties of life and his professional career closed forever.

After being remanded to jail, the Federal authorities proceeded to organize a court martial for his trial. It assembled in the custom-house, and for eight days the Doctor, with clanking chains around his wrists and ankles, was carried to the place of trial and compelled to walk up and down the stone steps in the sight of his sympathizing friends. On one occasion as he hobbled out into the porch, some thirty or forty of his acquaintances happened to be standing on the opposite side of the street, when, on seeing him, they simultaneously raised their hats and bowed to him. He immediately raised his fettered hands, lifted his hat, and bowed his head in grateful recognition of their cordial salutation.

While in prison he addressed the following note to his beloved wife:

"I am to be tried by a military commission to-day or to-morrow. I suppose the verdict will be the same as that of the provost marshal, made before he had examined the first witness. Should it be so, let us, while we hope and pray for the best, try to prepare for the worst. To this end I shall pray continually. I wish also to avail myself of the benefits of baptism and the communion. I regret very much having so long deferred this, but you know my feelings and views on the subject. My dear wife, all things must have an end, so to our happiness. Oh! how blest we have been! Blest in mutual love and admiration; blest in congeniality of tastes and sentiments; blest in a store of early memories and associations; blest, oh! how blest, in our dear ones; blest in friends, blest in the confidence and respect of all; blest in health, blest in the means of support, blest in the prospect before us. It was too bright to last, and I have always felt it would terminate by some accident to myself."

In several of his letters he expresses the most affectionate regard for and confidence in his wife and the warmest love for his children.

His wife and friends seem to have exhausted every resource to save him. On one occasion, as reported in the *Old Dominion* newspaper, when Mrs. Wright visited General Foster at Old Point, she carried

one of her little daughters with her, and during the interview the little one climbed upon the knee of the General, and looking wistfully into his face said, "save my father, won't you?" The appeal touched his heart and he wept. On another occasion one of the little boys went to Lieutenant Roberts and most earnestly addressing him, said: "Can I not die for my father?"

Another incident occurred just before the execution, which reflects great credit upon the devoted daughter, who planned and so successfully executed her part of the programme. Having heard it related by many, but always with some variation, I give it as it appeared in the *Old Dominion* three days after it happened.

"ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE."

"The Doctor made a bold attempt to escape from incarceration and its consequences last Wednesday night. Few can penetrate the deep sagacity or subvert the determination of woman. Seeing the desperate circumstances of her father, Miss Penelope, the eldest daughter of Dr. Wright, resorted to an expedient that, in most cases, would result in perfect success, but the readily observed disproportion of the Doctor and his daughter foiled her most sanguine expectations. It has long been the custom of the family to visit the Doctor every evening, and that evening Miss Penelope came as usual, but soon after entering the cell, the light generally used by the Doctor on such occasions was extinguished, which aroused the suspicion of Lieutenant Cook, who has special charge, and he placed a detective fronting the door to watch their movements. But there is no penetrating the mystery of an intelligent woman's deliberate purpose.

"Although the eye of the detective apparently scanned the cell's interior, she managed, in the shadow, to transfer to the Doctor the guise of woman, and so to veil and otherwise conceal his person that in passing through the building there was no recognition, until one of the turnkeys, named Garrison, after he had got out of and some fifty yards from the prison, suggested that that lady was very tall for Dr. Wright's daughter. Lieutenant Cook immediately hurried after the figure, lifted the veil, and discovered the person of the Doctor. He exhibited but little embarrassment, simply observing to the Lieutenant 'that desperate means were pardoned under desperate circumstances,' and, turning, walked back to his cell as uncer-

moniously as if nothing unusual had occurred. Entering, the daughter was found reclining upon the bed, boots on and protruding from the covering—the Doctor's style. She was as much surprised as she was disappointed at the apprehension of her father and the thwarting of her deep-laid scheme."

Another very interesting and remarkable event occurred in the jail during the Doctor's confinement, viz: the marriage of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth M., and Mr. William Henry Talbott. These parties were engaged to be married, and the Doctor wished to witness the marriage ceremony, and hence petitioned the authorities to permit its consummation in the prison, which was granted, and Saturday before the execution, the affianced, with some thirty invited guests, assembled in the office of the prison, and the Doctor "gave away his daughter," the ceremony being performed by a Methodist United States chaplain from Fort Monroe.

The afternoon of the day preceding the closing scene, the Lord's Supper was administered to Dr. Wright in the presence of his family, three or four friends, and a few other spectators, by the Revs. Messrs. Rodman of Christ Church, and Okeson of St. Paul's. The last separation between the Doctor and his family is said to have been most solemn and affecting. It was done. The faithful Mr. Rodman seems to have lingered near to administer the consolations of the Gospel. Morning came. A deeply interesting interview was held between the Doctor and his spiritual adviser. Mr. Rodman then left him for a time.

The day of execution had come, dark clouds obscured the heavens, the city of Norfolk was enshrouded in gloom. Many, very many left early in the day, and sought secluded places of refuge in the country. Many buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their homes with blinds, curtains and doors securely closed.

And while, as we will presently learn from Mr. Rodman, the soulless blacks, and senseless, vulgar whites, thronged Church street as the cortege passed to the Federal gibbet, with the exception of some of his poor patients, who wished to take a last look at their loved and kind physician, who gazed at him as he passed along, and who, so soon as he acknowledged their salutation, burst into tears and ladened the air with their cries and wails—with these exceptions, all of Norfolk had settled into the deepest gloom, only equalled by the darkest hours of the great scourge in 1855,—while Nature, as if in full sym-

pathy with the people, had drawn her sable curtain over the eye of day, that an act which has found a parallel only in the judicial murder of the man of Andersonville, or the woman of Washington, soon after the fall of the Confederacy, might be shut out from her vision forever.

Mr. Rodman returned, while yet it was early, and thus describes the few remaining hours: During the few hours that intervened before morning (I have gone back a little to bring up the connection), he said but little. He said he hoped he had maintained his composure during the presence of his family, and I told him he had astonished me by his remarkable self-possession. He spoke of his wife and children in the most tender and affectionate manner. And once or twice he seemed to be suffering intensely, and remarked, "My brain reels," but he soon recovered his composure. As to the future, he said he had no fears, for he felt assured his family would be provided for, and that God would raise up friends for them; for himself, he placed his trust in God's mercy for pardon and acceptance, through the merits of his Saviour; he frequently expressed his gratitude to me for my visits to him. I left for a short time in the morning, and on going back with the Rev. Messrs. Parkman, Okeson and Hubbard, he mentioned, as we entered his cell, "You find me, gentlemen, putting my little house in order," while he was putting some little things in a box.

As the time for his departure drew nigh we knelt in prayer. Just before leaving he took a long lingering look around the walls of the cell, which had been to him "the house of God and the gate of Heaven." Then he called to his fellow prisoners, many of them by name, and bade them all an affectionate farewell. On reaching the street he asked permission to look into his coffin, which was in the hearse before the door of the jail. The top was taken off, and he stood for some minutes and looked fondly at the daguerreotypes of his wife and children, which he had directed to be hung up around the inside of the coffin.

As he stepped back to the sidewalk, he remarked to me: "I think there is nothing improper in that." Then he saw a man standing on the steps of the jail, who had been editor of the *Old Dominion*, and had written most bitter and untruthful articles about him. "There is a man," said he, "to whom I want to speak." He advanced towards him, extending his hand, and the editor slunk back. "Isn't this

Mr. — ?” asked the doctor. The editor mentioned his name. “I thought so, said the doctor, I wanted to speak to you and shake your hand.” I thought it was the most Christ-like forgiveness of injuries I had ever witnessed.

All the way out of the city the streets were filled with an idle crowd, many of whom, however, were mourners. The windows of the houses on both sides of the streets were filled with women and children, among whom he recognized many of his patients, and, as they caught sight of him, they would break out into wailing and rush away, and the air was loaded with their bitter cries. He was constantly bowing to these, his old friends, and remarked to me: “It is just as well that my mind is occupied in this way.” Several times I repeated to him texts of Scripture and verses of hymns, as they occurred to me, among others the 157th. He asked me to repeat the second verse, “Brought safely by Thy hand thus far,” &c. He repeated afterwards the last verse of the fifty-first hymn, “My life’s bright remnant all be Thine,” &c.

He asked the officer, who was in the carriage with us, if his body was to be given up to his friends for burial from the church. The officer said he had no such instructions. I told him that the Provost Marshal had, the night before, assured me that this request should be complied with. He seemed grieved that it was not to be so, and said he desired that the prayers of the church should be said over his body in the church. I assured him I would see the General, and had no doubt he would order compliance with his request. This seemed to satisfy him. It was very touching to hear him, after a few moments silence, repeat, as if to himself, the names of his children.

And now, the time of his departure was near at hand. He took leave of his clerical friends, embracing each one of us most affectionately. He begged me to take an interest in his children, and sent three kisses to his heart-broken wife. I offered a short prayer. He, himself, afterwards knelt down and repeated the first three sentences of the Litany and the Lord’s Prayer. (The cap was drawn over his face; he asked if he must give notice; “all’s well,” was uttered; the drop fell; there was no struggle), and then his soul returned to the God who gave it.

“His friends soon came out from the city, and the remains were brought in and deposited in Christ church. (Freemason and Cumberland streets were so packed with negroes, who gloated over the

scene like hungry vultures over a carcass, that the Federal horsemen, with sabres drawn, had to open a way for the hearse.) The members of the medical profession kept watch from this time till the funeral. Hundreds of his patients and friends came into the church to show their respect for his memory, and to drop a tear on his coffin. They kept coming all the next day, till the time for the funeral, though it was raining very hard. They brought wreathes and bouquets and crosses and crowns in such profusion, that the coffin was completely covered, sides and ends, as well as the top—loving hands tacking them on.

“At the funeral the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and thousands followed his remains to their last resting place. Thus passed from earth one of the truest, noblest men I have ever known—one of the few of whom the world is not worthy.”

Mrs. Wright and her desolated family soon passed into the Confederate lines. The Hon. Richard H. Baker, Jr., then representing Norfolk in the General Assembly of Virginia, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

“Whereas, the arrival within Confederate lines of the distressed family of the deceased, establishes beyond question the newspaper announcement of the execution by Federal authorities, in obedience to the sentence of a military commission, of Dr. David M. Wright, in the city of Norfolk, on the 23d day of October, 1862; and whereas, it is fit and proper that Virginia should place upon permanent record her high appreciation of a son whose courage, zeal and devotion marked with blood the first effort to establish upon her soil an equality of races, and introduce into our midst the levelling dogmas of a false and pretended civilization; be it

“*Resolved* (by the General Assembly of Virginia): 1. That in the death of Dr. Wright this Commonwealth recognizes another addition to the long and illustrious catalogue of martyrs, whose stern inflexible devotion to liberty have rendered historic the history of the people of the present struggle.

“2. That, as the proudest tribute which Virginia can offer to his memory, she would earnestly invoke her children, whether in or beyond the enemy's lines, to imitate his example and emulate his high resolve.

“3. That the Governor of the State be requested to transmit a copy of this preamble and these resolutions to the family of the deceased,

together with assurances of the sincere sympathy of the General Assembly.''

From every available source of information I have sought materials for this portraiture of Dr. David Minton Wright as a student, a physician, a husband, a father, a citizen, a patriot, a hero, a Christian, and a martyr. And having impartially analyzed his character as it was developed in all these relations, I am not surprised that many members of the circle and society in which he moved have for him words of the highest commendation and of sincerest praise.

Rest, our most worthy compatriot and professional brother, though abolition malice has striven to fix a stigma upon thy name and a blot upon thy character; it has only enshrined thy virtues more securely in the hearts of thy countrymen and engraved thy name more deeply upon their memories forever.*

[From the New Haven *Evening Register*.]

AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.

And Its Pleasant Sequel in Washington Eleven Years Later.

The advance of the Confederate line of battle commenced early on the morning of July 1, 1863, at Gettysburg. The infantry division, commanded by Major-General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, was among the first to attack. Its objective point was the left of the Second corps of the Union army. The daring commander of that corps occupied a position so far advanced beyond the main line of the Federal army that, while it invited attack, it placed him beyond the reach of ready support when the crisis of battle came to him in

*Six children of Dr. Wright survive: Mrs. Pencie (who attempted the rescue of her father), the widow of Rev. Alexander W. Weddell, D. D., the beloved and lamented rector of the venerable St. John's church, Richmond; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Thomas Warren; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Frederick A. Fetter; Joshua Wright, unmarried; and William Wright, who married Miss Sarah Coke, a niece of Hon. Richard Coke, ex-governor of, and United States senator from Texas. The second child, Mrs. Elizabeth M., wife of Mr. William Henry Talbott, whose marriage is mentioned in the preceding narrative, died some years ago.

the rush of charging lines more extended than his own. The Confederate advance was steady, and it was bravely met by the Union troops, who, for the first time, found themselves engaged in battle on the soil of the North, which, until then, had been virgin to the war. It was "a far cry" from Richmond to Gettysburg, yet Lee was in their front, and they seemed resolved to welcome their Southern visitors "with bloody hands to hospitable graves." But the Federal flanks rested in air, and, being turned, its line was badly broken, and despite its bravely resolute defence against the well-ordered attack of the Confederate veterans, it was forced to fall back.

Gordon's division was in motion at a double-quick to seize and hold the vantage ground in his front from which the opposing line had retreated, when he saw directly in his path the apparently dead body of a Union officer. He checked his horse, and then observed, from the motion of the eyes and lips, that the officer was still living. He at once dismounted, and seeing that the head of his wounded foeman was lying in a depression in the ground, placed under it a near-by knapsack. While raising him at the shoulders for that purpose, he saw that the blood was trickling from a bullet-hole in the back, and then knew that the officer had been shot through the breast. He then gave him a drink from a flask of brandy and water, and as he revived, said, bending over him:

"I am very sorry to see you in this condition. I am General Gordon. Please tell me who you are. I wish to aid you all I can."

The answer came in feeble tones: "Thank you, General. I am Brigadier-General Barlow, of New York. You can do nothing more for me; I am dying." Then, after a pause, he said: "Yes, you can; my wife is at the headquarters of General Meade. If you survive the battle, please let her know that I died doing my duty."

General Gordon replied: "Your message, if I live, shall surely be given to your wife. Can I do nothing more for you?"

After a brief pause, General Barlow responded: "May God bless you. Only one thing more. Feel in the breast-pocket of my coat—the left breast—and take out a packet of letters." As General Gordon unbuttoned the blood-soaked coat and took out the packet, the seemingly dying soldier said: "Now please take out one and read it to me. They are from my wife. I wish that her words shall be the last I hear in this world."

Resting on one knee at his side, General Gordon, in clear tones, but with tearful eyes, read the letter. It was the missive of a noble

woman to her worthy husband whom she knew to be in daily peril of his life, and with pious fervor breathed a prayer for his safety, and commended him to the care of the God of battles. As the reading of the letter ended, General Barlow said: "Thank you. Now please tear them all up. I would not have them read by others."

General Gordon tore them into fragments, and scattered them on the field, "shot-sown and bladed thick with steel." Then, pressing General Barlow's hand, General Gordon bade him good-bye, and, mounting his horse, quickly joined his command.

He hastily penned a note on the pommel of his saddle, giving General Barlow's message to his wife, but stated that he was still living though seriously wounded, and informing her where he lay. Addressing the note to "Mrs. General Barlow, at General Meade's headquarters," he handed it to one of his staff, and told him to place a white handkerchief upon his sword and ride in a gallop towards the enemy's line and deliver the note to Mrs. Barlow. The officer promptly obeyed the order. He was not fired upon, and on being met by a Union officer who advanced for that purpose, the note was received and read, with the assurance that it should be delivered instantly.

Let us turn from Gettysburg to the Capitol at Washington, where, eleven years later, General Gordon held with honor, as now, a seat as senator of the United States, and was present at a dinner party given by Orlando B. Potter, a representative in Congress from the State of New York. Upon Mr. Potter's introducing to him a gentleman with the title of General Barlow, General Gordon remarked:

"Are you a relative of the General Barlow, a gallant soldier, who was killed at Gettysburg?"

The answer was: "I am the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg, and you are the General Gordon who succored me."

The meeting was worthy of two such brave men—every inch American soldiers.

I should add that on receiving her husband's note, which had been speedily delivered, Mrs. Barlow hastened to the field, though not without danger to her person, though the battle was still in progress. She soon found her husband, and had him borne to where he could receive surgical attendance.

Through her devoted ministrations he was enabled to resume his command of the Excelsior Brigade, and add to the splendid reputation which it had achieved under General Sickles, its first commander.

[Mrs. Jefferson Davis in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Sept. 3, 1893.]

STONEWALL'S WIDOW.

Mrs. Jackson Described by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Daughter of a North Carolina Clergyman—Her Marriage to Jackson—
Personal Characteristics.

No character is so difficult to depict as that of a lady ; it can be described only by negations, and these do not convey the charm and beauty which positive virtues impress upon us. This thought has been suggested to me by the request for a sketch of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. Outside the limits of the States in which she has lived little more has been known of her personally than that she was infinitely dear to her heroic husband, and that she bore him a little daughter, who sat on his bed, cooing and smiling, "all unknowing," while he was slowly entering into the rest prepared for him.

Mary Anna Morrison—this was Mrs. Jackson's maiden name—was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. R. H. Morrison, a Presbyterian minister, and the first president of Davidson College, North Carolina, which he founded, and which still remains as his memorial. Dr. Morrison graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1818, with President Polk and many other prominent men. Mrs. Morrison was one of six daughters of Gen. Joseph Graham, of Revolutionary fame, who was successively Governor of North Carolina, United States Senator, and Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore. Mary Anna was one of ten children born to the couple. Dr. Morrison, on account of his large family, removed to a quiet country home near to several churches, at which he officiated for his neighbors as occasion demanded. The society about their home was of exceptional refinement, and the associations of the family were with the best people.

In due course of time the girls married Southerners, who afterwards became—or then were—men of mark, such as General D. H. Hill, General Rufus Barringer, Judge A. C. Avery, and I. E. Brown. In 1853, Anna, with Eugenie, her youngest sister, made a visit to their eldest sister, Mrs. D. H. Hill, at Lexington, Va., escorted thither

by one of her father's friends. General—then Major—Jackson was at that time engaged to Miss Elinor Junkin, to whom he was soon to be married. He was a frequent visitor to General Hill's house, and became so friendly with the cheery little country girls that he rendered them every social attention in his power. Major Jackson left Lexington for rest in the summer vacation, but in August suddenly returned, and spent the evening with his young friends, listening to their songs and parrying their teasing questions. In the morning they learned that he had married and gone on a bridal tour that day, so shy and reticent was the grave young Major, even to his intimates. After the marriage of her sister, Eugenie, to Mr.—afterward General—Rufus Barringer, Anna remained at home for three years.

In the interim Major Jackson lost his young wife, his health failed, and he went abroad to recuperate. After making an extended tour, he returned, and wrote to Anna in such ardent fashion that everyone, but the object of his affection, suspected his state of mind. Soon after he followed, and they were quietly married from her father's home. The young couple set out upon an extended Northern tour, returning only in time for the session of the Military Institute, where the Major's duty lay. Major Jackson soon established himself in his own house, and his young wife, in the privacy of their home, pursued the busy tenor of a Southern woman's way. Before the expiration of a year, a little daughter was born to the young couple, which was not long spared to them. Their lives seem to have flowed on untroubled by domestic dissonance. Her husband's letters call her his "gentle dove" and his "sunshine," and she gives in the life of her husband, which she published some years ago, a pretty picture of her sitting, at his request, and singing "Dixie," so that he could learn the air. After four years had passed, the dread realities of war broke over the young people. Major Jackson was summoned to take the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute to Richmond for occasional service. The first Military duty was followed by his offering himself to the army of Virginia. After a short time he went into the regular Confederate service, and then the young wife was sent to her father, as it was too lonely for her to remain in Lexington.

Here, practically, ended her married life, save for a few happy weeks at Winchester in the earlier part of her husband's service, and an occasional visit to his camp. These, and the loving letters he wrote to her, were all that was left of her domestic joy. She does not seem

to have lost heart, however, but looked forward patiently and prayerfully to a happy end of her many trials and deprivations.

When, in 1862, little Julia was born, Mrs. Jackson met alone and uncomplainingly her illness. The baby was five months old before there was a lull in the fierce strife in which General Jackson was so powerful a motor, which allowed the young wife to take the child to its father, and she, with the infant and a nurse, went to find him in the field. After jolting over miles of new-made road, Mrs. Jackson at length found shelter and the comfort of her husband's companionship, but this indulgence lasted only a little over nine days. The dreaded call to arms was issued to confront General Hooker's advancing army, and the non-combatants were ordered on to Richmond. General Jackson hurried, fasting to the field, after a hasty farewell, expressing the hope that he might find time to return to bid his dear ones loving God-speed, but this privilege was not to be granted. Time passed, and the roar of battle shook to its foundation, and Mrs. Jackson was forced to leave the scenes of her happy reunion, while a procession of litters bearing the wounded was being brought into the yard for medical attention. Haunted by the memory of carnage and death, the poor young wife, with a child's faith and a woman's anguish, left her treasure on the battle-field. Then came the death wound, and after a week's detention, Mrs. Jackson reached her husband's death-bed. Spent with the anguish of his wounds, he lay dying, too near the silence of the grave to do more than murmur to his wife: "Speak louder, I want to hear all you say," and feebly to caress his baby with a whispered "My sweet one, my treasure," while the innocent smiled in his dying face. Then was the heartbroken wife and mother given strength to minister both these objects of her love. From her firm lips the dying hero learned that the gates of Heaven were ajar for his entrance. Controlling her bitter grief, she sang for him the sacred songs on which his fainting spirit soared upward to its rest. When all was over and she had followed him to his grave, she again sought her father's roof, and there hid her bowed head among her own people, to live only for her baby. In strict retirement, the young widow husbanded her means until her daughter was grown—a pretty, graceful young woman, and then, to promote her child's happiness, the mother emerged from the privacy in which she had lived since her husband's death, and visited both the Southern and Northern

States. In the course of time Julia became engaged to a young Virginian, Mr. Christian, of Richmond, and a few months later was married to him. Shortly after this marriage Mr. and Mrs. Christian removed to California, whither Mrs. Jackson accompanied them. They returned, a short time later, to Charlotte, N. C., where they took a house and lived together. Now, however, the widow's next trial was imminent. Mrs. Christian was attacked by a prostrating fever, and succumbed, after bearing her illness with great fortitude. She died in her twenty-seventh year.

Mrs. Jackson for a time was stunned and inconsolable. Eventually she occupied herself by writing a biography of her husband. When the book was finished she came to New York, and having secured a publisher without difficulty, gave the tragic and tender history of her hero's life to the world.

Then, for the first time, the writer saw her, and was much impressed by her cheerful and simple personality. The most impressive thing about her was her spirit of resignation and contentment—in fact, I left her with the feeling expressed at the outset of this sketch—that the most difficult of all tasks is to depict a lady, but so gently exercised that one does not confess it!

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Times*, March 5, 1893]

THE LAST BLOOD SHED.

Three Virginians Who Battled Against a Whole Army.

Buried Where They Fell Dead—A Mad Scheme to Wreak Vengeance—They Sold Their Lives Dearly.

In a swampy country graveyard, five miles from Floyd Courthouse, Va., are buried William Bordunix, John McMasters, and Owen Lewis, on the spot where Union bullets laid them low. Their graves have sunk, and are almost concealed by rank calimos weeds. Cut on the face of one of the headstones, which have almost fallen over the neglected graves, is the following simple inscription: "William Bordunix, born January 16, 1840; died May 24, 1865." The two others have similar inscriptions.

In that isolated, mountainous country, forty miles from the nearest railroad, their names are famous. They were the last men slain during the last war.

Forty-three days after the surrender of General Lee they gave their lives on the altar of the dead Confederacy. Nor is it the fact that they were the last men killed in the rebellion that has made their names famous in that community. History does not record the battle in which they were killed. The engagement took place May 23, 1865, or forty-three days after the close of the late conflict. It was a most daring attack of rebel soldiers on Northern troops. It was also disastrous to the entire attacking party, every one of them being killed.

After General George Stoneman's return to Greensboro, N. C., from his successful Knoxville expedition, he was ordered to take command of Thompson's cavalry, and advance eastward and destroy the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, now the Norfolk and Western. On March 20th, he started on his expedition, but turned north at Boone, N. C. Entering the valley at New River, in Virginia, he captured Wytheville and continued along the railroad, destroying it nearly to Lynchburg. On this raid he laid waste miles of adjoining country. As this had been the first invasion of Northern troops into Floyd and Wythe counties, the inhabitants of them were very bitter against General Stoneman. The more the raid was talked of, the more bitter became the spirit of the people, and many were the threats made against Stoneman and his troopers. William Beaden, who gave the writer the fact while standing at Bordunix's grave, said that a secret organization, whose object was to be revenged on General Stoneman, was formed directly after the surrender of General Lee of all the young men who had not previously taken active part in the war, and of rebel soldiers home on leave of absence.

In the meantime Stoneman continued on his raid, which ended at Salisbury, N. C., a rebel prison camp, three days after General Grant's victory. Instead of remaining in North Carolina, as he had been ordered by General Sherman, he left and entered Jonesboro', in the eastern part of Tennessee, April 18th, where he received the news of Lee's surrender.

All this time the ranks of the secret organization in Floyd and Wythe counties had been considerably increased in numbers by the enlistment of discharged soldiers from Lee's disbanded army. When

the news arrived that Stoneman and his cavalry would pass through Floyd county on his way to Washington, wiser and older heads tried to prevail on the young enthusiasts to abandon their plan of revenge, but with apparently little or no effect.

On May 18th, Stoneman, with 6,000 cavalry, 10,000 infantry, and twenty-three guns, started on a hundred-mile march over the mountains to the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, at Christiansburg, to embark for Washington.

Mounted couriers of Floyd county's little army were immediately dispatched from different sections to inform the recruits in outlying districts of the movements of Stoneman's army, and to notify them to gather at Floyd Courthouse under arms. It was the intention of the foremost in the scheme to secrete the men in different parts of the town and neighborhood, and at the appearance of the army to fire on them from their places of concealment, and thus harass the Northerners for a distance of ten miles on each side of the town. Early in the morning of May 22d, 200 ex-Confederate soldiers and recruits had arrived at the town. As the day advanced and no new arrivals were reported, they became disheartened and desertions were numerous. Another hour passed, and the advance guard of Stoneman's army was reported within ten miles of Floyd Courthouse. By the time the information was received, about one hundred men—all that remained of the bold little band—were concealed along the highway. But as soon as the Federal column hove in sight the self-appointed protectors of Floyd county deserted—except the three men whose graves I have described. Nerved by drink and a sense of injury, they boldly entered the town, and with oaths boasted that they would exterminate the whole of Stoneman's army.

In another hour the head of the army appeared at the outskirts of the village. By this time the three men were crazed by liquor, and in marching order, with Bordunix in the lead, acting as commander, boldly advanced to meet the great army of Stoneman with as little fear as did David to battle with the mighty hosts of the Philistines. When within a stone throw of the front of the column they entered a field thickly grown with bushes. The march of the three men was watched with interest by the inhabitants of the town, who had turned out in full force to see the army pass. They had no idea that the boasts of the men were more than idle threats. After entering the field Bordunix halted his followers, and greatly to the amusement

of the Union troops, put them through drill. They were greeted with good-natured cries from the soldiers, giving the rebel war-cry of "Yip, yip, yah!" Finally, Bordunix gave the order to aim and then to fire, at the same time suiting the action to the word. The amazement of the Unionists can be imagined when two of their number fell seriously wounded. Before they had fully recovered from their surprise another volley was fired, wounding others. The three men hastily retreated. The town was searched, but they were not found, as they had gone further down the road. The army moved forward, and a mile from town was again fired upon, this time from ambush. The order was given to capture them alive, and they were charged by at least five hundred men, but were not taken, as they apparently knew the rough country well.

Another mile, and three more Union soldiers fell under their aim. Two miles further on three others fell out of the ranks, and were carried to the roadside to await the arrival of the ambulance. The three avengers hastened forward, and found concealment in a graveyard beside the highway. Here they waited again for Stoneman's army. The troops were ordered to fire if another assault was made. They advanced nervously for the fifth time. Suddenly the crack of three rifles was heard, and the roar of 500 muskets answered it. The mad Virginians fell riddled with bullets, and were buried where they fell. Theirs was the last blood shed in the war.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Star*, January 25, 1874.]

THE RAW CONFEDERATE OF APRIL, 1861.

The Amusing Experience of Commander Robert N. Northen, of Pickett Camp Confederate Veterans, as Narrated to the Camp
Monday Evening, January 22, 1894.

[Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans, of this city, sometime since inaugurated a happy regulation. This is the reading at each of its weekly meetings of a paper by a comrade of some experience of his own as soldier. These memories will be not only precious to posterity, but they are valuable as materials of history.]

Nothing could add more to the zest of the gathering or be more effective humanely. These unvarnished experiences can but be inspiring in the cause of national fellowship and of lofty patriotism. They bear a wistful charm that touches alike the heart of the true soldier, whether it beat in jacket of gray or blue. Honest hearts are truthful everywhere!

The *Star* commends itself to regard in preserving in its columns the Soldier Experiences of Pickett Camp. This Camp very sensibly entitles its presiding officer Commander. As there are some 300 or more Camps in the South, there has already been difficulty in identifying the Confederate war Colonel among the recurrent crop of each year, bearing the same title.

Commander Northen is as modest as he has proven himself faithful. His earnest performance has received recognition in his repeated re-election to the post he so worthily fills. We republish from the *Star*, in preceding pages, a paper by Sergeant Charles T. Loehr, ex-Commander of Pickett Camp.]

Comrade Northen said:

On Saturday morning, April 19, 1861, five companies—the Petersburg City Guards, Petersburg “A” Grays, Petersburg “B” Grays, Petersburg Riflemen, Lafayette Grays, and Petersburg Artillery—were ordered to Norfolk, Virginia, distant from Petersburg about eighty-six miles. Just before we reached Norfolk we were ordered to load our guns, which we did with much elation and great care. We were told the Yankees were in Norfolk about 2,000 strong, waiting for us. We were landed at the depot about sundown and marched down Main street, and were quartered back of Main street in an old hotel, to the joy of a good many of us, as yet without the sight of a Yankee.

Here at this hotel was the first blood lost by the Virginia troops. One of the “A” Grays went to sleep in the window and fell out on his nose, causing it to bleed. The same night we were very much disturbed by the firing of cannon over on the Portsmouth side. A few of us started out and went down to the river. We could see very plainly the Gosport navy yard, and three or four large ships on fire. While we were there enjoying the beautiful sight, we were informed, by one of the smart Alecks, that as soon as the Yankees finished burning Portsmouth they were coming over immediately and burn Norfolk, and lick the Norfolk and Petersburg soldiers out of their

boots. We did not like that, and asked Smart Aleck where he got his information? He said he had just come from Portsmouth, and heard the order read.

As the fire burned downward the guns on the ships (that were on fire) exploded, and that caused some uneasiness among the boys from Petersburg.

About 1 o'clock we could see by the light from the burning navy yard that the mighty Pawnee (which had created so much anxiety at Richmond), with two vessels in tow going down the river towards Fort Monroe. Soon everything quieted down, and we went to sleep.

Next morning (Sunday) about 7 o'clock we were mustered in the Confederate States service, and then marched to the Fair Grounds. I think we remained there five or six days. From there we went to the Old Marine Hospital, and it was here we had the first real experience of camp life. Sweeping up and wheeling out the dirt, getting wood and water, forming regular messes, cooking, and doing guard and picket duty, now employed us.

The first time it fell to my lot to cook, I was instructed to get two pans and bag, and take a slip of paper to the commissary, with the number of men in mess. Off I went, thinking I was now an officer, with power to give orders, if it were only to say, "march to dinner."

I found around the door of an old building about a dozen fellows, equipped like myself, in only pants and shirt, sleeves rolled up, all loudly complaining about the rations.

On an old door there was laid one-half of a bullock, complete except hide and head. Over that carcass presided three men. The president was armed with a large knife in his left hand, while in his right he had a carpenter's saw; the secretary read out the number of men in mess, and the vice-president made a mark commencing at the head, the president made a cut, then a saw and one more cut, "Mess No. 1, here is your meat." I saw how the bullock was going, and as the president was a slight acquaintance of mine (he carried out marketing for a butcher in Petersburg, by the name of Mr. Thompson), I sidled up to him and said: How do you do, Tommy? He looked up, surprised that he should be thus addressed. "I was green." I knew not the pomp of rank. Three years after, under the same circumstances, I would have addressed him as General. I then said, "Cut mine near the ribs." With a look

of greater surprise, he ordered me to stand back and await my turn; that all fared alike here. The Bible tells us that "the Serpent is the father of lies." This is doubtless true, but President Tommy was the father of Confederate lies, when he said "that all fared alike here." When my mess was called they had got through the neck and one leg. I got a fair piece of meat, and was given ten pounds of rice and twenty pounds of flour, with some potatoes. I made up the fire, cleaned my spider, pot, and pan, made biscuits, put my rice on to boil. I was told by the sergeant that I must have dinner ready by 12 o'clock. I ordered the table to be set. After baking three spiders of biscuits I commenced frying meat. I raised the top from the pot of rice, and found that the pot was full. That puzzled me, for it was a very large pot, and when I put the rice and water in it seemed that with a little sugar, one man could eat it all. I dipped out about half of the rice. In three minutes it was boiling over again. At 12 o'clock I had enough boiled rice to feed the regiment. Every vessel in the mess was full, also all we could borrow, and five gallons in the ashes, or thereabouts, and before Mess No. 8 was through dinner it was unanimously voted to employ a *genuine* cook. This we at once did. I want to say to the new soldiers when you cook good rice get a five-gallon pot, one half-pound rice, two gallons water. The pot will be full.

The first long roll was beat at nine o'clock, on a dark, rainy night. Such getting out and excitement we had never seen, or heard of. "What's the matter?" was being asked by everyone, officer and private. No one seemed to know. It was whispered down the line that the Pawnee had run pass Craney Island, and was coming up to Norfolk. One man said it was the artillery's business to attend to the Pawnee and not the infantry's. We were soon formed in line, and on our way to Norfolk, passed on through and soon got into a country road, passed Craney Island without seeing the Pawnee. Next rumor was that the enemy had landed at Sewell's Point in large forces, and were coming up the same road we were on. We were told to keep quiet, and march in close order. My chum said he was under the impression that if we were farther apart when the enemy fired into us, they would not kill so many. I thought the same. When we reached Sewell's Point we found everything serenely quiet and happy, to the disgust of the boys who wanted to fight. We were then marched back to camp, wet, hungry and very tired. The

only casualty was one of 'A's' men falling into a creek and being fished out with a bayonet.

The first time I was ever placed on picket duty was on the Princess Anne road, leading into Norfolk, about a mile from camp.

It was a splendid moonlight night. When I was detailed for such a dangerous duty I began to think I was a man of great importance, and felt my upper lip for a moustache.

It had been rumored all the evening that the Yankees were landing in large forces at Virginia Beach.

I was placed at the forks of a road, and told to halt everything and everybody, and demand the countersign.

If they did not have it correct, word for word, I was to march them to the officer in charge.

The countersign for that night was "Beauregard." Being a new name to me, I got it Guardbeaure.

Between the hours of 2 and 3, while everything was perfectly quiet and the moon throwing its beaming rays on this mother earth of ours, I heard, away off in the distance, the soldiers' soul-stirring music—drum and fife. I looked down the road, and as plainly as I could see at the distance from which I guessed the music came, I saw a moving mass. Under the exciting circumstances, my eyes imagined so much that I took it to be a regiment. The body drew nearer and nearer, and as it did, it grew larger and larger, and the sound was plainer. I secreted myself behind a bush and waited developments. While I was waiting, my mind was busily engaged in scheming what I would do. Well, I thought if they were Yankees I would fire my gun and run, but things did not turn out that way, for when the object came to within fifty yards of me, I saw it was a vehicle of some kind, so I straightened up and yelled as loud as I could: "Halt! who comes there?" The music ceased all of a sudden, and a voice deep and strong said:

"Whoa, mule! 'Fore de Lord, what is dat? I guess it is one of dem soldiers. It is a market cart from Princess Anne county, God bless you."

I then said: "Advance, market cart from Princess Anne county, and give the countersign."

"De what, sah?"

"Advance, and give the countersign."

"I declare 'fore de Lord, I ain't got none of dem things in my

cart. You can come and see for yourself. I is only got some collards and English peas and a few 'taters."

I told the old man that he would have to go with me to the officer in charge. As we went along, I asked him if he saw any Yanks down the road, and he wanted to know "what dey looks like." I asked him why he made so much noise. He said: "I was whistling and keeping time wid de step of de mule and de rattling of de cart."

The winter of 1861 and 1862 was spent in quarters at the intrenched camp, about one and a half miles from Norfolk. We only played soldiers, and tried to pass away the time, as only men can do without the presence of ladies, playing all sorts of pranks and jokes on our comrades.

On the evening of March 7, 1862, it was reported that the war vessel, Virginia, would go down to the Roads and clean up everything, and take Fort Monroe. I do believe that nine-tenths of the regiment were at Sewell's Point by 10 o'clock next morning. We did not have to wait long before we saw such a comical looking object going to do battle against five or six splendid war vessels, any one of which would make two of her.

It was our opinion that it would only take just five minutes to knock her out. We were disappointed, and so was the Federal commodore, for he soon lost two fine ships, and the third was knocked to pieces, and, if it had not been for a little thing called the monitor, that looked to us from where we were like a good-sized wash tub, the commodore would not have had a plank to stand on. It was here that most of the boys saw and heard the messengers of death for the first time. While we were busy looking at the naval engagement a shell, sent from the Rip Rips, came over and exploded in about fifty yards of us, throwing great quantities of sand, some falling on us, leaving a hole large enough to put a Princess Anne market cart, negro and mule in. Alas! Comrade George I. and myself commenced getting gray from that date.

From this date on we had only two more months of this happy life, when one morning by light we were ordered to pack up, as Norfolk was going to be evacuated. I only had one sweetheart (some of the boys had five), and she told me I could not kiss her until I grew a moustache. I could not wait so long, for I did not even have a frize, so, I had to be satisfied with a gentle pressure of the hand and the sweet old word "good-bye."

This time we had a genuine march of twenty-two miles from Portsmouth to Suffolk through a level, sandy country, the sand being about four inches deep. We soon found out it was much easier to carry twenty pounds than sixty, and there was enough extra clothing thrown away on this march to have supplied the entire regiment in 1864—everything pertaining to a man's dressing case and wardrobe from a shaving mug to a pigeon-tail coat.

We halted at —— Hill to rest and recruit. It was here we had to eat our first hard tack and wash it down with water alone. On this march the perspiration was wiped off with nice cambric handkerchiefs and then thrown over the neck to keep the collar clean.

I can see in my mind's eye our gallant little Lieutenant Tommy with his pants turned up to keep them from getting soiled, showing so small a foot that it was a wonder that it could carry him so far, his erect form and elastic step, never forgetting the twenty-eight from toe to heel; smiling at those who were marching in order, encouraging those who were really broken down, and giving goss to the lag-gard that did not have a cause. If there had been more officers like him the private soldiers' life would have been much more pleasant.

We reached Suffolk late that night, and had to sleep wherever we could, with the canopy of heaven above and mother earth as our bed. Next morning you could have seen before sun up 100 men around an old pump clipping blisters and bathing their chafed limbs.

We took the train here for Petersburg with much joy. Twenty days from this date the boys found what they had been thirteen months looking for, seven miles below Richmond, at Seven Pines, viz.: a live Yankee on the ground (we had seen some on water), and the supply was greater than the demand. If all felt as I did, they had much rather found them dead than alive. When at Norfolk it was a common saying that one Reb could lick five Yanks. I found out one was just as many as I cared to tackle at a time. In consequence of my getting too close to some one with a loaded gun, I was sent to Chimborazo Hospital, near Richmond, which was on the same spot where the beautiful park of the same name now is. If that place could only speak, what a tale of woe and sorrow it could tell.

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.

Incidents of the Surrender of General Lee, as Given by Colonel Charles Marshall,

In His Address on the Observance of the Anniversary of the Birthday of
General R. E. Lee, at Baltimore, Md., January 19, 1894.

After describing in his address correspondence which passed between Generals Lee and Grant before the surrender, Colonel Marshall said that General Grant in this correspondence "manifested that delicate consideration for his great adversary which marked all his subsequent conduct towards him."

"General Grant offered," continued Colonel Marshall, "to have the terms of the capitulation arranged by officers to be appointed for the purpose by himself and General Lee, thus sparing the latter the pain and mortification of conducting personally the arrangements for the surrender of his army. I have no doubt that this proposition proceeded from the sincere desire of General Grant to do all in his power to spare the feelings of General Lee, but it is not unworthy to remark that when Lord Cornwallis opened his correspondence with General Washington, which ended in the surrender at Yorktown, his lordship proposed in his letter of October 17, 1771, 'a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers may be appointed by each side to meet at Mr. Moore's house to settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester.'

"In view of this letter and of the fact that Cornwallis declined to attend the ceremony of the surrender of his army, deputing General O'Hara to represent him on that occasion, it is very plain that his lordship shrunk from sharing with his army the humiliation of surrender. General Grant's letter offered General Lee an opportunity to avoid the trial to which the British commander felt himself unequal. But General Lee was made of different stuff."

TRYING TO REACH JOHNSTON.

In giving a detailed story of the surrender of Lee and of preceding events, Colonel Marshall said:

"The Confederate march was continued during the 8th of April, 1865, with little interruption from the enemy, and in the evening we halted near Appomattox Courthouse, General Lee intending to march by way of Campbell Courthouse, through Pittsylvania county, toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before General Sherman through North Carolina. General Lee's purpose was to unite with General Johnston to attack Sherman, or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found best. The exhausted troops were halted for rest on the evening of the 8th of April, near Appomattox Courthouse, and the march was ordered to be resumed at one o'clock A. M. I can convey a good idea of the condition of affairs by telling my own experience.

SLEEPING ON THE GROUND.

"When the army halted on the night of the 8th, General Lee and his staff turned out of the road into a dense woods to seek some rest. The General had a conference with some of the principal officers, at which it was determined to try to force our way the next morning with the troops of Gordon, supported by the cavalry under General Fitz Lee, the command of Longstreet bringing up the rear. With my comrades of the staff and staff officers of General Longstreet and General Gordon, I sought a little much needed repose. We lay upon the ground, near the road, with our saddles for pillows, our horses picketed near by, and eating the bark from the trees for want of better provender, and with our faces covered with the capes of our overcoats to keep out the night air.

EARLY MORNING MARCH.

"Soon after one o'clock I was aroused by the sound of a column of infantry marching along the road. We were so completely surrounded by the swarming forces of General Grant that at first, when I awoke, I thought the passing column might be Federal soldiers. I raised my head and listened intently. My doubts were quickly dispelled. I recalled the order to resume the march at that early hour, and knew that the troops I heard were moving forward to endeavor to force our way through the lines of the enemy at Appomattox Courthouse. I soon knew that the command that was passing con-

sisted, in part, at least, of Hood's old Texas brigade. It was called the Texas brigade, although it was at times composed in part of regiments from other States. Sometimes there was a Mississippi regiment, sometimes an Arkansas regiment and sometimes a Georgia regiment mingled with the Texans, but all the strangers called themselves Texans, and all fought like Texans.

A TEXAS WAR RHYME.

"On this occasion I recognized these troops as they passed along the road in the dead of night by hearing one of them repeat the Texan version of a passage of Scripture with which I was familiar—I mean with the Texan version. You will readily recall the original text when I repeat the Texan rendition of it that fell upon my ear as I lay in the woods by the roadside that dark night. That version was as follows :

" 'The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun.'

USEFULNESS OF A TIN CAN.

"Soon after the Texans passed we were all astir and our bivouac was at an end. We made our simple toilets, consisting mainly of putting on our hats and saddling our horses. We then proceeded to look for something to satisfy our now ravenous appetites.

"Somebody had a little corn meal, and somebody else had a tin can, such as is used to hold hot water for shaving. A fire was kindled, and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of corn-meal gruel, and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed as we had done, not far from us, did not, as I remember, have even such a refreshment as I have described.

"This was our last meal in the Confederacy. Our next was taken in the United States, and consisted mainly of a generous portion of that noble American animal whose strained relations with the great chancellor of the German empire made it necessary at last for the President of the United States to send an Ohio man to the court of Berlin.

FIGHTING AND NEGOTIATING.

"As soon as we had all had our turn at the shaving can we rode towards Appomattox Courthouse, when the sound of guns announced that Gordon had already begun the attempt to open the way. He forced his way through the cavalry of the enemy, only to encounter a force of infantry far superior to his own weary and starving command. He informed General Lee that it was impossible to advance further, and it became evident that the end was at hand."

Colonel Marshall then gave the text of General Lee's letter in reply to a letter from General Grant, in which the Confederate leader said:

"I cannot meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket lines of the two armies."

This letter of General Lee was dated April 8th. Colonel Marshall continued:

"No reply to this letter had been received when, early on the morning of April 9th, General Lee arrived near Appomattox Courthouse, which was occupied by the enemy.

GOING TO MEET GRANT.

"According to the proposal contained in his letter to General Grant of the 8th of April, General Lee, attended by myself and with one orderly, proceeded down the old stage road to Richmond, to meet General Grant. While riding to the rear for this purpose he received the message of General Gordon that his advance was impossible without reinforcements. We rode through the rear guard of the army, composed of the remnant of Longstreet's corps. They had thrown up substantial breastworks of logs across the roads leading to the rear, and cheered General Lee as he passed in the way they had cheered many a time before. Their confidence and enthusiasm were not one whit abated by defeat, hunger, and danger.

"It was lucky for the Secretary of the Treasury that this rear guard was not permitted to try its hand at increasing the pension roll with which he is now struggling. Those men made no fraudulent pensioners. When they were done with a man he or his repre-

sentatives had an indisputable claim to a pension under any kind of a pension law.

“As soon as General Lee received the report of General Gordon as to the state of affairs in front, he directed that officer to ask for a suspension of hostilities, and proceeded at once to meet General Grant.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

“General Lee, with an orderly in front bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded but a short distance after passing through our rear guard, when he came upon the skirmish line of the enemy advancing to the attack.

“I went forward to meet a Federal officer, who soon afterward made his appearance coming toward our party. This officer proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, of the staff of the late General Humphreys, whose division was immediately in our rear. Colonel Whittier delivered to me General Grant's reply to the letter of General Lee of April 8th, declining to meet General Lee to discuss the terms of a general pacification on the ground that General Lee possessed no authority to deal with the subject.”

Further correspondence between the Federal and Confederate leaders was then given by Colonel Marshall, who also told of the temporary cessation of hostilities which was ordered, and of the subsequent arrangement of a meeting between Lee and Grant at McLean's house. He said:

THE MCLEAN HOUSE.

“General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting. I rode forward and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house suitable for the purpose. I learned afterward that the citizen was Mr. McLean, who had lived on the battle-field of Bull Run, but had removed to Appomattox Courthouse to get out of the way of the war. Mr. McLean conducted me to an unoccupied and unfurnished house, in a very bad state of repair. I told him that it was not suitable, and he then offered his own house, to which he conducted me.

“I found a room suitable for the purpose in view, and sent back the orderly who had accompanied me to direct General Lee and Colonel Babcock, of General Grant's staff, to the house. They came

in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that as General Grant was approaching on the road, in front of the house, it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

LEADERS FACE TO FACE.

“General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and myself sat in the parlor for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were General Ord and General Sheridan.

“General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged for a short time in conversation about their former acquaintance during the Mexican war. Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his proposition to writing.

TERMS OF THE SURRENDER.

“General Grant assented, and Colonel Parker, of his staff, moved a small table from the opposite side of the room and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee.

“When General Grant had written his letter in pencil he took it to General Lee, who remained seated. General Lee read the letter, and called General Grant’s attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the horses of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalymen owned their horses, and that they would need them for planting a spring crop. General Grant at once accepted the suggestion, and interlined the provision allowing the retention by the men of the horses that belonged to them.

“The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink, and General Lee directed me to write his acceptance. Colonel Parker took the light table upon which General Grant had been writing to the opposite corner of the room, and I accompanied him. There was an inkstand in the room, but the ink was so thick that it was of no use. I had a small boxwood inkstand, which I always carried, and gave it,

with my pen, to Colonel Parker, who proceeded to copy General Grant's letter.

FOOD FOR STARVING TROOPS.

"While Colonel Parker was so engaged, I sat near the end of the sofa on which General Sheridan was sitting, and we entered into conversation. In the midst of it, General Grant, who sat nearly diagonally across the room and was talking with General Lee, turned to General Sheridan and said:

"General Sheridan, General Lee tells me that he has some 1,200 of our people prisoners, who are sharing with his men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?"

"General Sheridan replied: 'About 25,000.'

"General Grant turned to General Lee and said: 'General, will that be enough?'

"General Lee replied: 'More than enough.'

"Thereupon General Grant said to General Sheridan, 'Direct your commissary to send 25,000 rations to General Lee's commissary.'

"General Sheridan at once sent an officer to give the necessary orders.

EXCHANGING OFFICIAL LETTERS.

"When Colonel Parker had completed the copying of General Grant's letter, I sat down at the same little table and wrote General Lee's answer. I have yet in my possession the original draft of that answer. It began: 'I have the honor to acknowledge.' General Lee struck out those words, and made the answer read as it now appears. His reason was that the correspondence ought not to appear as if he and General Grant were not in immediate communication. When General Grant had signed the copy of his letter made by Colonel Parker, and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed to me General Grant's letter and I handed to him General Lee's reply, and the work was done.

CONTRASTS OF DRESS.

"Some further conversation of a general nature took place, in the course of which General Grant said to General Lee that he had come to the meeting as he was, and without his sword, because he

did not wish to detain General Lee, until he could send back to his wagons, which were several miles away.

“This was the only reference made by anyone to the subject of dress on that occasion. General Lee had prepared himself for the meeting with more than usual care, and was in full uniform, wearing a very handsome sword and sash. This was doubtless the reason of General Grant’s reference to himself.

MEMORABLE CLOSING SCENES.

“At last General Lee took leave of General Grant, saying he would return to his headquarters and designate the officers who were to act on our side in arranging the details of the surrender. We mounted our horses, which the orderly was holding in the yard, and rode away, a number of Federal officers, standing on the porch in front of the house, looking at us.

“When General Lee returned to his lines, a large number of men gathered around him, to whom he announced what had taken place, and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary. Great emotion was manifested by officers and men, but love and sympathy for their commander mastered every other feeling.”

“According to the report of the chief of ordinance, less than eight thousand armed men surrendered, exclusive of the cavalry. The others who were present were unarmed, having been unable to carry their arms from exhaustion and hunger. Many had fallen from the ranks during the arduous march, and unarmed men continued to arrive for several days after the surrender, swelling the number of paroled prisoners greatly beyond the actual effective force.”

[From the *Washington Post*, January 25, 1894.]

FEEDING GENERAL LEE’S ARMY.

A New Version of an Incident of the Surrender at Appomattox.

Editor of the Washington Post:

The incidents connected with the order for the issue of rations to General Lee’s army at the time of the arrangement of the details of the surrender, as given in the account published in your issue of

the 20th instant, are not quite accurate as to the personnel involved, according to my recollection.

I was General Grant's chief commissary, and was present in the room during the interview between him and General Lee. After the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon, General Lee said to General Grant:

"General, I would like my army fed."

General Grant turned to me, as his chief commissary, and said:

"Colonel, feed the Confederate army."

I asked: "How many men are there?"

General Grant asked: "How many men have you, General Lee?"

General Lee replied, "Our books are lost; our organizations are broken up; the companies are mostly commanded by non-commissioned officers; we have nothing but what we have on our backs——"

Interrupting him in this train of thought, I suggested, interrogatively: "Say 25,000 men?"

He replied: "Yes; say 25,000 men."

I started to withdraw for the purpose of giving the necessary orders, and at the door met Colonel Kellogg, the chief commissary of General Sheridan's command. I asked him if he could feed the Army of Northern Virginia. He expressed his inability, having something very important to do for General Sheridan.

I then found Colonel M. P. Small, the chief commissary of General Ord's army, and asked him, as I had asked General Sheridan's chief commissary, if he could feed the Army of Northern Virginia. He replied, with a considerable degree of confidence, "I guess so." I then told him to do it, and directed him to give the men three days' rations of fresh beef, salt, hard bread, coffee, and sugar. He mounted his horse immediately, and proceeded to carry out his order.

Both Colonels Kellogg and Small are now dead.

That we had any rations on the spot to spare may be wondered at when the swiftness and extent of the pursuit are considered; but we had, and we soon found sufficient to supply the famishing army.

I incline to the opinion that any conversation with General Sheridan, who was also present, about issuing 25,000 rations must have taken place after I was on my way to see that General Grant's order to feed the Army of Northern Virginia was put into execution, as above detailed.

MICHAEL R. MORGAN,

Assistant Commissary General of Subsistence.

[From the contemporary newspaper accounts, July 14, 1862.]

THE PURCELL BATTERY.

In the Seven Days' Battles Before Richmond.

The conspicuous part played by this battery in the recent battles before Richmond, its terrific losses in killed and wounded, and the brilliant gallantry displayed throughout by its officers and men, challenge from the press more than a passing notice. With little hope of doing justice to the subject, or giving to our readers a fair idea of the great service rendered our cause by this battery, we propose to sketch a brief account of its experiences and achievements from the moment of its crossing to the north bank of the Chickahominy until its last gun was fired in the great battle of Malvern Hill.

On Wednesday, the 25th of June, the Purcell Battery, Captain William J. Pegram, attached to Field's brigade, General Ambrose P. Hill's division, was encamped at Storr's farm, on the west of the Central railroad and south of the Chickahominy. The company numbered five commissioned officers, eleven non-commissioned officers, and eighty-three privates. The commissioned officers were: William J. Pegram, captain; Henry M. Fitzhugh, first lieutenant; W. A. Allen, second lieutenant; Joseph P. McGraw, third lieutenant; M. Featherstone, fourth lieutenant. Captain Pegram, though scarcely twenty years of age, commanded the entire respect and confidence of his men. The order issued Wednesday night to prepare several days' rations was the first intimation the men received that a battle was imminent.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 26th of June, the battery, along with the Fortieth, Fifty-fifth, and Sixtieth Virginia regiments, crossed Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge. The Fortieth Virginia regiment of infantry were deployed as skirmishers, while the battery advanced down the Meadow Bridge road about a mile, and then wheeling to the right, began to ascend a hill. About this time the rattle of musketry began to be heard in the woods, both to the right and left of the battery, and was quickly followed by the heavy thunder of cannon. Before reaching the crest of the hill two men were wounded by rifle balls. On the top of this hill they found what they called a Quaker gun—that is, a stove pipe mounted on

wheels. The battery was then ordered forward to take a position in a field about three-quarters of a mile from the enemy's entrenchments. No sooner had they got into position in this field than it was evident the battery had been drawn into an ambuscade, and the enemy's cannon opened on them from the entrenchments. Belgian rifle balls whistled through the battery and over the heads of the men in myriads. The battery fired four rounds on a Yankee battery entrenched to the south of Mechanicsville, and were ordered to retire to the cover of the woods, on the left, which they did in good order, amid a fearful storm of bullets and shells, but, remarkable to say, none of the men were struck.

After remaining half an hour in this wood, the battery was ordered back into the same field. It then unlimbered under a terrific fire from Gardner's United States battery, stationed behind entrenchments two thousand yards in front. No sooner had our battery fired a shot than the fire of two other batteries, one on the left and the other on the right, also concentrated upon it. The enemy's fire was swift and terrific. The carnage among our men was fearful, but manfully and coolly they stood to their guns, and until dark poured their deliberate fire into the enemy's entrenchments. Many of the wounded refused to retire, and stood to their posts till the close of the fight. When the order was given to cease firing the guns were almost red hot. William Stillman was struck by a canister shot and instantly killed in this fight, and Lieutenant Allen and forty others were wounded. Lieutenant Fitzhugh was also wounded, but remained with the battery. Twelve horses were killed and others slightly wounded. The battery slept that night on the field in the position it had occupied during the battle.

The next morning (Friday) all the enemy's entrenchments at Mechanicsville had been carried by our infantry.

At 10 A. M. Friday morning the Purcell battery moved forward in the track of the retreating enemy, and at 4 o'clock that evening got under his fire while awaiting orders two hundred yards to the west of the Cold Harbor house. Here two men were struck, one by a fragment of a shell, and the other by a minie ball.

At 5 o'clock P. M., the battery was ordered to take position in the garden at Cold Harbor, between the barn and the house, and to shell the woods to the southeast, where large bodies of the enemy's infantry were drawn up. None of our men were killed here, though

the battery early became a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. Five of our horses were killed. This made seventeen horses the battery had lost in the two engagements. It is well to state that Captain Pegram used in this fight four splendid Napoleon guns, which had been taken from the enemy at Mechanicsville, and which he had obtained for his company. The battery remained on the field of Cold Harbor until Sunday morning, when they recrossed to the south bank of the Chickahominy by a Yankee pontoon bridge, and slept Sunday night at Piney Chapel, on the Darbytown road.

At 10 o'clock Monday morning, the battery moved down the Darbytown road in pursuit of the enemy. At 5 o'clock that evening, as it drew up in Mr. Nathan Enroughty's (Darby) field, eleven miles below Richmond, it came under the fire of the enemy. Here, the shell raining around and above in a perfect storm, it remained until night without firing a gun, and without the loss of a man or horse. One of the enemy's shells chipped a piece from one of our caissons; had it struck a few inches lower and exploded the caisson, the loss of life on our part must have been frightful.

At three o'clock on Tuesday, our forces having come up with the enemy, the Purcell battery was ordered to engage a battery of the enemy half a mile distant across a field. This proved, by all odds, the fiercest fight our men had been engaged in. Two batteries opened on them at once, and one of them was so near that our men could see the Yankees loading their pieces. In course of half an hour we had silenced one of the enemy's batteries, but with fearful loss on our side. Two men had been killed at the guns. Lieutenant Fitzhugh, who had been wounded at Mechanicsville, had his leg so mangled early in the engagement that it had to be amputated on the spot. Lieutenant McGraw had two of his ribs broken, and fifteen privates were wounded, some of them severely, and many of them several times. Several of the men who had been wounded three times stuck to their posts and served their guns to the last. Captain Pegram's courage and gallantry showed pre-eminent where all were brave. He went from gun to gun as long as they could be fired, cheered the remnant of his men, and assisted them in loading.

At ten minutes after 6 o'clock every gun of the battery but one had been disabled, twenty men had been cut down and twenty horses killed, when an order was received for the battery to retire. In an exhausted condition, such of the men and officers who had not been

wounded returned to their camp, which had been removed to a position above Richmond, near the Old Fair Grounds.

In the three fights in which the battery had been engaged, it had lost sixty-five in killed and wounded, among whom were three commissioned and eight non-commissioned officers. It had lost thirty-four horses, and had all of its original guns disabled.

The absence of incident in the above account is to be accounted for by the fact that the brave men to whom we are indebted for the main facts were, during the three battles in which they were engaged, too busy to take note of anything but their guns and the enemy in their front.

[From the Winchester, Va. *Times*, September 27, 1893.]

A MONUMENT TO MAJOR JAMES W. THOMSON, CONFEDERATE STATES ARTILLERY.

With an Account of His Death and of the Organization of Chew's Battery.

[We are not advised that the amount needed for the erection of the monument to Major Thomson has yet been secured, but we feel it will be. For additional particulars as to the career of the famous Chew Battery, see an account of a reunion of its survivors held in October, 1890. *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 281-286.]

On the 20th of March, 1864, Captain Robert Preston Chew's battery, was camped near Gordonsville, with the battalion of Stuart's Light Horse Artillery. On the 25th an election of company officers having been ordered (as Captain Chew had just received his commission as major) First Lieutenant James W. Thomson, a son of John A. Thomson, of Summit Point, was elected captain of Chew's famous old battery, and from that date was known as Thomson's battery, and under his control, although he was less than twenty-three years old. The battery lost none of prestige; a braver or more gallant young officer was not in the service. Five young men from Winchester came to us and volunteered in the company: A Beale

Burgess, William Marsteller, Luther Kohlhausen, Henry Deahl, and Edward Reed; the other members from Winchester were John and Clayton Williams, Charles and Frank Conrad, Charles W. McVicar, Pent Powell, Raleigh Powell, William McGuire, Philip Boyd, and Deaveraux Bowly.

This battery was always on the front and engaged almost daily in action. January 16th, 1865, the battery was disbanded, owing to the scarcity of rations and forage. It was called to assemble in Lynchburg April 1st, 1865. The names of the sixteen who were on duty at time of the surrender, were Captain Tuck. Carter (Captain James Thomson had been promoted to major), W. R. Lyman, Charles and Frank Conrad, Clayton Williams, Charles W. McVicar, Frank Asberry, Pub Zirkle, Atkinson, Thornton, Dailey, John Hare, Crawford, Louis Morrell, William Thomson, and Pem. Thomson.

Major Thomson left Captain Carter in command and went to the front near Petersburg. April 7th, while leading a charge of a squad of Rosser's cavalry at High Bridge, was badly wounded. Rallying the men he charged the second time and was repulsed. Gathering a few he charged the third time and was killed. Captain Jacob Engle, living near Harper's Ferry, saw him shot off his horse. A comrade ran to the body and unbuckled his belt and sabre stained with blood, gave it to Captain Engle with instructions to keep it until he called for it. Captain Engle has it yet to fulfil that trust. John Dean Adams, was near when Major Thomson was killed, of our county.

Major James W. Thomson's remains are buried in the third grave north of Ashby brothers in the Virginia lot in Stonewall cemetery.

Three of his comrades, in June last, members of the Turner Asby Camp, formed themselves into a committee, to raise funds for a monument, suggested by William Lyman, of New Orleans, who was here at General Thomas L. Rosser's reunion, stated at the time to Colonel McVicar that he would give \$50, and the following circular was issued to the survivors of Chew's (afterwards Thomson's Battery) Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army Northern Virginia, and the Laurel brigade. It is proposed to erect a monument over the grave of our late captain, Major James W. Thomson. A design has been chosen, and approved by Dr. Pem. Thomson and Colonel R. P. Chew. The monument will be appropriate for an artillery officer, and will cost between \$300 and \$400. Subscriptions are asked from company and

brigade associates. Treasurer of Ashby camp, James W. Barr, of Winchester, is selected as custodian of this fund. All subscriptions should be sent to him.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS,
DR. W. P. MCGUIRE,
CHAS. W. MCVICAR,
Committee.

June 19, 1893.

Colonel McVicar has written over one hundred letters for the object, and among them this one, written on monument circulars, in July.

Comrade Charles Rouss :

I only write to let you know that the Camp is doing some good things, and besides helping the needy, gave an order for three or four dollars worth of groceries yesterday. The Camp is appreciated by our people.

I am not writing for anything, as you have shown yourself a whole man towards our people. Hope the sunshine of life is your fate, and that the clouds may all go by.

I am yours,

CHAS. W. MCVICAR.

The result was a return of the letter, a hundred dollar check and the following characteristic letter :

In reply to your favor, I enclose U my chek. Por dear Jim Thomson, I knu him wel. He was kilt the last day of the war. A braver boy never stood in Shoe Lether.

With my best wishes.

R.

Charles Rouss is an active member of Ashby camp, of Baylor's Company, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, Rosser's Laurel brigade. Colonel McVicar states openly that people may comment on Charles Rouss, his ways and his ideas are his own. His whole-souled array of good deeds surrounded him as a wall, and who among us but dwarf and dwindle into insignificance alongside of his many acts of kindness showered on this community. Some envious people may wag their little tongues out, they do not hurt him with their paltry small talk. The monument fund stands as follows :

Colonel William R. Lyman, New Orleans, \$50; Pem. Thomson, Summit Point, \$50; Reuben Wonder, Shenandoah county, \$5; Lieutenant Milton Rouss, Kabletown, \$25; John Chew, Charleston, \$5; Colonel Dulaney, Fauquier county, \$10; Battery Boy, Winchester, \$5; John Ambler, Lynchburg, \$25; C. B. Rouss, New York City, \$100; Thomas Timberlake, \$1; John Adams, \$2.

The monument will be made here, and it is to be hoped that at the unveiling the old brigade and battery will be brought together in a reunion that will be one of the greatest tributes we have had since the gallant Ashbys were brought here, and that our people and veterans from other branches of the service will advise with and help us in these services and make it a grand success.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Star*, January 15, 1894.]

THE CRENSHAW BATTERY.

Its Service During Its Return from Gettysburg at Falling Waters, Brandy Station, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Jericho Ford, and Second Cold Harbor Reviewed.

[Mr. J. C. Goolsby, who is contributing a serial of graphic and entertaining articles to the *Star* on the service of the redoubtable Crenshaw Battery, from Richmond, Va., enlisted in this organization when he was only fourteen years old. He gallantly followed the fortunes of his command to the close of the war, being among those who surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.]

The Crenshaw Battery commenced its memorable retreat from the disastrous heights of Gettysburg during a hard rain on the night of the Fourth of July as we started on our march, and everything looked terribly dark, but the troops were in good spirits, and though the Federal army had achieved their first victory, they had not the nerve to attempt to follow it up by an onward movement. They knew too well the troops they were opposing, and that Lee had taught them too often the necessity of prudence, which they were not slow in acknowledging at this time, as was illustrated in the

quietude enjoyed by the Federal army in succeeding this great battle, as they never attempted to follow us until the next day, and then only with the cavalry, under Kilpatrick, who came up with our wagon train, attacked it, and were beaten off by Stuart. We moved on over the roads, which were in a horrible condition, the men discussing the battle and its effect, occasionally being interrupted by the report that the Federal army were marching to intercept us and cut us off from the main force, which were moving on another road. We reached Hagerstown after a long and toilsome march, where we halted and awaited the approach of the enemy. The Potomac was swollen to a considerable height, occasioned by the heavy rains, which prevented our crossing.

It was while we were here that the news came—how I know not—that the Confederacy had been recognized by France, and that other European powers were ready to do the same; that our ports were to be opened to the world, and our independence was soon to be an assured fact. How joyous was this news, with what delight and pleasure was it told and retold by the men. Meade's whole army was now gathering thick and fast, flushed with victory, and just in our front were the angry, surging waters of the Potomac, leaping high in their endeavor to get over their banks—all nature seeming to conspire in our

OVERTHROW.

Such, indeed, was the situation of our army at that time. But it soon became noised about that this unexpected joy was like the morning dew, to be dissipated by the first rays of the sun, and we soon learned that the report was untrue, which had, of course, the effect of causing the men to express their opinion on this very important subject in no uncertain way. How we needed help! Fighting the whole world—that was about the size of it. Was there ever such a destruction of life—the very flower of the Southern country—by such an unprincipled enemy as made up, to a great extent, the Federal army, many of whom could not speak a word of the English language, and were soldiers only for the thirteen dollars per month, and the bounty which at that time the United States government was dispensing with lavish hands! We expected here to have another tilt with the enemy, and were hastening our troops through Williamsport on the march to Falling Waters, the point selected for our

crossing. But General Meade was too much in fear of Lee's troops to attack, and he only made an effort when he found our troops crossing the Potomac, where a sharp fight occurred, in which General Pettigrew, a gallant brigade general of Hill's corps, was killed before we succeeded in driving him back where he was glad to be out of our reach. It was said a

COUNCIL OF WAR

was called by General Meade while we lay near Hagerstown to discuss the situation, and it was decided not to hazard an attack. There were numerous cavalry skirmishes on our trip back to Virginia, but no general engagement by the army. Although our troops were still sanguine of the ultimate success of our arms it was

A DARK HOUR

for the Confederacy, for about that time came news of Grant's destruction of a great part of the Mississippi, and of Morgan's capture in Ohio, besides the successes attending the naval forces of the enemy.

In looking over the results of this great struggle I am struck with the fact that Lee's army, although it received its first check here after beating its opponent in every previous battle, was ready again to meet the enemy, which it did in subsequent battles and proved itself more than a match for them, thereby evidencing their entire confidence in General Lee, which they ever continued to have.

But we were soon in Virginia again, having crossed the Potomac for the last time, that is, our battalion never saw the Potomac again as an organization, and soon we were in the great Valley of Virginia, and after reaching Bunker Hill, and resting some three or four days our march was resumed, and, pushing on we passed through Winchester, nothing occurring worthy of mention. As the fall of the year was now at hand it was soon apparent that we would spend the winter somewhere near the Rapidan. But we are suddenly interrupted by the report that the enemy were tearing up the railroad near Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and we were hurried forward to meet them, and a battle ensued, in which we had several men badly wounded, among them Jack Moyers, who lost a leg. We succeeded in driving them back.

As winter was now approaching, we were ordered to the south side of the Rapidan, and soon we were preparing for winter quarters, the selected spot being in the celebrated Green Springs neighborhood of Louisa county, where we remained during the winter. It was here we went through the form of enlisting for the war. Our time was spent here very quietly—this being our second winter in the army.

In the meantime, General Grant had been made commander of the United States Army, and was to take personal command of the Army of the Potomac, General Meade taking a back seat, or rather a subordinate position. Thus everything pointed to an early spring campaign, and everything possible that was honorable was resorted to to strengthen our army, and we had a complete overhauling of our guns, repairing of harness, &c. Longstreet having been recalled from the West, where he was sent by General Lee to assist that army, our troops were soon ready to again take the field. The winter was over; the grass again covered the ground, and the air was redolent with the perfume of wild flowers with which this section of our State abounds, the buds were bursting from their long pent-up homes—everything conspired to cause one to exclaim with the prophet of old: "The earth is the Lord's—he makes it to blossom and bring forth the harvest." And yet amidst these scenes so delightful to the senses, not far from us lay our cool, calculating enemy, with whom, in a short time, we would meet in a death struggle, for at this time the roads were being filled up with troops as they hurriedly marched to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where Grant, after crossing the Rapidan, Warren in advance, would meet our troops with gallant A. P. Hill in the lead, General Lee having anticipated this movement, and there commenced a series of battles which lasted for days. General Grant had consolidated the numerous divisions into three corps—Hancock, a brilliant soldier, whom we met so often, commanding the Second Corps; Warren, who tried to run over us at Five Forks, with Sheridan's cavalry, commanding the Fifth, and Sedgwick, a popular officer, whose fame was eclipsed at Fredericksburg, just previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, commanding the Sixth, with General Phil. Sheridan to manage the cavalry, and to do all the destroying of growing crops that he and his bold troopers could in the short space of time he was to remain in the Valley. It is said that Grant's army would fill any road in the State for more than a hundred miles with his soldiers, trains of wagons

&c. This was something like the force that the Confederate commander was to meet in the jungles of Spotsylvania in the early part of the month of May—about the 3d or 4th—and the Federal army, after occupying the whole night of the 3d in crossing the Rapidan at Kelly's, Ely's and Germanna Fords, was to seize our little army and strangle it and pass on to Richmond, but the ever watchful eye of Lee had arranged things differently, and the advance of Warren's corps was met and repulsed by the troops of A. P. Hill. The Crenshaw battery reached Spotsylvania Courthouse late in the evening and went into position just to the left and rear of that building for the night, when early next morning one section of the battery was ordered to move off to the right, Mahone at that time having gained a signal advantage over the enemy by a quick movement to the right, piercing his right center—capturing a number of prisoners. Here we had the limber-chests of one of the caissons blown up and had one man badly burned. After the return of this section to the line (for we had thrown up here a temporary line of breastworks) we remained in full view of the enemy until the quietness was suddenly broken by the wounding of William Ellis Jones by a sharpshooter, when again we commenced the same old unfortunate artillery duelling, in which we again were to suffer a percussion shell of the enemy, striking the front of one of our pieces, bursting and wounding three men—Sergeant Jeff. Thomas, who was shot in the face and painfully wounded; Alonzo Phillips, also shot in the face and dangerously wounded, and Richard Seeley, whose face was so badly cut that he never returned to the battery. It now became apparent to General Grant, who had been butting up against our earthworks, that his famous declaration of "fighting it out on that line if it took all the summer," was not to be fulfilled. After several brilliant charges on the part of both armies, notably the one of the Second corps (Hancock commanding), in which our General Edward Johnson was captured, with a large number of prisoners, which gave to the enemy only a temporary advantage, as our works were speedily retaken, the Man of Destiny started on another flank movement, and soon both armies were manœuvring for position, this time to halt near Hanover Junction, where Grant attempted to cross the North Anna river, the outcome of which was the battle of Jericho Ford, where our company lost two more men—George Young, heretofore mentioned as the genial, whole-souled companion whose chief delight was in making others happy,

being mortally wounded, and "big" Caldwell killed. Poor Caldwell, you, too, have proven your loyalty to the cause which resulted in the unholy sacrifice of so many noble and fearless men. This battle was fought in rather a different way from any other this company ever participated in, or, rather, we went into this fight in a different manner. Our company, as also the

LETCHER BATTERY,

which was on our right, formed under the brow of a hill overlooking the North Anna, the enemy being strongly posted on the opposite side, when, after allowing so much space for each gun to be properly worked, at a given signal, started up and soon unlimbered, and went to work and succeeded in driving Warren's troops back and quieting the batteries of the enemy, but not until they had caused a severe loss to our battery. After this battle, General Grant, with a determination which savored of butchery, both armies having taken up the line of march, attempted to storm our works, and we had as a result the second battle of Cold Harbor, in which, to say the least, the loss of the enemy was greater than the whole number of men engaged on our side, and which had the effect of creating great dissatisfaction in their army, which culminated in the men refusing to obey orders for a forward movement.

Observe here the conduct of Grant in contrast with that of Lee as exhibited in the memorable struggle in the Wilderness. When it became necessary to recapture a certain line which had been seized by Hancock, General Lee, with that promptness characteristic of the great soldier, started forward to lead the troops, which, of course, our soldiers, officers as well as privates, would not permit. Whereas Grant, after butchering his men here at Cold Harbor, and they being unwilling again to face our works, never showed any disposition to lead them himself, but remained quietly behind his own works. But that was one thing the Confederacy could with very great satisfaction boast of. Her army was certainly well officered with bold, intelligent, and courageous men, always ready to lead. The world never saw their superiors. We were now on nearly the same ground on which the seven days' battles were fought, the Federal army at that time being in command of General George B. McClellan. But oh, what changes! Then our uniforms were bright, and everything pointed, as I then thought, to certain victory; but now the thin, emaciated

form of the Confederate soldier told in language too plain the sufferings he was then undergoing for the want of proper sustenance. And now, before closing this letter, let me say that Grant had certainly played the last card known in the art of warfare—

ATTRITION—

for all it was worth. For he confessed to a loss before reaching the south side of the James of more than the Army of Northern Virginia had in the field. After pontooning the James, the army of Grant was now where it might have been at any time without the loss of a single man. But here he is near Bermuda Hundred, and is soon to lay siege to Petersburg, it having been proven to his satisfaction that the "Cockade City" could not be captured by an attack in front, and that our southern connections were safe, at least for the present. But here I stop.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 30, 1894.]

WAR'S BRAVEST DEEDS.

The Heroism of Private Chew Coleman, of Crenshaw's Battery,

At Spotsylvania Courthouse, May, 1864.

In the desperate battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, in May, 1864, when Grant and Lee were approaching Richmond on parallel lines, the Crenshaw Battery, of Pegram's Battalion, Army of Northern Virginia, was ordered by General Harry Heth to change its position to another part of the field. While the guns were being limbered up, General Jubal Early rode up and asked the captain of the company where he was going. The captain pointed to the position assigned him, when General Early asked him who had ordered him to go there. The captain replied, "General Heth." "Well," says General Early, "if he has ordered you there, you would better go, but I don't see how you will ever get there." 'Twas a pretty warm place to have called forth such a remark from General Early.

The guns were pulled out, the cannoneers mounted, and the horses went galloping down a lane formed by a row of cedars on each side to the new position assigned the battery. Notwithstanding the company faced three Federal batteries of six guns each, which had an enfilade of fire on us for probably four hundred yards, for some unaccountable reason we escaped injury until we had gotten within six hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, when their shells were skimming so close to the mounted cannoneers and the horses' heads that, as if by intuition, the men on the caisson in front of me dismounted, without the orders to do so, while the remainder of the company kept their seats on the limber-chests. Scarcely half a minute had elapsed after the men, who had dismounted, touched the ground when a shell from one of the enemy's guns came plunging through the particular caisson that nobody was on. When it struck it exploded one chest of the caisson, and the heat set fire to the next one, but it did not explode immediately. The driver of the lead team, in his fright, tumbled from his horse, and the team made straight for the enemy's lines. The wheel driver, however (Chew Coleman, of Spotsylvania, by name), kept his seat, although next to the exploded chest, and the heat set fire to his jacket, which burned through to the skin, and, notwithstanding the flesh was crisping up, and he was suffering the most excruciating pain, he did not let go the reins, but stopped the horses, thereby preventing them from taking the team into the enemy's lines.

He then fell or jumped from his horse nearly exhausted. While this was going on two or three of the cannoneers jumped between the exploded ammunition chest (which was now harmless) and the one on fire and unlimbered it and got out of the way before the fire communicated with the powder, which occurred two or three seconds after, when up went the other two chests with a terrific noise.

These I regard as the bravest exploits that came under my observation in the four years of the war—from Bethel to Appomattox.

CHARLES P. YOUNG,
Late of Crenshaw Battery, C. S. A.

STRATEGIC POINTS.

Their Value in the War Between the States, 1861-'5, and How Fiercely They Were Fought For.

In reasoning from cause to effect we must not conclude that accident was the reason why great battles were more than once fought over the same fields during the great civil war in this country.

Examining carefully for the cause, we arrive at the conclusion that such points must have had within them some special value, and an analysis of this, deducts the conclusion that these places were "Strategic Points."

There are several objective points, in the Old Dominion, over whose bosom the pendulum of war oscillated for four cruel years, where the contending armies crashed, that had in them this strategic value, and the fact that battles were fought more than once on these fields proves that the armies did not collide upon them by accident. Gettysburg was a battle-field of accident. Had Stuart been in touch with Lee, and the Confederate commander furnished with the information the cavalry are supposed to acquire, it is now considered more than doubtful that this little Pennsylvania town would have assumed conspicuous prominence in American history.

But strategic points is the subject of this paper, and it will be best to treat them in the order of their dates.

Beauregard's selection of Bull Run as his line defence showed his wisdom as an engineer. His outposts extended from Leesburg, through Drainesville, Fairfax and Wolf Run Shoals, to Acquia creek, with reserves at Centreville. This was in the early summer of 1861.

McDowell was organizing the Grand Army around a splendid nucleus of regulars. This army was not for the defence of Washington solely, but also for aggressive purposes.

There was a supreme authority in the Federal States which became director general, which gave orders to commanders and moved armies. This power was public clamor, and all through the four

years of carnage this influence was dominant. McDowell moved out of Washington under its orders. Burnside assaulted Lee's line at Fredericksburg under its arbitrary demand. Meade moved upon the Army of Northern Virginia at Mine Run at the dictation of this same power.

But pardon this digression, and go back to strategic points. McDowell moved out of Washington with the Grand Army, and developing Beauregard's outposts, soon pressed them back upon the reserves and precipitated the indecisive battle, 18th of July, 1861.

Pausing then, McDowell took advantage of his information to study the situation and plan accordingly.

Beauregard, finding his force inadequate, appealed to Johnston, then at Winchester, for assistance. His prompt response is too well known to detail here; how Bee and Bartow died; how Kirby Smith, coming into line almost on the run upon McDowell's flank, and "Jackson standing like a stone wall," snatched victory from defeat, and turned the triumph of the foe into an utter rout. The plains of Manassas drank in the best blood of the South, but victory laid her crown of immortelles upon "the banner of the stars and bars."

Manassas, heretofore an insignificant railroad crossing, became the base of the Confederate army. Roads, both dirt and rail, radiated and crossed here, and its strategic worth, and the fierceness for which its possession was contended, demonstrated its value.

After McClellan had been paralyzed before Richmond, a year later, a new and powerful Federal army was being massed in Northern Virginia, causing concern to the Confederate government.

To check further advance, Lee transported his army from its intrenchments before Richmond, first to the line of the Rapidan, then to the banks of the Rappahannock. The summer rains had swollen the river, and thus gave the Federal commander a strong position. The fords were unavailable, and Pope held the key to the situation.

But the genius of Lee could not be neutralized by an obstacle like the roaring Rappahannock. He sent the energetic and phenomenal Jackson to secure Manassas in Pope's rear.

Silently and steadily the Stonewall corps tramped by a circuitous route, and before the Federal commander was aware of his absence from his front, Lee's great lieutenant had seized Manassas with its

vast stores of food, clothing, and ammunition. These were utilized to the extent of Jackson's ability, the excess given to the flames. He knew that Pope would resent this poaching upon his preserves, so after applying the torch he moved from the Junction to the neighborhood of the old battle-field, where a year before he had won his title and his spurs. He wanted elbow room, space to manoeuvre, and as he had to call upon Pope, he determined to select his own battle-ground.

The desperate battles of the 28th, 29th and 30th of August testify of Pope's anxiety to retain and Lee's determination to wrest from him this strategic point.

Forty-nine thousand and seventy-seven worn but superb Confederates, after days of battle, defeated Pope's army, which, with McClellan's reinforcements, numbered 120,000, and forced them back into the works around Washington.

Thus the strategic value of Manassas, drinking to satiety the blood of brave men, assumed conspicuous prominence in American annals.

In the late spring of 1862 McClellan environed Richmond with an army of 115,000 men. His immense works are monuments to his genius as an engineer. Of the points fortified by him Cold Harbor was the key to his right.

When the signal gun from the left of the Confederate fortifications announced the assault upon McClellan's lines, the brunt of the attack was upon his right. Fierce assaults followed and some of the strongholds yielded, but Cold Harbor, naturally strong and intensified by splendid works, resisted fiercely. Southern blood flowed like water, but as long as this point held out, McClellan maintained his right in tact.

Jackson sent imperative order to storm the works, and though fourteen heavy field guns and three lines of battles hurled shot, shell and bullets upon them, the gallant Hood with his splendid Texans finally carried the fort by storm, and doubled McClellan's right back upon his centre.

Successively, Mechanicsville, Ellerson's Mills, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp were torn from McClellan's group, and these names blazoned in martial glory upon the star crossed flag, while McClellan's beaten army sought protection under the guns of the Federal fleet in James river.

A lapse of two years brings us back to historic Cold Harbor. The war had now progressed more than three years. Other commanders had failed and public clamor was demanding better results for the money and blood so liberally and lavishly spent in the Old Dominion.

Grant was summoned from his successes in the West, and the government assigned him this terrible task. Unlimited resources were placed at his disposal; when he broke camp early in May, 1864, 141,160 splendidly equipped and veteran soldiers followed his standard. Against this host Lee could oppose but 52,625 ill-fed and poorly-clad, yet superb troops.

Then followed the Spotsylvania, the North Anna, written in the blood of thousands of brave men. A month of almost incessant battle followed, the two armies gravitating toward Richmond. In June, in the course of these side movements, Cold Harbor was again reached, but circumstances and positions reversed. Lee now held the entrenchments and acted on the defensive. Grant massed his army for the assault. Up to this time the genius of the great Confederate commander had everywhere matched the enormous preponderance of the enemy.

Grant made three desperate assaults on Lee's works; the attack was made in the forenoon. Each attack was repelled with appalling slaughter. So terrific had been the Confederate fire that in one hour Grant's losses had amounted to more than 13,000, while he inflicted a loss of but 1,200 upon Lee.

History records General Grant as a man of great determination and tenacity. He was unwilling to yield his point, so determined was he to renew the assault in the afternoon. The order for attack descended in proper gradation from the lieutenant-general down to regimental commanders; but when the bugles sounded the onset, there was no forward movement, and the immobile lines of the army of the Potomac thus silently rebuked its commander for his butchery. Its inactive attitude spoke plainer than words: "Show us a possibility and no troops will more loyally and promptly respond, but to again hurl us against certain defeat and direful slaughter, we must refuse to obey."

Thus for the second time Cold Harbor became the scene of the fiercest of conflicts, and established its value as a strategic point.

It is worthy of note to mention the great disparity of numbers

engaged, and how, in the two battles, conditions were reversed. In the battles of Richmond, McClellan's army numbered 115,102 men, and, in this engagement, fought on the defensive Cold Harbor, next to Malvern Hill—the strongest position in his line. Lee's forces were 69,762, and in this, as in others of the Richmond battles, were the aggressors, yet he wrested this stronghold by one of the most daring assaults history records.

In the second battle of Cold Harbor conditions were reversed—Lee was behind the defenses, his army about 49,000. Grant was to attack with 140,000 men. He hurled his immense weight upon Lee, but with no effect, except to destroy his men. This leads up to the inquiry, "Was either the better soldier?"

The spring of 1863 found Lee's army at Fredericksburg watching his powerful antagonist across the Rappahannock. Longstreet had been detached for service near Suffolk, and the Army of Northern Virginia thus weakened.

Hooker had succeeded Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac. New hopes inspired the Federal army. Hooker was jubilant; he announced to the world "the finest army on the planet" was about to exterminate its enemies. So sure was he of this, he dispatched to General Hallock at Washington :

"The rebel army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac."

Rejecting Burnside's plan of direct assault, he divided his army of 132,000 men; 40,000 under Sedgwick crossed the Rappahannock on pontoons below Fredericksburg and threatened Lee's right; with the remainder Hooker crossed the upper fords and menaced the Confederate left.

Lee's army numbered 57,117. Matters to others than his master mind would have seemed gravely critical. Leaving Early with 9,000 muskets to hold his works behind Fredericksburg, with the remainder he moved out to give battle to Hooker.

Before developing the Federal battle line, for the protection of his flank and rear, he detached Wilcox with 6,000 men to guard the fords behind him.

Just as he struck Hooker's line, he detached Jackson with about 24,000 men, to place himself upon Hooker's right and rear.

Silently and swiftly the old foot cavalry of the Stonewall corps traversed the secret by-paths of the wilderness, and late in the afternoon of the 3d of May he stealthily approached the unsuspecting Federals.

With a rush and a roar the Stonewall corps broke cover, and with one crash of musketry, then with the bayonet, swept the works.

Howard's Eleventh corps was just partaking of its evening meal when the storm swept upon it. Hooker's left wing was thrown into utter rout and rushed in confusion upon the centre. Night alone saved it from destruction.

But details are too voluminous. The world knows of Hooker's terrible punishment and defeat. How Lee, with one-third of Hooker's forces, crushed the Federal army and threw it beyond the Rappahannock.

Just one year later, on a balmy day in early May, 1864, Grant broke camp at Culpeper with the finest army ever organized upon the Western Continent. Without hinderance he placed 141,160 soldiers on the south bank of the Rapidan, and threw himself across Lee's road to Richmond.

It must have been apparent to the eye of the most ordinary soldier in Grant's army that his commander had blundered.

He saw at a glance how impossible to manœuvre 141,000 men in the dense jungles and scrubs of the wilderness. Therefore it is not to be wondered that the genius of the great Confederate chieftain mastered the situation.

He broke cover with 52,626 ragged but veteran troops, and not waiting to be attacked, moved at once upon Grant's battle line and for three days fiercely assailed his overwhelming antagonist.

Finding it impossible to make any impression upon Lee's line, the night of the third day's fight the Federal commander silently moved his army by the left flank, trusting with the morning sun to envelope the right and rear of Lee's depleted army.

The genius of Lee seemed to have been inspired, for by some means he divined his adversary's plans and moved parallel to him, and as Grant changed from flank to front and moved forward, the battered but defiant Army of Northern Virginia was before him.

Thence followed the fierce battles around Spotsylvania, North Anna and Cold Harbor.

So ended the terrible Battle of the Wilderness. On nearly the same ground Lee and Hooker had fought two years before, and now the first captain in the Federal army was sent with the finest army to crush Lee, yet he failed, and Chancellorsville and the Wilderness became famous in history as strategic spots. Here in each battle genius and unsurpassed courage more than matched numbers and splendid appointments.

Thus, in succession, Manassas, Cold Harbor, and Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, heretofore unknown, became luminous in history, and the terrific battle fought on these fields demonstrated their value as strategic points.

Less only in the number of troops engaged, Winchester, in the lower Valley, became conspicuous in Confederate annals as a strategic point. Early in 1861 Johnston recognized its value and so held it. Later Jackson made a vigorous attack on Shields at Kernstown for its recovery, but for paucity of numbers and exhaustion of his troops from rapid and severe marching would have wrested it from Federal grasp.

In the spring of 1862 this same Stonewall made a sudden rush upon Banks and drove him from the town and across the Potomac. So greatly did the Federal government appreciate its worth that two armies were dispatched, one under McDowell from Fredericksburg, and the other under Freemont from Franklin, each largely superior to Jackson, to drive him from Winchester.

Again the town became headquarters for Federal occupation of the Valley district, and again after Second Manassas was evacuated. On the retirement of Lee's army to Fredericksburg in the fall of '62, again the town became the Federal headquarters for that section of Virginia. After Chancellorsville, in the order of Lee's combinations, Ewell burst through the gaps of the Blue mountains, and suddenly swooping down upon the little city, threw Milroy and the remnant of his garrison across the Potomac. After Gettysburg, Winchester again fell to the Federal occupation. General Jubal Early once again wrested it from the troops of the United States and again forced back, Federal occupation followed, and once more partial success almost

put it again in his possession. Thence to the close of the war, it remained in possession of the Federal troops.

No other place of similar importance so often changed hands as did the little city of Winchester; and while not contended for by so large forces as the other points mentioned, yet the frequency with which its occupation was fought for, testifies its value in the estimation, both of the Confederate and Federal forces.

The places enumerated are points, which should the blasting misfortunes of war ever oscillate over the Old Dominion again, will become the scenes of similar battles. Let us trust no more in the history of this country, this curse shall ever again come upon this fair land, and pray that "men may learn to war no more."

INDEX.

- Alabama Infantry, 44th Reg't, 165.
Alden, Col., 169th N. Y. Reg't, 289.
Anderson's Battery, 273.
Anderson, Major D. W., 251.
Anderson, Dr. L. B., 326.
"Angle," The Bloody, 228.
"Appeal-Advance," The Memphis, Tenn., cited, 183.
Appomattox Courthouse, The Retreat to, 77; number surrendered at, and arms, 88; last incidents of, 353.
Arabian horse for President Davis, 264.
Archer, Lieut. Wm. S., 242.
"Arkansas," The Confederate Iron-clad, exploits of, 192.
Armies, Confederate and Federal, comparative strength of, 59-87, 374.
Army of Northern Va., "Last Days of," 57; its prowess, 58; final strength of, the Second Corps of, 84.
Ashby, Gen. Turner W., how killed, 224.
Association of Army of Northern Va., Virginia Division; Reunion of, 57; officers of, 103; Louisiana Division of, 160.
Augusta Battery, 262.
Avery, Hon. A. C., 110, 340.
Badeau's "History of Grant," cited, 61.
Badger, Richard, 110.
Baker, Hon. Richard H., 336.
Baker, Sallie, 37.
Barlow, U. S. A., Gen., 338.
Barringer, Gen. Rufus, 340.
Bataille, J. E., Poem of, 201.
Battery Gregg, 77.
Battery Lamb, 289.
Beauregard, Gen. G. T., 376.
Bee, Capt. Barnard, 115.
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, 200.
Beecher, Rev. Thos. K., 17.
Bentonville, Battle of, 149.
Bethel, Battle of, 118.
Bibles Through the Blockade, 265.
Bland, C. C., Heroism of, 271.
Blanton, Corporal L. M., 109.
Blockade Running, 263.
Blocker, Capt. C. H., 280.
" Bloody Angle," The, 228.
Bordunix, William, 343.
Bowles, C. S. Navy, Surgeon R. C., 294.
Bragg, Petition for the removal of Gen.; favored by President Davis, 143, 266, 325.
Breckinridge, Gen. John C., 146; Escape of, 313.
Bradford, C. S. Navy, Capt. W. L., 291.
Brandon, Capt. Lane, Impetuosity of, 30.
Brandy Station, Battle of, 368.
Brooke Battery, 273.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Phalanx, 67th Reg't, 17.
" Brooklyn," The, Captain Alden, 295.
Brown's Attack on Harper's Ferry, 153.
Brown, J. E., 340.
Buchanan, Admiral F., 291.
Buchanan, Fort. Plan of, 256, 282, 285.
Bull Run, 376.
" Camp" Colonels, 347.
Camps of Confederate Veterans, 3.
Carter, Colonel Thomas H., 239.
Chaffin's Bluff, Explosion at, 33.
Chaloron, Colonel J. A., 215, 320.
Chancellorsville, Battle of, 44, 382.
Chapman, Captain R. F., 288.
Charleston Convention of 1860, The, 154.
Chew's Battery, 365.
Chew, Col. Robt. Preston, 365.
Chicago Light Artillery Co. A, its Claims as to Shiloh, 215.
Chickamauga, Battle of, 141.
" Chickamauga," The C. S. Steamer, 278.
Christmas of 1864, 272.
Clark, Capt. M. H., 310.
Clayton, Gen. H. D., 146.
Cleburne, Gen. P. R., 145; Anecdotes of, 299.
Coke, Hon. Richard, 337.
Coleman, Chew, 374.
Cold Harbor, Battle of, 363, 368, 378, 380.
" Colorado," The, 269.
Colquitt, Gen. A. H., 288.
Colston, Gen. R. E., His Address before the Ladies' Memorial Association at Wilmington, N. C., 39.
Confederate Camps, " Papers" of Value, 347.
Confederate Point, 258.
Confederate Soldier, The, his traits, 29, 221; trials, 34, 80; privations, 65, 359; morale of, 78; " The Raw," 346.
Confederate States Treasury Deposits, 304.
" Constitution," The Atlanta, Ga., cited, 165.
" Cornubia," The, 264.
Crenshaw Battery, on the retreat from Gettysburg, 368, 374.
Curtis, Gen. N. M., 284.
Darby, Enrourghy, 364.
Darling, Sir Charles, 170.
Davidson College, N. C., 340.
Davis, Jeff. His " Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" cited, 123; his partiality for Bragg, 144.
Davis, Mrs. Jefferson, 340.
Deserters, Execution of, 265.
Denman, Buck, His noble tenderness, 30.
Dillard, Hon. A. W., 208, 287.
Dinwiddie C. H., Action at, 75.
" Dispatch," Richmond, Va., cited, 177, 304, 360.
" Dixie," Music and words; author of the song, 212.
Douglas, Major H. Kyd, 206.
Douglas, Stephen A., 152.
Draft of troops in the North, 99.
Drury's Bluff, Explosion at, 33.
Early, Gen. Jubal A., 382.
Ellerson's Mill, Battle of, 378.
Emmett, Dan, 212.
English Sympathy, 171.
Ewell, Gen. R. S., his veneration for General Jackson, 26, 225.
" Examiner," Richmond, Va., cited, 362.

- Falling Waters, Battle of, 368.
 Five Forks, Battle of, 76.
 Floyd C. H., Va., 345.
 Forrest, C. S. N., Master's Mate, 293.
 Forts, Fisher, gallant defence of, 257; plan of, 283; Gaines, 291; Haskell, 72; Magruder, 108; McGilvray, 72; Morgan, 291, 294.
 Frazier's Farm, Battle of, 160, 378.
 Fredericksburg, Assault of, 377.
 French, Gen. S. G., 315.
 Fry, Gen. B. D., 308.
 Fulmore, Judge Z. F., 283.
- Gaines's Mill, Battle of, 126, 378.
 Garland, Gen., Death of, 129.
 Georgia Infantry, The 44th, 165.
 Gettysburg, An incident of, 337; the battle of, 368, 376.
 "Giraffe," The blockade runner, 264.
 "Globe-Democrat," St. Louis, Mo., cited, 226.
 Goldsborough, Major W. W., 226.
 Gordon, Gen. John B., Attempt of his corps at Appomattox, 84.
 Graham, Gen. Joseph, 115, 340.
 Graham, Gov. Wm. A., 115, 340.
- Hagerstown, Md., 370.
 Hagood's S. C., Brigade, 279.
 Hampden, Hon. A. C. H., 264.
 Hampton Road Victory, 291.
 Hare's Hill, Battle of, 60.
 Harper's Ferry, 153.
 Harrison, Col. Burton N., 308.
 Hartranft, Gen., 71.
 Harvard University, Its students in the Federal Army, 20.
 Harvey, Bob, Heroic death of, 284.
 Hayne, Arthur P., 112.
 Herbert, Gen. Paul, 267.
 Heroine of Confederate Point, The, 258, 343.
 Heroes, Confederate, 294, 301, 374.
 Hill, General D. H., His admiration for Jackson, 25; address on Life and Character of, 110; his classmates at West Point, 113; his intuition as to military genius, 118, 340; his retreat before Sherman, 148; the alleged "lost order," 131; his religious traits, 120.
 Hobart, Pasha, 264.
 Hoge, D. D., Rev. M. D., 264.
 Hoke, Last Address of General R. F., 297.
 Hood's Texas Brigade, 316.
 Howlett House, Capture of, 177.
 Hudgin, Captain, 179.
 Hughes, R. M., his Life of J. E. Johnston, 314.
 Humphreys, cited, General, 61.
- Indian Poll Bridge, 327
- Jackson, Major C. L., 304.
 Jackson, Gen. T. J., his system of combine, 38, 118; a "Ride for him," 206; his widow described, 340.
 Jackson, Mrs. T. J., 340.
 Jackson and Lee, Characters of, 23.
 Jericho Ford, 318.
 Johnson, Gen. Edward, 239, 372.
 Johnston, Gen. J. E., 148; his campaign in Georgia, 314, 325, 354.
 Johnston, Capt. C. S. Navy, J. W., 291.
 Jones, M. D., LL. D., Joseph, 1.
 Jones, Major-Gen. Sam., 303.
 Jones, Gov. T. G., 57.
 Jones, Wm. Ellis, wounded, 372.
- Kane, Dr. G. A., 214.
 Kane, Capt. Thos. L., 302.
 Keelin, James, 295.
 King's Mountain, Battle of, 113.
- Lamb, Col. Wm., his defence of Fort Fisher, 257; mentioned, 327.
 Lamb, Mrs., The heroine of Confederate Point, 289, 258.
 Lane, Gen. James H., 116.
 "Landmark," Norfolk, Va., cited, 322.
 Last Battle of the War, 226.
 Last Blood of the War, The, 343.
 Lebbey, Capt., 268.
 Leech, Capt. John, W. T., 160.
 Lee and Jackson, Characters of, 23.
 Lee, Gen. R. E., grandeur of the character of, 96; at Appomattox, 353; his army, how last fed, 359, 360.
 Lee, Lieut.-Gen. S. D., Address of, 189.
 Letcher Battery, 373.
 Lewis, Owen, 343.
 Lorena, The Song, 267.
 Loehr, Sergt. C. T., 104.
 Longstreet, Gen. James, 146.
 Lossing, Benson J., cited, 292.
 Louisiana Troops, their part in the Battle of Frazier's Farm, 160; at Shiloh, 215; the 14th Reg't Infantry, 165.
 Lowry, Gen. M. P., 147.
- McGuire, Dr. W. P., 367.
 Magnanimity of the true soldier, 337.
 Magruder, Gen. John B., 118.
 McKinnon, James, 110.
 McLean, Hon., 357.
 Malvern Hill, Battle of, 128.
 McMasters, John, 343.
 McNulty, Dr. F. J., 165.
 Manassas, 377.
 Marshall, Col. Chas., 353.
 Marye's Heights, touching incident, 7, 31.
 Mason and Slidell, Seizure of, 99.
 Maury, Gen. D. H., 221, 304.
 Maryland, My, The Song, 267.
 Mechanicsville, Battle of, 125, 378.
 Mercer, Cadet Thos. H., 109.
 "Messenger," Wilmington, N. C., cited, 257.
 Mexican War, The, 114.
 "Minnesota," The, 269.
 Minutiae of Soldier's Life, 346.
 Mississippi Infantry, 19th, 165; 21st, 31.
 Mitchell, Capt. James, 109.
 "Modern Greece," The Steamer, 263, 268.
 Montgomery, Ala., "Daily Advertiser," cited, 151, 227.
 Monuments to the Confederate Dead, 46; at the University of Va., 15.
 Moore, T. O., 301.
 Morgan, Gen. M. R., 361.
 Munn, Capt., 271.
- Norfolk, Va., Surrender of, 327.
 North Carolina, Conservatism of, 111; First Reg't Infantry, distinguished officers of, 117; the "Immortal" Fifth Reg't, 122; the Twentieth Reg't, 165; Thorough Devotion of its People, 268.
 Northen, Com. R. N. of Pickett Camp, 346.
- Ogden, Major Fred N., 302.
 Old Dominion, The Battle field, 383.
 Order, The, lost at Frederick City, 131.
- Page, Gen. R. L., 291.
 Palmer, Col. W. H., 107.
 Parker, Capt. W. H., 304.
 "Pawnee," The, 348.
 Pegram, Col. W. J., 362.
 Peninsula Campaign, The 1st Va. Infantry in the, 104.
 "Picayune," The N. O., La., cited, 160, 215, 299, 307, 321.

- Picherit, Rev. H. A., prayer of, 187.
 Pickett Camp, C. Veterans, 104, 346.
 Pittman, Engineer Reddin, 292.
 Polk, Gen. Leonidas, at Cassville, 314; his career, 321.
 Polk, Gen. L. E., 147.
 Polk, Dr. Wm. M., His life of his father, 321.
 Purcell Battery, its gallantry, 362.
 Randolph, Gen. G. W., 118.
 Ratchford, Major James W., 135.
 Reilly, Maj. James, 267.
 Rice, How not to cook, 349.
 Richmond, Va., Confederate dead at, 15; defence of, 139; encompassed, 378.
 Riley, James, 176.
 Roberts, Capt., 264.
 Rochelle, C. S. Navy. Capt. James, 267.
 Rouss, Charles B., 367.
 Rhyme, Texas war, 355.
 Sanborn, U. S. Army. Lieut., 329.
 St. John's Church, Richmond, 337.
 Sasser, Philip, 110.
 Savage's Station, 378.
 Sebastapol, compared with Fort Fisher, 257.
 Secession vindicated, 17; belief that there would be no war, 158.
 Semmes, C. S. Navy, Admiral R., 306.
 Seven Days' Battles, 125.
 Seven Pines, Battle of the, 123.
 Sharpsburg, Battle of, 129, 138.
 "Shenandoah," The Confederate warship, exploits of, 165.
 Sherman, Gen. W. T., 354.
 Shiloh, Battle of, 215, 325.
 Slaughter, Gen. James E., 226.
 "Slocomb," The Lady, 221.
 Smiley, Serg't T. M., 57.
 Smith, Gen. E. Kirby, 226.
 Soldiers, Federal and Confederate, motives of, 21.
 Songs of the South, 212, 267.
 South, The honor of, untarnished, 198.
 South Mountain, Battle of, 128.
 Spotswood's Trans-montane Expedition, 208.
 Spotsylvania C. H., Battle of, 244, 368, 375.
 "Star," Richmond, Va., cited, 104, 346, 368.
 Steadman, Battle of Fort, 69.
 Stevenson, Major J. M., 267.
 Stiles, D. D., Rev. Joseph C., 26.
 Stiles, Major Robert, 15.
 Stoneman, Gen. George, 344.
 Stonewall Brigade, When named, 35; muster-roll of Co. D, 5th Va. Infantry, with service and casualties, 50.
 Strategic Points, 376.
 Strawberry Plains, The bridge at, 295.
 Stringfellow, Rev. M. S., 244.
 Stuart, Gen. J. E. B., 302.
 Sugar-Loaf Battery, 264, 276.
 "Sun," The Baltimore, Md., cited, 353.
 Surrender, Terms of the, 358.
 Taylor, Col. W. H., His "Four Years With Lee" cited, 62.
 "Tennessee," The C. S. War-ship, Surrender of, in Mobile Bay, 290.
 Texas Infantry, The 4th Regt., 165.
 Thomson, Major J. W., Monument to, 365.
 Tidball, Gen., 71.
 "Times," The Philadelphia, Penn., cited, 206, 224.
 "Times," The Richmond, Va., cited, 228, 290, 297.
 "Times," The Winchester, Va., cited, 365.
 Torpedoes, Use of, 291.
 Touching Incident at Marye's Heights, 31.
 "Tribune," The N. Y., cited, 321.
 United Confederate Veterans, Fourth Annual Report of Surgeon-Gen'l Joseph Jones, with List of Camps, Membership, etc., 1.
 University of Va., Dedication of a Monument to the Dead of, with Address of Major Robert Stiles, 15; its representation in the C. S. Army, 20.
 "Vance," The blockader, A. D., 264.
 Vicksburg, Monument to the Defenders of, dedicated, 183; defence of, 192; Siege of, 196; vanquished by starvation, 197.
 "Vindicator," The, Staunton, Va., cited, 50.
 Virginia Infantry, The 1st Reg't, 104; casualties of, in the Peninsula Campaign, 108, 109; The "immortal" 24th Reg't, 122; the 25th Reg't, 177.
 "Wabash" The, 269.
 Waddell, C. S. Navy, Capt. J. I., 167.
 Waid, Capt. James Dudley, 177.
 Walker, Gen. James A., 228.
 Warren-Bey, Dr. Edward, 326.
 War, Causes of the, 16; inevitable, 57.
 War, Last Battle of the, 226.
 Washington, D. C., Advance on, 139.
 Washington Artillery at Shiloh and other battles, 215.
 Weddell, D. D., Rev. A. W., 337.
 Weitzel, Gen. Godfrey, 276.
 White Oak Road, Action on, 75.
 White Oak Swamp, 378.
 Whiting, Gen. 266.
 Wilderness, Battle of the, 373, 382.
 Wilkinson, Capt. John N., 264.
 Williams, Col. Lewis B., 107.
 Williamsburg, Battle of, 122.
 Williford, Lieut., killed, 281.
 Wilmington, N. C., Ladies' Memorial Association of, 38.
 Wilmington, N. C., Veterans, Address before, by Col. Wm. Lamb, 257.
 Winchester, Va., 382.
 Witcher, Col. W. A., 21st Va. Infantry, 243.
 Women of the South, their sacrifices and devotion to duty, 34, 41, 42.
 Wood, Col. J. Taylor, Escape of, 312.
 Wool, Gen., 327.
 Wright, Dr. David Minton, 326.
 Wyatt, H. L., First victim of the war, 119.
 Wyndham, Col. Sir Percy, 225.
 Yancey, W. L., His character and career by Hon. A. W. Dillard, 151; his "Slaughter Letter," 153.
 Young, Charles P., 374.

